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BOOK VII

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Courtesy of Hudson Bay Company.

THE FIRST SALE OF FURS.

THE CANADIAN WEST

BY

D. J. DICKIE

TORONTO
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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

BEING at a distance from the Archives when I prepared the stories in this Reader, I depended for perhaps a third of my material upon standard works of history. Since the first and second editions have been published, however, the whole subject of the exploration and settlement of Canada has been studied in the original documents. It is, I think, extremely creditable to our Canadian historians that, such a study having been made with a view to correction and revision, I have not found it necessary to change a single important statement. I am indebted to Dr. H. Innes of the Economics Department of the University of Toronto for permission to use material from his forthcoming book upon the economic history of the fur trade. The material loaned me by Dr. Innes has enabled me to make a number of useful explanations and in certain cases to make particular, instead of general, statements. I am indebted also to the Hudson's Bay Company for valuable information as to the prices of furs in early days, the size and value of early cargoes, and for their very kind permission to examine the original Minute Book of the Company and other early records. It is hoped that the Index will add to the usefulness of the book.

D. J. DICKIE.

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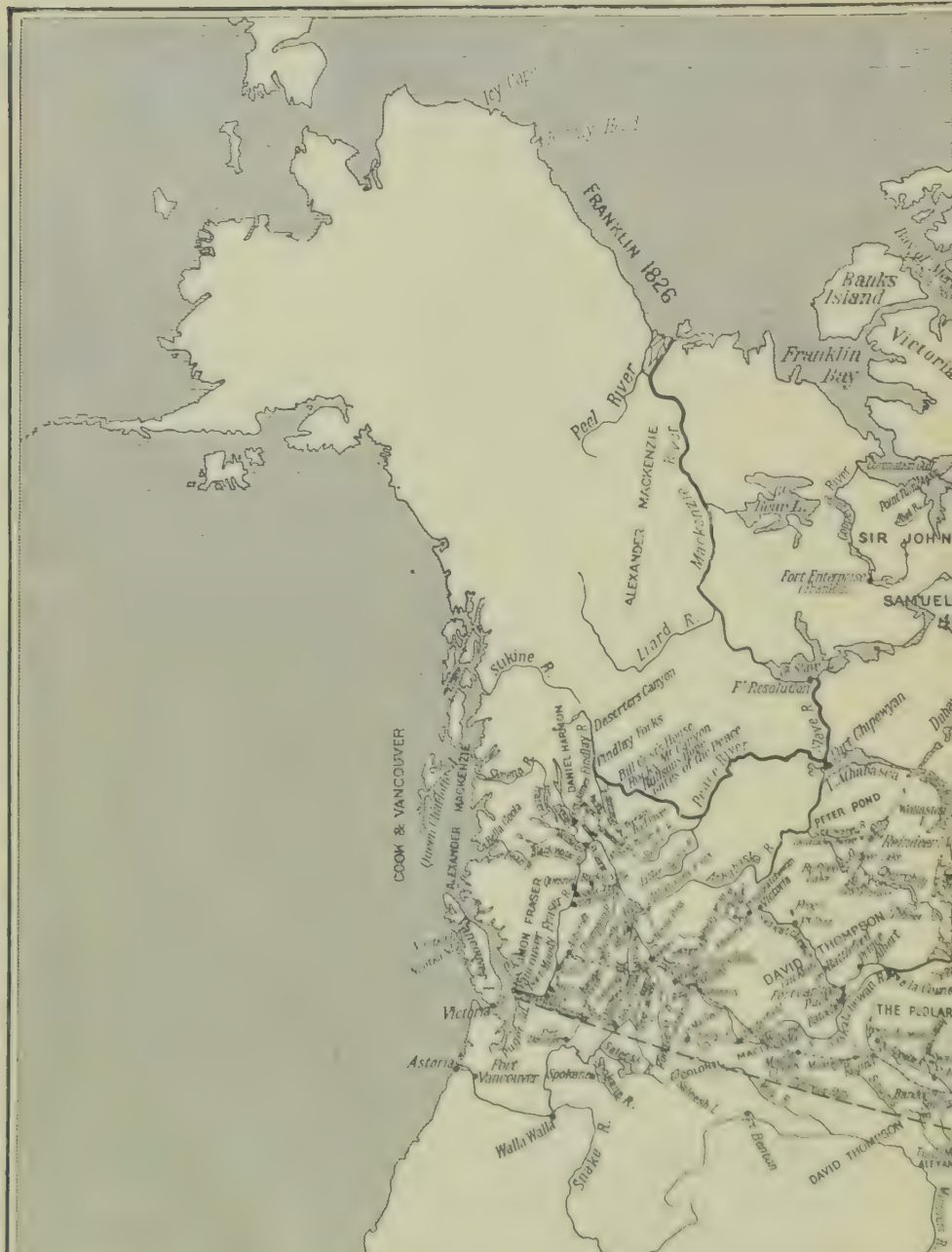
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The map of Western Canada has been specially drawn for this book by M. J. HILTON.

THE CANADIAN WEST

GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS

The Charter which Prince Rupert and his friends obtained from King Charles II. became the corner-stone of the Hudson's Bay Company, now the oldest commercial company in the world. The infant enterprise grew quickly. The noble gentlemen who had invested their money in it were willing, for the most part, to leave its management to their partners, the shrewd London merchants. In 1671 a meeting of shareholders was held at Whitehall with Prince Rupert himself in the chair; Sir John Robinson, Sir John Kirke, and Mr. Portman were appointed a sub-committee to carry on the business.

At first the Company had only one ship, the *Prince Rupert*, commanded by Captain Gillam; but they were soon able to buy two others. The committee attended personally to the fitting and lading of the ships. Each year, in May, Sir John or Mr. Portman travelled down to Gravesend, examined the vessel which was about to sail, superintended the taking on of the cargo, gave the men their orders and paid them their wages.

During the first year or two the cargoes were small: 200 fowling-pieces with powder and shot; 200 brass kettles—these for the Blackfeet in far-off unnamed Alberta; 1000 hatchets; 12 gross of knives. But trade grew by leaps and bounds. Within a few years Mr. Portman was loading tobacco; glass beads and red lead to adorn the Indian beauties; looking-glasses to teach them vanity; pewter dishes and 6000 flints.

About the first of June, the Company ship sailed out of the Thames. Northward she sailed, round the head of Scotland,

and out into the mists. No news of her could be looked for until she returned in October, loaded to the gunwales with pelts. Fortune was kind; northern ocean and ice-bound wilderness suffered the intruders meekly. Year after year the ships of the Company sailed out and back in safety.

Charles Bailey was appointed the first governor on the Bay. He went out in 1671 to take charge of Fort Charles on Rupert River; with him went Radisson and Grosseillers. The two famous Frenchmen attended to the trading; Governor Bailey took the fort in hand. Fort Charles was a small stone building erected by Captain Gillam when on his exploring expedition of three years before. It was bare, without defences or conveniences of any kind. Within a few hours of landing, Bailey had his men at work. The small square within the walls was cleared of rubbish, a stout gate was constructed. They brought furniture from the ship into the bare rooms, and mounted guns upon the two forward-facing bastions. The Governor had the land cleared of underbrush for several rods in all directions. A road was made from the gate to the shore and a small landing-stage built. The cargo was unloaded, sorted, and set out in the store-room of the fort, and the Hudson's Bay Company was ready for business. A second fort was built at Moose River and, before the summer was over, Bailey had sailed up the Bay to meet the Indians near the mouth of the Nelson River.

Meantime Radisson and Grosseillers had not been idle. They had many friends among the tribes; to these they travelled or sent word. From all directions came the Indian hunters, their canoes laden with the richest furs. At a kick the door flew open and the hunter strode into the narrow store-room. Silent, observant, eyes widening a little, he gazed at the gleam of brass, the flash of tin. Long he stood, only grunting in answer to questions; but next day he returned to lay his pack open on the counter.

Prices undoubtedly favoured the Company; skins which to-day would be worth hundreds of pounds were then exchanged for a gun or a brass kettle. Yet from the beginning the Company had to compete with the French-Canadian traders; the Indians

got better prices than one might suppose, the largest gun cost twelve beaver skins; half a pound of powder, one beaver skin; half a pound of beads, one beaver skin; a laced coat cost six skins; a looking-glass and comb, one skin; while kettles were sold for one beaver skin per pound of kettle.[1]

August was the busy month at the fort. By this time trade for the season was well over; the skins had now to be sorted, packed and loaded. Early in September the ships sailed for England, arriving at Portsmouth before the end of October. A courier posted to London with letters, and one of the committee hurried down to superintend the unloading of the precious cargo.

The sale of the furs was by auction. If prices were low when the vessel arrived, the Company held their goods until the demand was greater. In those hospitable days an auction was a social function. It was held in the best room of an inn, "Ye Stillyard." The Company ordered up dozens of bottles of sack and claret to wet the throats and open the hearts of the buyers. Dinner was bespoken for them also: "a good dish of fish, a loin of veal, two pullets and four ducks." Having been so sumptuously dined and wined, the customers could not in decency leave without buying.

Ships and forts are expensive things; it was fourteen years before the Company, having paid all its debts, declared a dividend. It was, however, a dividend worth waiting for; nothing less than fifty per cent. upon the stock. In 1688, another dividend of fifty per cent. was declared and, in 1690, the equivalent of seventy-five per cent. was paid to each shareholder. The Company had, by this time, two forts and three ships; as much as £20,000 worth of skins were taken in a year; the great Company was well started upon its long and interesting career.

[1] We append herewith a few examples of what one beaver skin was worth about the year 1790:

1 lb. English beads	valued at	2	beaver skins
¾ lb. Brazil tobacco	"	1	" "
1 lb. Virginia tobacco	"	1	" "
2 lb. Coloured feathers	"	1	" "
1 gallon English brandy	"	4	" "
1 yd. Broadcloth	"	3	" "

(From the ledgers of the Hudson's Bay Company.)

D'Iberville, the Canadian, captured the Company forts on Hudson Bay in 1689. France gave them back to Britain in 1713 at the same time she ceded Acadia; both have been British ever since. The "Gentlemen Adventurers" re-occupied their trading-posts at Rupert River, Moose Factory, and Albany; they opened a new one, York Factory, at the mouth of the Nelson.

As they grew richer and richer, people in England complained of them. It was said that they had not tried to find the north-west passage into the Pacific, that they abused the Indians, that they ill-treated their servants, and allowed the French to trade in British territory. The Company did not believe that there was a north-west passage, but they sent out several expeditions to seek for one. Nothing much came of these voyages, and the other charges presently fell to the ground.

The Hudson's Bay Company was a business corporation, and its policy was necessarily determined by the common requirement of business, profit. The fur trade was a one-way traffic. Ordinarily, when ships carry a cargo from one country to another, they carry a second cargo back. Their owners thus make a profit both upon the outgoing and upon the return voyage. The Company's ships sailed to England laden with furs, but they returned empty except for the goods and supplies required at the forts. Such a traffic is very costly, and the common, probably the only way in which it may be made profitable is by reducing to a minimum the expenses of carrying it on. To keep down the overhead expenses on the Bay was, therefore, the settled policy of the Hudson's Bay Company during the first century of its existence. Penetration to the interior which involved heavy additional expense was avoided, and a system built up by which the Bay Indians not only brought down their own furs, but acted as middlemen in transporting the catch of the distant tribes of the plains.

urtesy of Hudson Bay Company.

BUILDING THE FIRST FORT.

Meantime, although New France had surrendered Acadia and Hudson Bay to Britain, the fur trade and the possession of the western half of the continent still lay in dispute between the French and British. In 1713 Montreal was already the centre of the Canadian fur trade. Ville Marie had grown to be a neat village. Dollier de Cassion, the head of the Seminary, had himself seen to the laying out of the streets. Three long ones ran parallel with the St. Lawrence, and six shorter ones crossed them. St. Paul Street was the main business street; the cross-streets were set out with comfortable houses; and already the rich fur merchants were building fine homes upon the open ground north of St. James Street.

After the Peace of Utrecht a brisk trade sprang up between Montreal and Albany; it continued for twenty years or more. When this trade was at its height, as many as nine hundred pieces of scarlet cloth were sold in Montreal in one year. It was worth £10 apiece in Albany and £25 in Montreal. The means with which to buy goods so expensive was supplied by the increasing profits made by the Canadian fur traders, who, following up the discoveries of La Verendrye and his sons, were pushing their trading posts far out upon the western plains.

A long series of minor hostilities between French and British culminated, in 1744, in open warfare, which continued, with short intervals of peace, until Wolfe captured Quebec in 1759. During the years of war the Hudson's Bay Company enjoyed a revival of trade. The French traders were all busy defending Canada. Voyageur and coureur de bois braved the Ottawa no more; the Canadian fur posts fell into decay. When, in 1763, Canada became British, nothing French remained beyond Lake Superior.

When Montreal ceased to be French she became, not English, but Scottish. Within twenty years it is said that "the greater part of the inhabitants of Montreal (no doubt meaning English-speaking inhabitants) are Presbyterians of the Church of Scotland." What Frenchmen had done for adventure sake, Scotsmen could do for gain. The fur trade of the plains was too rich a prize to go long a-begging.

Oliver, Calgary

YOUNG HUNTERS

ALEXANDER HENRY

THE FIRST BRITISH FUR TRADER TO GO INTO THE NORTH-WEST

At twenty-one Alexander Henry, healthy, well-educated and with a little capital, set out through the world to seek his fortune. The search led him by roundabout ways and through many curious adventures, but he succeeded in the end as the brave and persistent usually do.

Henry began business as a fur trader in 1760. Loading three boats with merchandise he followed General Amherst, who led the army from Oswego against Montreal. The three boats were wrecked and Henry barely escaped, clinging to one of them till help came. Within three days Montreal surrendered to the British and Henry hurried back to Albany for more goods to sell among the victorious troops. He brought his goods back as far as Fort de Levi (near Prescott, Ontario), where he sold them all.

In January he hired an Indian guide and set out, on snow-

shoes, for Montreal. They were attacked by Indians, cast away in a leaky canoe, and lost in a snowstorm, but at last reached Les Cedres, where Leduc, the Seigneur, received Henry very kindly. The host knew no English, the guest no French, but through an interpreter they managed to converse. Sitting over their wine in the glow of the great fire, Leduc, an old fur trader, told the young man such tales of the richness of Michilimackinac and the Lake Superior trade that Henry hired, that very night, a guide to accompany him thither in the following summer. General Gage, the commander-in-chief, reluctantly gave him permission to go and, in June 1761, Henry and Etienne Campion, his guide, set off.

"The canoes which I had provided for my undertaking," says Henry, "were, as is usual, five fathoms and a half in length, and four feet and a half in their extreme breadth, and formed of birch-tree bark, a quarter of an inch in thickness. The bark is lined with small splints of cedar-wood; and the vessel is further strengthened with ribs of the same wood, of which the two ends are fastened to the gunwales: several bars, rather than seats, are also laid across the canoe from gunwale to gunwale. The small roots of the spruce-tree afford the wattap, with which the bark is sewed; and the gum of the pine-tree supplies the place of tar and oakum. Bark, some spare wattap and gum, are always carried in each canoe, for the repairs which frequently become necessary.

"The canoes are worked, not with oars, but with paddles, and occasionally a sail. To each canoe there are eight men; and to every three or four canoes, which constitute a brigade, there is a guide or conductor. Skilful men, at double the wages of the rest, are placed in the head and stern. They engage to go from Montreal to Michilimackinac, and back to Montreal again, the middle men at one hundred and fifty livres and the end men at three hundred livres each. The guide has command of his brigade, and is answerable for all loss and pillage; and, in return, every man's wage is answerable to him. This regulation was established under the French Government.

"The freight of a canoe of the substance and dimensions which I have detailed, consists of sixty pieces or packages of

merchandise, of the weight of from ninety to a hundred pounds each; and provisions to the amount of one thousand pounds' weight. To this is to be added the weight of eight men, and of eight bags weighing forty pounds, one of which each man is privileged to put on board. The whole weight must therefore exceed eight thousand pounds, or may, perhaps, be averaged at four tons."

They followed the old French route up the Ottawa. As they drew near Michilimackinac, Henry was warned that the Indians who, in spite of the peace, were still bitterly hostile to the British, would probably kill him. Campion advised him to disguise himself as a Canadian. Henry took off his British clothes and put on a loin-cloth, a shirt hanging loose, a blanket coat, and a large red cap. Smearing his face with grease and paint he took a paddle and so passed for a voyageur.

Fort Michilimackinac (Great Turtle) stood so near the shore that the waves sometimes broke against the stockade. It covered about two acres and was surrounded by a palisade. Two small cannon stood on the bastions. About thirty families lived in the fort where they had very comfortable houses and a neat church.

Henry and Campion agreed that while there Campion should pose as the trader. As soon as they landed, Henry retired to a small house where he hoped to be safe, but his men talked, and it was not long before the Indians appeared. The chief leading, they entered the house and, after smoking and making a very long speech, during which Henry suffered tortures of suspense, they welcomed him as a brother, offered him the pipe, and asked for English milk (rum).

Thinking that all was now safe, Henry was preparing his goods for trade when suddenly a village of Ottawas arrived. These Indians said that unless Henry gave them fifty beaver skins' worth of goods they would kill him that very night. As the loss of the goods would have ruined him altogether, Henry refused and shut himself up in his house. He passed a night of alarm, but, in the morning, the Ottawas left as suddenly as they had come; at noon three hundred British troops marched in to take over the fort, their arrival explaining the disappearance of the Ottawas.

In May 1762 Henry went up to Sault Ste. Marie, a small fort within sight of the rapids. Cadotte, a Frenchman, who had married a Chipeway wife, was the only inhabitant. Henry became friends with Cadotte, and remained at the Sault all summer, hunting, fishing and learning to speak Chipeway. The white fish were excellent and so plentiful that skilful fishermen often took five hundred in two hours.

During the summer a small detachment of British soldiers came up to garrison the fort. They had just settled down comfortably for the winter when a fire broke out, burning all the houses except Cadotte's, and all the provisions. The party lived upon what fish they could catch till the lake froze, when they returned to Michilimackinac, which they reached only after suffering the greatest hardships.

In May it began to be rumoured that the Indians were plotting against the British. Each day saw numbers of them arrive till nearly four hundred surrounded the fort. One day Wawatam, a Chipeway, who had adopted Henry as his brother, came to him and tried to persuade him to return at once to the Sault. Henry refused, though he had already told the commander that he suspected the Indians.

June 4 dawned bright and hot. It was the King's birthday and, in honour of it, the Indians had arranged to play lacrosse just outside the gate of the fort. Numbers of the Indians arrived to take part in the game; an equal number of squaws, each with her blanket wrapped closely about her, followed them. The commander and his officers stepped out to watch the game; the guards relaxed their vigilance. Suddenly a vigorous arm sent the ball flying over the wall; struggling and shouting the whole band rushed after it. Then, in a moment, all was changed. From beneath their blankets the squaws produced guns and knives, which they thrust into the hands of the men; the players became warriors. With blood-curdling war-whoops they fell upon the soldiers and butchered them to a man.

As it happened, Henry had remained at home writing letters. When he heard the war-whoops he rushed to the window, from which he saw the beginning of the massacre. Noticing that the Indians were not attacking the Canadians, he climbed

the fence and took refuge in the garret of his French neighbour. While the Indians searched for him he hid under some birch-bark.

On the following day the Frenchman gave him up, and he was taken away in a canoe with some other prisoners. The whole party was then captured by a band of Ottawas and brought back to Michilimackinac. Here Henry, naked but for his shirt, and having had no food for three days, was thrust into a hut with fourteen soldiers, each tied by a rope round his neck to the centre pole of the wigwam. The Indians now prepared "to make broth of their prisoners." As luck would have it, Wawatam arrived the next morning and bought his adopted brother's freedom; but seven of the other prisoners were killed and "made broth of." Henry now disguised himself as an Indian and went away with Wawatam and his family, with whom he spent a peaceful winter.

In the spring they returned to the Sault where Henry, who stood always in the greatest danger, placed himself under the protection of M. Cadotte. In the midst of a council which was being held and while Henry was hiding in the garret, word was brought in that a canoe had just arrived from Niagara. The strange Indians, on being invited, entered the council-chamber and after the customary silence spoke as follows:

"My friends and brothers, I am come with this belt from our great father, Sir William Johnson. He desired me to come to you, as his ambassador, and tell you that he is making a great feast at Fort Niagara; that his kettles are all ready, and his fires lit. He invites you to partake of the feast, in common with your friends, the Six Nations, which have all made peace with the British. He advises you to seize this opportunity of doing the same, as you cannot otherwise fail of being destroyed, for the British are on their march with a great army, which will be joined by different tribes of the Indians. In a word, before the fall of the leaf they will be at Michilimackinac, and the Six Nations with them."

The Indians, greatly alarmed at the news of the coming army, made a solemn feast and asked the Great Turtle, one of their gods, whether or not they should send ambassadors to Niagara. The Great Turtle, through the Medicine Man,

advised them by all means to do so. Henry, who was now treated with as much consideration as he had formerly received insult, embarked with the envoys, and travelling by way of Georgian Bay, Lake Simcoe, and Toronto, reached Niagara.

At Niagara Henry was kindly received by Sir William Johnson, who equalled Frontenac in his happy faculty of dealing with the Indians. The northern tribes having made peace with the British, Pontiac was forced to raise the siege of Detroit. A general peace was then concluded, after which Henry returned to Michilimackinac and recovered some of his lost property.

THE PEDLARS

PONTIAC disposed of and the tribes quieted, the merchant adventurers of Montreal lost no time in re-opening the fur trade with the Indians, formerly customers of the French. These poor people had had no supplies since the French withdrew from the country, and were found in rags. The first trader who went in had his canoes plundered more than once.

In 1767 James Finlay of Montreal reached Lake Winnipeg and beyond. The Indians of Rainy Lake, seeing that the traders had brought up more goods than they themselves required, allowed them to go on into the west. Finlay seems to have established himself on the Saskatchewan. He built a post a few miles below the Forks. Here he made friends with the Indians, and bought the furs for which the "Gentlemen Adventurers" on Hudson Bay were waiting. Finlay is said to have made, in the fur trade, a small fortune, which he presently retired to enjoy in Montreal.

Thomas Currie may have been with Finlay in 1767; certainly he was in the country very soon afterwards. He built a post upon Cedar Lake, just west of Lake Winnipeg, and did a very good business. Mathew Cocking of the Hudson's Bay Company says that in 1772 "the pedlar, Mr. Currie, intercepted a great part of the York Fort trade."

In the same year Joseph Frobisher built upon the Lower Saskatchewan a trading-post, which he called "Cumberland

House." Here he stored his furs and left a man in charge. He himself hurried across to Churchill River, where he met the Indians, their canoes piled high with furs, all on their way to Hudson Bay. Many of these Indians had had, the year before, goods from the Hudson's Bay Company, for which they were to pay with their present cargoes. But on Frobisher's intercepting them they blithely sold them, a second time, to him. Frobisher took so many furs that he could not carry them all back to Cumberland House. He was forced to build a fort where he stored them.

Frobisher's Cumberland House seems to have been a temporary post; it was probably soon abandoned. Henry does not mention it in 1776. Thus the "pedlars," as the Hudson's Bay Company men called these traders from Canada, began to invade the west.

CUMBERLAND HOUSE

THEIR charter gave the Hudson's Bay Company power to establish forts and to protect their trade; it required them to keep the peace in their territories and to do all in their power to promote discovery. Stirred to action by complaints that they were not promoting discovery, and ought, therefore, to have their charter taken away from them, the Company sent out Samuel Hearne to explore the north-western country and to find out whether there was or was not a water passage from the Hudson Bay into the western ocean.

Hearne left Prince of Wales Fort at the mouth of the Churchill River on November 6, 1769; he travelled during two years and (nearly) eight months, and made many notable discoveries. The first journey was a fiasco. Chawchinahaw, the chief who was acting as his guide, deserted him two hundred miles from the fort, so that Hearne and his men were forced to turn back. He set out again almost at once and, upon this second journey, covered much of the Barren Lands and discovered many lakes and rivers. On his third journey, guided by the chief Matonabee, he discovered Great Slave Lake, Slave River, and the Coppermine River. Overland, through Canada, he reached the

Arctic Ocean, the first white man to do so, and he proved that there was no water passage from Hudson Bay through Canada to the western ocean.

Hearne with his maps and journals reached Prince of Wales Fort on June 30, 1772. Times had changed since Anthony Hendry's day; Hearne was welcomed and made much of. Frobisher's exploit upon Churchill River alarmed the Company; they now determined to establish a post inland. Hearne was appointed to lead the expedition. He and his party set out in 1773. On Sturgeon Lake they found Frobisher's post, built the year before. The journey from the Bay was short compared with that from Lake Superior; Hearne reached the spot a full month earlier than the Canadians. He did a good business with the Indians, and, in 1774, built Cumberland House, the first inland post of the Hudson's Bay Company. Having established themselves comfortably at a strategic point, the Company waited to see what their rivals would do next.

Harmon, Banff

WESTERN INDIAN

FUR TRAIN AT THE PAS

TAKING BUFFALO

In 1775, Alexander Henry made a trip into the farther west. He went in by Grand Portage; it took seven days to carry his goods above the rapids on Pigeon River. From the head-waters of Pigeon River he crossed the Height of Land to Rainy Lake and, following Rainy River, reached the Lake of the Woods.

Here he found an Indian village from which the chiefs came out to trade with him. Henry wished to buy fish and wild rice. The Indians gathered all the food they could spare into a heap in the centre of the village; then they sent for the white man. When he had arrived, the chief addressed him in a formal speech:

"My young men," he said, "have long expected the coming of the white chief; we have strained our eyes with looking and our ears with listening for him. Our hearts are filled with singing now that he has come. Before the paleface lies the best of our stores; our wives have deprived themselves of food to lay it before him. All this we give gladly. Our white brother will not, then, forget that we are in want of nearly everything, and especially ammunition and clothing. Having given food to our brother, he will not leave us naked and cold. Moreover, my young men desire milk (rum) and beg that the white brother will share his supply with them."

Henry gave them one keg of gunpowder, eighty pounds of

shot, a few small articles, and a keg of the coveted rum. Coasting up the west side of the Lake of the Woods, Henry saw La Verendrye's old fort, now in ruins. He followed the Winnipeg River to its mouth, where stood another Indian village. Here the Indians were all exceedingly drunk except two. These two, who steadfastly refused a drop of rum, followed Henry about, never letting him out of their sight. He afterwards discovered that they had been chosen to guard him. Leaving this village Henry paddled away up the east side of Lake Winnipeg. Presently he met Peter Pond and the Frobisher brothers. They joined forces, making up a party of forty canoes and a hundred and thirty men. Together they went up the Saskatchewan to the Pas, where they were met by Chief Chatique.

Chatique was six feet tall, stout, and aggressive. He came down to the water's edge to meet them with thirty armed men at his back. He invited them into his tent and, though they mistrusted him, for he had a bad name, they thought it best to go. He made them an elaborate speech of welcome, which he concluded by saying that as he could easily kill them all on their return down the river, he should expect rich presents from them. They gave him the rich presents.

At the end of October they reached Cumberland House, which Hearne had built the year before. The Frobishers went on to their post on Churchill River; but Henry turned west to explore the prairie country lying between the two branches of the Saskatchewan. He nearly starved before he reached Fort des Prairies, just below the forks of the river. There he was received very kindly and fed on buffalo tongues and marrow bones. He was now on the border of the great plains where the buffalo roamed in countless herds, and hunger was almost unknown.

Henry tells how the Indians took the buffalo in a pound. The pound was built of strong birch stakes, four feet high, and wattled with smaller branches. The chief with some forty men and women took part in the hunt. At daylight several experienced hunters dressed themselves in ox skins, covering their faces with the head and horns, and went out as decoys. They circled about the herd, imitating the actions and noises made by the

buffalo so skilfully that Henry could scarcely tell which were buffalo and which men.

At ten o'clock one of the hunters came in to warn the tribe, who muzzled the dogs and took their places around the outside of the pound. The herd, about half a mile away, advanced slowly, feeding as it came. The decoys moved back and forth, bellowing, and the buffalo, either curious or sympathetic, came towards them. The decoys now fell back into the wide mouth of the pound, which was funnel-shaped, ending in a small gate which led into the inner pound. The herd crowded in after the leaders, and the people surrounding the fence attacked them with arrows. The buffalo tried to break through, but the Indians prevented them. They kept on killing till evening.

Next day the women drew the meat upon sledges to the village. Seventy-two tongues were delivered to the chiefs; the shoulder lumps and hearts were cooked and served at the feast; the rest was saved to eat later or dried for sale at the post. Henry saw in store at the fort fifty tons of cured buffalo-meat.

Henry meant to go on to the Rockies, but the prairie Indians told him that the Blackfeet were dangerous. He was, after all, a fur trader, not an explorer, so he returned to Montreal, where he opened a store, and lived in comfort till his old age.

A burst
Of sudden roaring filled the vale with sound,
And presently into the valley came
A mighty bison, which with stately tread
And gleaming eyes descended to the shore.
Huge was his frame! emasculate, so grown
To that enormous bulk whose presence filled
The very vale with awe. His shining horns
Gleamed black amidst his fell of floating hair;
His neck and shoulders, of the lion's build,
Were framed to toss the world.

From *The Last Bison*, by CHARLES MAIR.

PETER POND

PETER POND was an American who came to Montreal soon after the British took Canada, and joined Henry and the Frobishers in their fur-trading enterprises. Pond was a strong rough man, not as pleasant a character as his partners, but in one way a greater man than they. The others were fur traders, in the business for what they could get out of it; Pond was something more, an explorer in a small way, a man with a passion for travelling beyond the horizon. He had neither the brains nor the courage of Hearne or Alexander Mackenzie, yet he accomplished a small but quite important bit of exploration.

When Henry went out to Montreal, Pond stayed in the fur country. He passed one winter on Lake Dauphin, and two at the Forks of the Saskatchewan. In the spring of 1778 he went down to Sturgeon Lake to meet the Frobishers and other traders. The "pedlars" were gathered at Sturgeon Lake to plan how they should outwit the Hudson's Bay Company, which four years earlier had built a permanent "Cumberland House" in what the Montrealers considered to be their territory.

The meeting seems to have agreed to build posts west, south, and north of Cumberland House, and so again to intercept the Indians on their way to the Company posts. Finding that they had goods to spare, the traders pooled their stock and entrusted it to Peter Pond. He was instructed to advance into the Athabasca country, establish a post, and make the best bargains he could.

Pond embarked the goods in four canoes and, following Frobisher's route, crossed to Churchill River, and ascended it to Île à la Crosse Lake. This was the farthest point north-west as yet reached by any of the traders. Pond now entered unknown country.

He had Indians with him, and he followed the trail long used by them to cross the Height of Land into the Athabasca country. They paddled up Île à la Crosse Lake, north-westerly, for twenty miles into Lake Clear, and then into Buffalo Lake, which they followed still north-westerly, for thirty-six miles. Into the upper end of Buffalo Lake falls the River La Loche, a shallow stream, up which they dragged their canoes with difficulty for another twenty-four miles. Crossing Lake La Loche, out of which the river flows, Pond found himself facing the Height of Land.

A high rocky ridge divides the rivers which flow into Hudson Bay from those which flow into the Arctic Ocean. Thirteen miles over this ridge Pond carried his canoes. Having made this extremely difficult portage, Pond found himself looking down into the lovely valley of the Clearwater. The river, a hundred feet below him, wandered through a valley of woods and lawns some three miles wide. The hills on either side were covered with stately forests and pleasant meadows, where herds of elk and buffalo fed. It is still one of the most beautiful scenes in Canada.

Thankfully Pond launched his canoes upon the Clearwater, which carried him swiftly down into the Athabasca, a river three-quarters of a mile broad. About thirty miles above the mouth of the Athabasca he built his post, "The Old Establishment." It was ready before winter, and remained his headquarters during the next six years, while he travelled about trading and exploring in the Athabasca country.

Peter Pond was the first white man to stand on the shores of Lake Athabasca. What is perhaps more important, he explored and mapped the route across Portage La Loche, which has ever since been the recognised road from the Saskatchewan country to the Athabasca country.

THE NORTH-WEST COMPANY

THE French method in trade had always been to grant a monopoly to a company of merchants. In return for the monopoly the company was required to protect its territory and develop it. It was a simple method and, in one way at least, satisfactory; there was always the company to blame. If things went wrong, the company was called to account; if they did not speedily improve, the company was abolished and its rights given to another.

The British have, for centuries, been opposed to monopolies; they believe that trade should be free. When the Scotch traders of Montreal re-opened the western fur trade, each man undertook his own adventure. He secured a licence, invested his money in goods for trade, bought a canoe and provisions, hired a voyageur, and set out. Having found some spot suitable for trade, he established himself and bartered his goods for furs. When he had exchanged all he had he packed up his skins and returned to Canada to sell them.

As long as there was only one man in the district, he kept order and bought his furs at reasonable prices; but in every good trading district rivals soon appeared. Then the traders cut prices, bribed the Indians with liquor, and obtained the furs at much less than their real value. The Indians in revenge attacked the traders, robbing and even killing them. Post after post had been broken into; thoughtful men began to fear an Indian war when, suddenly, the small-pox appeared among the tribes. Large numbers died, others fled to the mountains to escape the plague. For a time they were too weak and miserable to hunt except for food. One half the Indian population of the fur country died, and for three years trade was almost abandoned.

Meantime the Montreal traders, realising that each was

ruining the other, agreed to trade in common for one year. They did not get on well together so, at the end of the year, each trader began again to do business by himself. But it was plain, even to the most quarrelsome, that in union lay the only hope of large profits. In 1783, led by the energetic and strong-willed Simon McTavish, the traders entered into an agreement of union for five years. They prepared to do business under the style and title of the North-West Company. Each put his capital into a common stock and was assigned a suitable share in the profits of the Company.

Certain of the partners remained in Montreal and attended to the business of the Company there. They imported the goods from England, stored them, packed and forwarded them at the right time. For this these partners received a commission in addition to the profits on their shares. Each year two of the partners went up to Grand Portage on Lake Superior to receive the furs, pack and ship them to Montreal. These also received a small commission. The remaining partners went out each to his post, and wintered among the Indians, buying in the furs.

Some of the partners from long service had double shares. When they retired they were allowed to keep one share, the profits upon it being paid annually. The other share they handed over to any one of the young men in the Company's service to whom they chose to give it. Thus every young man who entered the service of the Company knew that he would, if he remained honest and industrious, soon be a partner. Some of the young men fell heir to shares before they were out of their apprenticeship, many became partners while still articled clerks. No person was admitted as a partner who had not served his time in the trade. It was a fine service for young men. Seeing themselves partners already, they vied with one another in doing their work well. Much of the north-west was explored and opened for settlement by the men of the North-West Company.

GRAND PORTAGE

THE Scottish merchants soon found a new route to the west, one somewhat shorter and more convenient. Nipigon, where La Verendrye had had his headquarters, lay north of Lake Superior. Kaministiquia, which had been an important post during the French régime, was also on the north shore.

The Scotsmen found a post well down the west coast of the lake, a point from which it was possible to portage to the head-waters of the Pigeon River, and so by way of Rainy Lake, Rainy River, Lake of the Woods, and Winnipeg River, to Lake Winnipeg and the far west. Within a year or two Grand Portage became a place of importance. The portage ended in a bay sheltered by a rocky island. Here forts were built and wharves run out into the lake. The space within the palisades was crowded with buildings—the office, the store, the warehouses, long bunk-houses where the men slept, mess-rooms, kitchens, stables for the horses. The portage was nine or ten miles long, and avoided the falls on the Pigeon River. The Company built a good road, corduroyed, and then covered with earth. Oxen and some horses were kept to help the voyageurs carry the goods across.

Five hundred men were employed at Grand Portage in the season. Half of them came up from Montreal bringing the goods for trade in canoes carrying four tons, and paddled by ten or twelve voyageurs. These men had no dealings with the Indians. They spent part of each year in Canada, and lived on "cured" rations. They had, comparatively, a tame life of it, and were called in consequence, "Mangeurs de lard," the pork-eaters. The other half of the force received the goods at Grand Portage, transported them inland and exchanged them for furs. These men encountered many obstacles in their

journeys. They used canoes of only one ton and a half burden, and lived on pemmican and what game they could take, or what supplies they could buy from the Indians. These daring fellows were the coureurs de bois.

From the middle of August till the end, the coureurs de bois tramped back and forth over the Grand Portage. Men carrying one hundred and fifty pounds have been known to make the portage and return in six hours. At the west end of the portage the canoes were loaded with two-thirds goods and one-third provisions. Then, feathers waving, scarlet sashes gleaming, paddles flashing, shouting and singing, the brigades dashed away, some for Lake Winnipeg, others for the Saskatchewan and far-off Athabasca.

EN ROULANT MA BOULÉ

A Favourite Song of the Voyageurs

BEHIND the Manor lies the mere,
En roulant ma boulé;
Three ducks bathe in its waters clear,
En roulant ma boulé.

Rouli, roulant, ma boulé roulant,
En roulant ma boulé roulant,
En roulant ma boulé.

Three fairy ducks swim without fear;
The Prince goes hunting far and near.

With magic gun of silver bright,
He sights the Black but kills the White.

Ah! cruel Prince, my heart you break,
In killing thus my snow-white Drake.

MERCHANT ADVENTURERS

THE fur trade as carried on by the Nor'-Westers was a business of many branches. Each year, in the month of October, the Montreal partners ordered from England the goods which would reach the Indians a year and a half later.

"The articles necessary for this trade are coarse woollen cloths of different kinds; milled blankets of different sizes; arms and ammunition; twist and carrot tobacco; Manchester goods; linens and coarse sheetings; thread, lines, and twine; common hardware; cutlery; kettles of brass and copper; and sheet-iron; silk and cotton handkerchiefs, hats, shoes, and hose; calicoes, and printed cottons. Spirituous liquors and provisions are purchased in Canada."

The London merchants shipped the goods in the spring after they had been ordered; they reached Canada in the summer. During the following winter they were made up into articles such as the Indians needed or desired. They were then packed into parcels weighing ninety pounds each, and were ready for the interior.

In May, five clerks, eighteen guides, and three hundred and fifty voyageurs were hired in Montreal to take the goods up to Grand Portage and to bring back the winter's store of furs. The trip took from the beginning of May till the end of September, and the men were paid from two hundred and fifty livres (ordinary canoemen) to a thousand livres (the guides). Each canoeman was supplied with one blanket, one shirt, and one pair of trousers besides his provisions; guides were allowed two of everything and two handkerchiefs to boot.

When the men were ready the canoes were loaded. Eight or ten men were required to handle each canoe, sixty-five packages of goods, six hundred pounds of biscuit, two hundred

Parker, High River

HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGE IN ALBERTA WOODS

pounds of pork, with three bushels of pease, were provided for each man. Besides the goods, food, and the men's luggage, each canoe carried two oil-cloths to cover the goods, a sail, an axe, a towing-line, a kettle, a sponge to bail out the canoe, gum and bark to repair it.

The canoes set out from Lachine and followed the old route up the Ottawa and down French River into Lake Huron. Crossing the north end of Lake Huron, they portaged round the falls of St. Mary and crossed Lake Superior to Grand Portage, which they reached in June. The North-West Company had also two ships on Lakes Erie and Huron, and one on Lake Superior. They sent certain kinds of goods up by these vessels, transhipping at the rivers which connected the lakes. This was a cheaper though much slower and more dangerous way than the canoe route.

Early in July the "North" men with the "wintering partners" reached Grand Portage. They were regaled with bread and butter, pork, liquor and tobacco. The great dining-hall where a hundred men sat down together rang with their talk and laughter. Twelve hundred men were sometimes

assembled at Grand Portage. The "North" men were paid; some of them threw away their hard-earned wages in a week; others converted them into drafts which the Montreal partners invested for them on their return to the city. The Montreal and "wintering" partners then held the annual meeting of the Company. Profits were reckoned up, new policies decided upon, traders were moved from one district to another, new men were hired.

When the "North" men had had a fortnight's riotous holiday they were, usually, ready to go back to their distant posts. Hominy was prepared for them:

"The corn for this purpose is prepared in Detroit by boiling it in strong alkali, which takes off the outer husk: it is then well washed and carefully dried upon stages, when it is fit for use. One quart of this is boiled for two hours, over a moderate fire, in a gallon of water; to which when it has boiled a small time are added two ounces of melted suet; this causes the corn to split, and in the time mentioned makes a pretty thick pudding."

Salted, this makes a wholesome palatable food, and very easy of digestion. This quantity is enough for a man during twenty-four hours. The canoemen, both from the North and from Montreal, had no other provision.

When the hominy was ready it was stored in strong sacks. Together with the neat packs of goods prepared for the winter's trade it was carried across the portage. The voyageurs tightened their new belts, selected new paddles, and tramped gaily off along the nine miles of rough road. The canoes on Pigeon River were then loaded, the good-byes were said and, singing and shouting, "the North Brigade" was off for another twelve months in the wilderness.

The Montreal partners and clerks now busied themselves in getting all the furs across the portage. They were repacked into bundles weighing a hundred pounds each and reshipped to Montreal, where they commonly arrived in September. The furs dispatched, the partners embarked in light canoes manned by picked voyageurs, who carried them home in an astonishingly short time.

Valentine, Winnipeg

A TRAPPER'S HUT

FORWARD! THE "GENTLEMEN"

THE formation of the North-West Company threatened organised competition, and from that time forward the Hudson's Bay Company busily pushed its posts out upon the plains. By striking west and south they hoped to cut off the Nor'-Westers heading north and west. Posts were erected on Lake Winnipegosis and the Assiniboine. An enterprising trader built one on Rainy Lake in the heart of the Montrealers' country. Brandon House was built on the south side of the Assiniboine (seventeen miles below the present city); Edmonton House on the north bank of the Saskatchewan. Before the end of the century the old Company had occupied, pretty completely, the country south of the North Saskatchewan and between Rainy Lake and the Rockies.

The trade of both Companies suffered severely from the competition. It was bad for the Indians too; the rival traders bribed them with liquor till the western tribes bid fair to be demoralised.[1] The Hudson's Bay Company probably suffered less than the Nor'-Westers. The old Company employed

steady plodding Orkneymen, while the voyageurs and traders from Montreal were often wild fellows enough. The "Gentlemen" had, too, the advantage of the month's early arrival at the trading-posts and, it is generally admitted, had a higher reputation among the Indians for honesty and fair dealing in trade.

The Company traded in peltries of all kinds, as well as in seal and whale oil, dried and salted fish, walrus tusks, feathers, quills, and castorum. For many years beaver was the principal fur of the country and the standard of trade. Thousands of skins were required each year to make the large beaver hats then worn by gentlemen. By the end of the eighteenth century beaver hats were going out of fashion; men began to wear silk hats, and the value of the beaver skin declined, although it was still used to make coats and furs for ladies.

By the middle of the nineteenth century the bison, or North American buffalo, had replaced the beaver as the principal object of the hunter's toil. The hides, when dressed on one side with the hair left on the other, were called robes, and were in great demand in Canada, where they were used as sleigh wrappers. Buffalo skins were also used to make coats. They are very rare nowadays, but one is still seen occasionally in the Canadian West. One such has been worn for twenty years, and shows the hair still retaining its silky quality. It is light brown, short, wavy, and very thick on the hide.

The most valuable fur trafficked in by the Company was that of the black fox; a single skin brought from twenty-five to thirty guineas in the British market. The most profitable fur of the country was the marten, which resembled the Russian sable and maintained a steady price.

[1] Report of Parliamentary Commission, 1857, page 87, question and answer 1649.

THE STORE

Ballantyne

"At whatever establishment in the fur trader's dominions you may chance to alight, you will find a particular building which is surrounded with a halo of interest; towards which there seems to be a general leaning on the part of everybody, especially of the Indians; and with which are connected, in the minds of all, the most stirring reminiscences and pleasing associations.

"This is the trading-store. It is always recognisable, if natives are in the neighbourhood, by the bevy of red men that cluster round it, awaiting the coming of the store-keeper or the trader with that stoic patience which is peculiar to Indians. It may be further recognised by a close observer by the soiled condition of its walls, occasioned by loungers rubbing their backs perpetually against it, and the peculiar dinginess round the key-hole, caused by frequent applications of the key, which renders it conspicuous beyond all its comrades.

"Here is contained that which makes the red man's life enjoyable; that which causes his heart to leap, and induces him to toil for months and months together in the heat of the summer and amid the frost and snow of winter; that which actually accomplishes, what music is said to achieve, the 'soothing of the savage breast': in short, here are stored up blankets, guns, powder, shot, kettles, axes and knives, twine for nets, vermilion for war-paint, fish-hooks and scalping-knives, capotes, cloth, beads, needles, and a host of miscellaneous articles, much too numerous to mention. Here, also, occur periodical scenes of bustle and excitement, when bands of natives arrive from distant hunting-grounds, laden with rich furs, which are speedily transferred to the fur company's stores in exchange for the

goods aforementioned. And many a tough wrangle has the trader on such occasions with sharp natives, who might have graduated in Billingsgate, so close are they at a bargain. Here, too, voyageurs are supplied with an equivalent for their wages, part in advance, if they desire it (and they generally do desire it), and part at the conclusion of their long and arduous voyages.

"The name fort is given to all the posts in the country, but few of them merit it. Most of them are defended only by wooden pickets or stockades; and a few, where the Indians are quiet, are entirely destitute of defence. Oxford House, a small outpost of the York Factory District, is a typical inland post. It is composed of a collection of wooden houses, the store, the mess-room, the sleeping quarters of the men, built in the form of a square, and surrounded by tall stockades pointed at the tops. A small flagstaff towers above the buildings. There are only two or three men at the place."

GAY, LA, LA, GAY IS THE ROSE

NIGHTINGALES there are singing
All through the day and night,
Singing of all the fair ones,
Having no man in sight.
Gay, la, la, gay is the rose
This pretty month of May.

Translated by MURRAY GIBBON.

THE BRIGADE

Ballantyne

"It was a fine sight to see the boats depart for the north. It was a thrilling heart-stirring sight to behold these picturesque, athletic men, on receiving the word of command from their guides, spring lightly into the long heavy boats; to see them let the oars fall into the water with a loud splash, and then, taking their seats, give way with a will, knowing that the eyes of friends and sweethearts and rivals were bent earnestly upon them. It was a splendid sight to see boat after boat shoot out from the landing-place and cut through the calm bosom of the river, as the men bent their sturdy backs, until the thick oars creaked and groaned on the gunwales and flashed in the stream, more and more vigorously at each successive stroke, until their friends on the bank, who were anxious to see the last of them, had to run faster and faster to keep up with them, as the rowers warmed to their work and made the water gurgle at the bows —their bright blue and scarlet and white trappings reflected in the dark waters in broken masses of colour, streaked with long lines of shining ripples, as if they floated on a lake of liquid rainbows. And it was a glorious thing to hear the wild, plaintive song, led by one clear, sonorous voice that rang out full and strong in the still air, while at the close of every two lines the whole brigade burst into a loud, enthusiastic chorus, that rolled far and wide over the smooth waters—telling of their approach to settlers beyond the reach of vision in advance, and floating faintly back, a last farewell, to the listening ears of fathers, mothers, wives and sisters left behind."

Canadian Pacific Railway

BEAVER WORK

THE BEAVER

Arranged from the narratives of DAVID THOMPSON

THE beaver is an animal well known; the average weight of a full-grown male is about fifty-five pounds. His meat is agreeable to most although fat and oily; the tail is a delicacy. They are always in pairs and work together. Their first business is to ensure a sufficient depth and extent of water for the winter; if Nature has not done this for them, they make dams to obtain it. If there are more families than one in a piece of water, they all work together, each appearing to labour on a particular part.

The dam is made of earth, and pieces of wood laid oblique to the direction of the dam. The wood employed is always aspen, poplar or large willows and alders; if pine is used it is through necessity, not by choice; the bottom is well laid; if small stones are at hand they make use of them for the bottom. The earth is brought between their fore-paws and throat, laid

down, and by several strokes of the tail made compact. With their teeth, which are very sharp and formed like small chisels, they cut the pieces of wood to the lengths which they require, bring them to the dam, and work them in, until it is raised to the desired height. Many have remarked that dams erected by the art of man are frequently damaged, or wholly carried away by violent freshets, but no power of water has ever carried away a beaver dam.

Having secured a sufficient depth of water, each family builds a separate house. It is in the form of a low dome, from the doorway, which is a little way in the water, gradually rising to about thirty inches in height and six feet in diameter. The materials are the same as those of the dam, only the pieces of wood are much shorter and, if at hand, small stones are worked in. The earth coating of the first year may be four or five inches thick, and every year an additional coat is added, until it is a foot or more in thickness. Grass then grows upon it and it looks like a little knoll.

The next work is to make burrows of retreat. The first year they are seldom able to make more than one or two; the second and third years the number is increased to five or six; and where the beaver have been a long time the ponds and lakes have numerous burrows. These burrows are carried on a few inches below the surface of the water and directly from it. They rise gradually to a foot in height, and must be at least twenty inches broad, so that a beaver can turn in them. In general they are about ten feet long, but in good earth they are often twenty feet or more.

The Indians use a small dog in hunting the beaver. By smelling and scratching, the dog shows the weakest part of the beaver-house or burrow. Having doubly staked the entrance, the Indian with his axe and ice chisel makes a hole over the place shown by the dog. If the beaver changes his place in the burrow, a crooked stick is pushed in till it touches him. Then another hole is made and the poor animal is killed with the ice chisel, which has a heavy handle seven feet long. Such was the manner of killing the beaver before the introduction of steel traps.

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

Alexander Mackenzie was born in 1763 and came to Canada when a lad of sixteen. He took service with Gregory of Montreal, where he worked in the counting-house for five years. By this time the North-West Company had been formed and Mackenzie became a partner in it. He was what is called a "wintering partner"—that is he went up into the fur country to collect the furs.

Mackenzie had charge of the Churchill River district; it was an important command because the competition there was particularly keen. Mackenzie had with him his cousin, Roderick Mackenzie, a very clever young man. The two managed to do a good business and yet keep on friendly terms with rival traders.

Peter Pond, who commanded for the Nor'-Westers in the Athabasca district, got into trouble there in the winter of 1786. In the following spring, Alexander Mackenzie was sent to Athabasca with him, while Roderick took charge on Churchill River. Mackenzie spent a year in Athabasca with Pond, during which he learned all he could about the geography of the country. He was already planning his great journeys.

Pond thought the Company had treated him badly and left the upper country in 1788. After that Mackenzie had Roderick with him in Athabasca. Alexander traded at the Old Establishment, and Roderick went forward to Lake Athabasca, where he built Fort Chipewyan. This post soon became the most important place in the far north-west. On his way down to the partners' meeting at Grand Portage, Roderick explored for a canoe route which should avoid the difficult Portage La Loche, but he did not find one.

In the spring of 1789, when Roderick had gone off with the fur packs for Grand Portage, Alexander set out upon his

first voyage of discovery; he hoped to find a passage by river and portage to the Pacific. He left Fort Chipewyan on June 3 with a small party of voyageurs and Indians. Leroux, a trader going up to meet the Red Knife Indians on Great Slave Lake, was also of the party. They followed the shore of Lake Athabasca to the mouth of the Slave, which they entered. The Peace, a mile broad and with a very strong current, flows into the Slave a short distance below Athabasca.

Rising every morning at half-past two, and travelling until late, the party advanced very rapidly. There were a number of difficult portages on the Slave River, and they had to paddle against head-winds in June days so cold that the Indians wore mittens. At Leroux's post on Great Slave they were detained five days by the ice. The Indians tried to frighten them with tales of impassable rapids, but when met they proved quite easily navigable. On July 10 Mackenzie, having taken his reckoning, became convinced that the river he was following emptied into the "Hyperborean Sea."

Two days later, they landed on a high island; no land could be seen ahead; beyond the open water the ice lay in a solid mass from the south-west round to the east. That night the baggage had to be rescued from the tide; the next morning they saw whales. Still Mackenzie does not seem to have been certain that he had reached the sea. He erected a post upon which he carved the date and the latitude and, after a few days, turned homeward; he reached Fort Chipewyan on September 12.

Mackenzie's account of his remarkable voyage reads almost as though he had been disappointed. He called his river the River Disappointment, and although this may have been because he had hoped that it would lead him to the Pacific, some writers think he did not know until long afterward that he had actually reached the Arctic Ocean. He does not speak of having tasted the water; he does mention the tide, but it is well known that the tide rises far up in some rivers. If he did know, he speaks, in his published accounts of the voyage, in a very modest way of so extraordinary an achievement.

Mackenzie spent the winter following his great journey at Fort Chipewyan with Roderick; no doubt they passed many

M. J. Hilton, Edmonton

THE GATES OF THE PEACE

an hour discussing plans for future explorations. In the spring, Alexander went down to meet his partners at Grand Portage. They were fur traders first and last. "My expedition was hardly spoken of, but that is what I expected," he wrote to Roderick. This was all the interest excited at the time by one of the greatest explorations ever made. In 1791 Mackenzie went to England, where he studied for some months and bought the best geographical instruments he could get. He returned to Canada early in 1792 and travelled straight through to Fort Chipewyan, where Roderick was waiting with sympathy and advice. Alexander determined this time to reach the Pacific Ocean; his plans were made; he meant to leave nothing to chance. He would build a post and winter far up the Peace and, as early as possible in the spring, make a dash for the Western Ocean.

Roderick remaining in charge at Fort Chipewyan, Alexander spent a very comfortable winter near the mouth of the Smoky. On May 9, 1793, he left his winter quarters. With him went Alexander McKay, a trusted Nor'-Wester, six voyageurs, two of whom had been with him on the Arctic journey, and some Indian guides. They had one twenty-five foot canoe, light and strong, but of necessity rather too heavily laden. As they passed up the Peace, the explorer was amazed by the beauty of the scenery along its banks. Bold cliffs alternated with gently sloping lawns waving with grass and flowers; groves of poplar separated

Valentine, Winnipeg

ESKIMOS BUILDING A BOAT

vast herds of elk and antelope. "It was," said Mackenzie, "the most beautiful scenery I ever beheld."

It soon became evident that the voyage to the Pacific was to be a very different one from that made to the Arctic. Here was no broad river waiting to carry them to their goal, but a swift and dangerous torrent eager to escape from its mountain home; they were going up-stream instead of down, and they fought for every mile of their passage. The canoe was injured again and again. At one point, unable to force their way through the churning water, they cut steps in the solid rock wall of the river and dragged the canoe up by a line. At another, they were obliged to cut a road for six leagues through the almost impenetrable forest.

On May 31 they reached the Forks; here one branch of the Peace leads north, the other south. Advised by an old Indian, Mackenzie chose the Parsnip, the south branch. Missing the Pack River and with it an easy portage into the Fraser, they worked their toilsome way up the Parsnip into the Bad River and so, with incredible difficulty, reached the Fraser. With "inexpressible satisfaction" they launched upon a river which, for the moment, seemed disposed to let them pass. Mackenzie followed the Fraser as far south as the site of Alexandria; then, advised by the Indians, he decided to retrace his steps and follow

the trail by the Blackwater, which the Indians promised him would take him quickly and easily to the coast. Returning to the mouth of the Blackwater, they hid their surplus supplies and started overland.

The way lay along a well-beaten path through country rugged, ridgy and full of woods. It was hot and the rain fell frequently, so that they were often soaked by the dripping underbrush. Their Indian guides constantly threatened to leave them, and each pair could only be persuaded to lead them through their own country to that of the next tribe westward. The Indians they met seemed to live in comparative comfort, and most of them treated the strangers kindly, sharing with them their fish and other food.

On the 17th they were welcomed and royally feasted by a tribe which inhabited what is now believed to have been the upper waters of the Dean River. "These people," says Mackenzie, "indulge an extreme superstition respecting their fish. Flesh they never eat. When I made application to my friend (the chief) to procure us a canoe with people to conduct us to the sea, he demurred, saying that if venison were embarked in a canoe upon their river the fish would smell it and leave, so that he and his relations would starve."

Abandoning his meat, Mackenzie obtained the canoe and the party paddled swiftly down the Dean River and Inlet. On July 20 they reached the Pacific. They cruised about for a day or two while Mackenzie tried to make accurate observations of their latitude and longitude. The coast Indians were hostile, threatening them again and again, but Mackenzie's firmness overawed them and the whole party returned safely.

This exploit was too important to be overlooked even by the traders of the North-West Company. Mackenzie was congratulated and honoured at home and, when he had published an account of his voyages, was knighted by the Queen.

THE WEST COAST

Sir Francis Drake was, perhaps, the first of white men to see the lovely western shores of our country. On his voyage round the world in 1579 he sailed northward past California; just how far north we do not know. He spent five weeks in Drake's Bay refitting the *Golden Hind*, took possession of the land for Britain, named it New Albion, and sailed on.

Two hundred years later, Spain, who claimed all that part of America which was washed by Pacific seas, became alarmed at the hold Britain had acquired in the east and Russia in the north. She built a great fort with shipyards, warehouses, and arsenals at San Blas, Mexico, and prepared to enter into active possession of her west coast.

Nothing much came of it. In 1774 Don Perez sallied bravely forth from San Blas Harbour. He sailed as far north as the Queen Charlotte Islands, but returned without having landed anywhere. The next year came the gallant Don Bruno Hecate. Somewhere upon the shore of British Columbia he landed and set up the cross of Spain. As he returned he noticed a point at which a strong current set out to sea. "Here," said Don Bruno, "some mighty river comes down from the mountains."

As in the days of Cabot, the merchants of England were anxious to find a water passage north of Canada, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and which would lead them quickly to the Orient. Many people felt that the Hudson's Bay Company had not been active enough in exploring. In 1776 the Government took the matter up; it was determined to send out an expedition to find the north-west passage into the Pacific.

Captain Cook, a famous sailor, had just returned from two long voyages of exploration in the South Seas. Everyone felt

that he was the best person to lead the new expedition, but no one liked to ask him to go out again so soon. At a meeting called to discuss the expedition, however, he became so much interested that he rose and offered to go. The Government was delighted and prepared for him two ships, the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*. Captain Cook sailed by the Cape of Good Hope and across the Indian Ocean. He carried pigs, sheep and goats to Australia and New Zealand, where he left them for breeding purposes. Then he crossed the Pacific Ocean, touching at some of the islands as he passed. All this took a good deal of time, so that it was not until March 7, 1778, that he sighted the shores of New Albion.

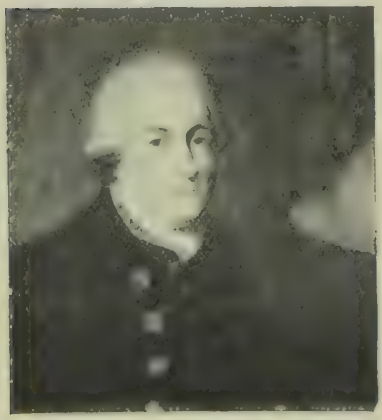
They coasted along, combating contrary winds for three weeks, and then anchored near the shore. Three canoes of Indians came off to them at once, in one of which a man stood up, threw handfuls of red dust and feathers towards them, and made a long oration. The next day a great number of canoes appeared and trade began. The Indians would take in trade nothing but metal. When the men had traded away all the iron about the ships, the natives demanded the brass. Soon clothes were stripped of their buttons, bureaus of their handles, and copper kettles, candlesticks, and tin canisters all went to wreck.

Towards the end of April, Captain Cook quitted Nootka, as they called the trading-place, and bore away northward to seek the passage. Early in August they saw land west of them. At first they thought it was part of what they called "the Island of Alaska," but in the end Captain Cook concluded it must be the shore of Asia. Some days later they saw the "blink" on the northern horizon. The "blink" is a brightness in the sky caused by the glare of the sun on ice. Two hours later they came upon the ice, which stretched north-east and south-west as far as they could see. On the ice lay a prodigious number of sea-horses or walrus, some of which they killed for food.

Captain Cook was now obliged to keep altering his course to the eastward to follow the coast. On August 18, he found himself five leagues farther eastward than he had been. He was then close to the ice, which stood against him like a wall ten or twelve feet high. The land ran out in a point, which Cook called

Icy Cape, and then fell away to the south-east. He had, as you will see by referring to the map, actually rounded the north-west corner of Alaska. His Icy Cape is one hundred and twenty-six miles south-west of Point Barrow.

It was now late September and Captain Cook thought it time to return for the cold weather to some more friendly climate. He determined to winter in the Sandwich Islands and return in the spring to complete his work. Unfortunately he was killed in the islands by a native. His assistant, Captain Clarke, went back in the spring to Bering Sea, but he was stopped by the ice seven leagues farther south than Cook had been. They concluded that the passage into the Atlantic could not be made, and the expedition returned to England in 1780.



National Gallery, London, England

GEORGE VANCOUVER

News that seal and otter, furs richer even than the beaver, were to be found on the north-west coast of Canada, spread like wild-fire. Captain James Hanna was the first to arrive. He crossed over from China in a small trading-ship, reaching Nootka in August 1785. He made $26,000 out of one cargo of sea-otter skins. In 1786 the East India Company sent a ship under Captain Strange to Nootka. They secured 600 sea-otter skins and left a man to collect skins against their coming the next year.

In 1788 Captain John Meares came to Nootka to trade for the British merchants of India. He bought a building site from the natives, and within two weeks erected a trading-post. The ground floor of the house was arranged as a workshop; the upper floor divided into eating- and sleeping-rooms. There was a store-room and an armourer's shop, and the whole was surrounded by a breastwork upon which a cannon was mounted. Meares paid his Indian workmen each night with beads or bits of iron, and in every way treated them kindly, so that he could

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

Canadian Pacific Railway

EXPLORING THE WEST COAST

not find employment for the numbers desiring work. He now laid down the keel of a trading-ship and leaving his men at work upon her, sailed up and down the coast trading. When he returned in September he found his ship nearly finished. It was launched under the name of *The North-West America*. This was the first ship built in what is now British Columbia. Meares left men in charge of the post at Nootka and went off to China, where he sold his furs.

When he returned in the spring he found that Captain Robert Gray and two American ships had wintered in Nootka. The American Revolution being just over, the two parties were not very friendly but did not quarrel. On May 6, however, a Spanish ship of war mounting twenty-six guns sailed into Nootka Sound, and presently seized all Captain Meares' property, goods, ships and post. The Spanish claimed exclusive right to the Pacific coast of America. Meares at once informed the British Government what had been done. The matter was taken up with the Spanish Government. The feeling was hot

and, for a time, both nations prepared for war. But Spain did not wish to fight and, in the end, agreed to restore the British property seized at Nootka.

In 1791 Captain George Vancouver, who had been with Cook, was sent out to receive Nootka back from Spain. He crossed the Indian and Pacific Oceans and on April 29, 1792, reached Cape Flattery. Sailing eastward still, a beautiful mountain rose like a silver cloud on the horizon before them; they named it Mount Baker after the young lieutenant who first saw it. During May, Vancouver surveyed Puget Sound, also named after one of his young men, and in June he charted Burrard Inlet and Howe Sound. Near Point Grey he met two Spanish vessels, also charting. They greeted him courteously, and told him that he was expected at Nootka.

Rounding the north end of the island he anchored in the Sound. Don Quadra, the Spanish commander, received Vancouver most politely, but they could not agree as to their instructions. Vancouver expected to receive the property, lands, and the sovereignty of the place; Quadra wished to restore only the property. After many discussions they agreed to wait for further instructions, and both sailed away to their winter quarters.

During the next year, 1793, Vancouver explored the bays and inlets of the coast and charted the islands. In October he returned to Nootka, where the Spanish governor received him with salutes and feasts. As no further instructions had yet been received, both commanders again retired to their winter quarters. The next year Vancouver completed his survey of the coast and, as he had still received no further instructions, sailed for England which he reached in October 1795.

The dispute about Nootka had been settled in 1794, however, Spain having at last agreed to give up her claim to the whole coast. Before Vancouver reached home, Lieutenant Pierce had sailed to raise the British flag over Nootka. Captain Vancouver, whose important surveys made him famous, died three years later, being only forty years of age.

Canadian Pacific Railway

DOG TEAM AT NIPIGON

THE X. Y. COMPANY

WHILE Mackenzie explored, his partners at home in Montreal quarrelled. Simon McTavish, a bold, clever and hot-headed Highlander, was difficult to get on with. The fur trade was as exciting as a treasure hunt; it affected men's minds as treasure does; every man suspected his neighbour. In 1795, a few of the partners of the North-West Company withdrew from it and formed an organisation of their own. It was known as the New North-West Company; the men called it the X. Y. Company from the letters painted on the bales of goods consigned to the new group.

Mackenzie remained with the old Company for three years longer. During these years the ill-feeling between him and Simon McTavish became more and more bitter. At the annual meeting of the partners at Grand Portage in 1799, Mackenzie announced that he intended to leave the Company. The "wintering partners," loudly asserting that he alone of the Montreal partners was to be trusted, begged him to remain. He refused, left Grand Portage at once and proceeded to England, where he published his journals and was knighted. Roderick was chosen to take his place among the partners of the old North-West Company.

When Mackenzie returned to Canada he became the head of the X. Y. Company. He was as bold and wise a business

man as McTavish himself. Both Companies re-organised their systems and war to the knife began. New posts were opened by both Companies. McTavish undertook a fishing business in the St. Lawrence, and sent a ship to trade in Hudson Bay. The Hudson's Bay Company promptly had him in court for this last adventure; the lawyers decided that he had trespassed and warned him out of there.

In the heat of their competition with one another the "pedlars" almost forgot their earlier rivalry with the "Gentlemen." Beside each North-West Company post soon appeared an X. Y. fort. The commanders of the rival stores were sometimes friendly, more often bitter enemies. Roderick Mackenzie and Duncan MacGillvray, his opponent on English River, visited back and forth through the winter and brought their brigades down the rivers singing together; Peter Pond was suspected of having killed his rival, John Ross of the X. Y. Company. The most dishonourable means were used in the competition, the fur country ran with liquor, and fights were common.

From the Library of Hon. A. C. Rutherford

PEMBINA FORT

Founded by Alexander Henry the Younger

Things went from bad to worse. Alexander Henry the Younger says that in 1803 the Red River country was almost destitute of beaver, and that the X. Y. Company had been lavish of their property, selling very cheap. To keep the trade in his own hands he had been obliged to do the same. "Thus," he says, "by our proceedings we had spoiled the Indians; all wore scarlet coats, had large kegs and flasks, and nothing was purchased by them but silver works, strouds and blankets." In another place Henry says, "If a murder is committed among the Salteurs it is always in a drinking match. We may truly say that liquor is the root of all evil in the North-West."

In 1804 Simon McTavish died. He had been the hottest

opponent of the X. Y. men. The old Company offered peace; Sir Alexander Mackenzie and his partners gladly accepted it; the agreement that the two Companies should operate together for eighteen years was signed on November 5. The traders now ceased to fight, much less liquor was sold, and the Indians were treated more honestly. As there was now only one Company to bid for their services, the men's wages were reduced; one post served instead of two; the whole business was conducted in a much more regular and profitable way.

À LA CLAIRE FONTAINE

Another Song of the Voyageurs

Unto the crystal fountain
For pleasure did I stray;
So fair I found the waters,
My limbs in them I lay.

Long is it I have loved thee,
Thee shall I love alway;
Long is it I have loved thee,
Thee shall I love alway.

So fair I found the waters,
My limbs in them I lay;
Beneath an oak tree resting,
I heard a roundelay.

Beneath an oak tree resting,
I heard a roundelay;
The nightingale was singing
On the oak tree's topmost spray.

The nightingale was singing
On the oak tree's topmost spray;
Sing, nightingale, keep singing,
Thou who hast heart so gay.

A WINTER AT A TRADING-POST

Alexander Henry, nephew of the Henry of whom you have already heard, was a "wintering partner" of the North-West Company for some years. Henry was a keen and successful trader. He seems to have had a general oversight in all that territory which is now Southern Manitoba and Northern Minnesota. Like many of the other white men who lived much alone among the Indians, he kept a diary. The Indians wondered much to see him write each evening and yet send away no letters in the morning. He once told them, jokingly, that he was putting down all they said and did, that the Company at Grand Portage might reward or punish them as they deserved. They believed him and were half-afraid. Henry's diary has been printed; it records many strange adventures, a few of which are retold here.

Henry left Grand Portage on Saturday, July 19, 1800, at three o'clock in the afternoon. The baggage and provisions dispatched, the men paid and equipped for the year, Henry set off for Fort Charlotte at the Pigeon River end of the Portage. It took him two hours to cross, the portage being, in places, knee-deep in mud and clay. That evening he gave the canoes to the men to gum and prepare, and early the next morning distributed to each his load. Each canoe carried twenty-eight packages of merchandise, tobacco, kettles, hardware, ammunition, flour, sugar and high wine. The goods were destined for trade with the Salteur Indians on the Red River.

For three weeks the brigade travelled without accident, passing down Pigeon River, across Rainy Lake, through Rainy River, and across Lake of the Woods. They carried into Winnipeg River across Rat Portage (now Kenora), and here a serious

disaster befell them. Portage of the Isle on the Winnipeg River is a carrying-place of only fifty paces. To avoid the trouble of it one of the canoes prepared to shoot the rapids. Within a few yards some mismanagement of the foreman permitted the current to force her bow against a rock. The foreman jumped, landing safely. The canoe whirled round, the steersman and one midman jumped. The other midman remained in the canoe, which was at once carried out among the great waves. A few moments afterwards the canoe was seen to stand perpendicular and then to sink; the midman appeared for a moment riding upon a bale of goods. They called to him to hold on and made every effort to reach him, but could not; he sank and was seen no more.

On August 14, Henry and his brigade reached Fort Alexander near the entrance to Lake Winnipeg. This post was the North-West Company's provision depôt. Supplies were brought up every spring from the Red and Assiniboine Rivers in long boats, which carried up to two hundred and fifty bags of provisions each. The men spent the day repairing boats and canoes and making setting-poles. Henry examined the cargo and found the small packages much damaged. The kegs of wine were half-empty, the liquor having leaked out through cracks made when the kegs were thumped down upon the rocks. "The Canadians are certainly smart, active men as voyageurs," says Henry, "but very careless of property committed to their charge."

The Hudson's Bay Company also had a post at Fort Alexander. Henry and his men had, on their way up, passed two abandoned Hudson's Bay forts. The Hudson's Bay clerk told Henry that they thought of throwing up the post at Alexandria that autumn as the scarcity of beaver made trade so poor that the post did not pay expenses.

On August 17 Henry's brigade entered the Red River and paddled south against a gentle current, reaching the Forks of the Red and Assiniboine the next afternoon. Here, where the city of Winnipeg now stands, Henry found forty Salteurs waiting for him. They had dried buffalo-meat to trade for liquor. Having obtained the "milk" they loved, they fell to and kept drinking all night. At the Forks Henry unpacked and sorted his goods.

He sent half up the Assiniboine and kept half for the Red River trade.

While they were thus employed, the Hudson's Bay Company's brigade from Albany Factory arrived. The Hudson's Bay boats were sharp at both ends and neatly painted. Each boat carried forty-five packages, weighing eighty pounds each, and was managed by four oarsmen and a steersman. Mr. Goodwin and Mr. Brown visited with Henry till four o'clock, when the brigade passed on up the Assiniboine.

Henry re-embarked his own brigade on August 21 and paddled up the Red. A few days later they passed the great salt pit. "It lies about two hundred paces from the water, at the edge of the plains, where it issues out of the ground, forming a small basin, whose centre bubbles up like a pot of boiling water. Salt may be made here at all seasons, for the water never freezes, but it is a tedious business and requires many large kettles, nine gallons of water producing only one pint of salt."

As they travelled south the Indians with the party became more and more afraid of being attacked by their enemies, the fierce Sioux. They were just ready to break camp one morning, when a scout brought in the alarm. Henry did not believe in the danger, but the Salteur and Red Sucker bands with him did. The women fell instantly to work digging holes in which to hide themselves and their children. In a short time they had three trenches, twenty feet long, five feet wide and four feet deep. In these the men would defend themselves while the women and children lay close on the bottom. They had neither spades nor hoes, but used axes to cut the earth; the women and children with their hands threw it into kettles or upon blankets, and then tossed it up. Nothing came of the alarm, but the women lay in the trenches all night.

Hunting, fishing, camping, trading, sometimes canoeing, sometimes riding (for he now had a horse), Henry crossed the boundary and, still ascending the Red, reached the mouth of the Park River. Here, on a beautiful level plain, he built a fort. The stockades were of heavy logs; the men, being afraid of the Sioux, worked steadily. They built dwelling- and store-houses, and cut piles of firewood, all in a surprisingly short time con-

sidering the poor axes with which they had to work. Henry had a tall tree trimmed up one side; into this he climbed each morning to observe the plains for Sioux and buffalo. Vast herds of the latter were seen, but never an enemy. By October 1 they had settled down for the winter.

In October, Henry hired an Indian to go west in search of Crees and Assiniboines and to prevail upon them to come to the Park Fort to trade. In November they cut wood and made salt. They were plagued with mice, which ate the strouds and blankets and even carried off the beads. An Indian child fell into the fire and was shockingly burned. His father instantly pounded and chewed a certain root and bark which he sprinkled over the burns after having moistened them with water taken in his mouth and blown out. He then covered the whole with swan's-down and put the child to rest. A horse stuck fast up to his belly in the mud of the flats. They got him out by cutting quantities of long grass and pushing it under him. An Indian bit the nose off another with whom he was quarrelling. Tossing the straw about, they found the piece and bandaged it on, hoping it would grow again. Thus, in sad and funny adventures, the winter passed.

In March they made sugar from the ash-leaved maple. The sap is not so sweet as that of the real maple and it requires a larger quantity to make a given amount of sugar, but it yields a fine white sugar. On March 14 the North-West Company express (a runner with the mail) arrived from Portage la Prairie. He had left Athabasca on January 1. Henry had some trouble in getting him across the river, for the ice was now running, but they managed. The express went on to Grand Portage by Red Lake [1] and Lac la Pluie.

By April 1 the river was clear of ice but full of buffalo, vast herds of which must have been drowned while trying to cross on the weak ice. The great bodies floated down the river in a continuous stream and the stench from those caught upon the shore was almost intolerable. Much of the flesh was, however, fresh and sweet. The women raised the back fat, cut out the tongues and made pemmican until they were tired.

[1] See your map of Minnesota.

On May 4 Henry embarked for Grand Portage with forty-five packs, the product of the winter's trade. While the canoes went forward Henry went up the Assiniboine to Portage la Prairie where, it had been reported, the people were starving. He found them in a bad state and remained making what arrangements he could until June 1, when he left in a light canoe with eight men for Grand Portage.

Henry returned to the Red River in August and sending his brigade up river to the mouth of the Pembina, where he had left men in May, he himself rode thither. Pembina seems to have proved the better trading-post, for Henry made it his head-quarters until 1808. In the autumn of 1809 he was in charge of Fort Vermilion on the North Saskatchewan. During the fall he made a journey to Edmonton, then called Fort Augustus. He found the place closed, armed, and the men on guard. A fortnight before the Bloods had formed a war-party against the Crees, had crossed the Saskatchewan, and taken the field against their hereditary enemies. The Bloods had been defeated, and in revenge planned to destroy Fort Augustus, the principal trading-post of the Crees. The traders were warned, however, and kept a strict watch, so that the Bloods feared to attack. Instead, they stole twelve of the Company's horses. While Henry was at the fort the chief came with eight of the horses; he said the others were lame. As a matter of fact the remaining four were good horses and he wished to keep them. He was severely reprimanded, and then dismissed with a small gift of rum and tobacco for his band.

Between 1808 to 1811 Henry was in charge of three different posts upon the Saskatchewan—Fort Vermilion, Terre Blanche, and Rocky Mountain House. He explored every mile of the great river and travelled with dog-sledges in the depth of winter to the Continental Divide. In 1813 he crossed the mountains to the Pacific; he was drowned in the mouth of the Columbia in 1814.

WILD RICE

Arranged from the narratives of DAVID THOMPSON

THE wild rice is fully ripe in the early part of September. The Indians lay thin birch rind all over the bottom of the canoe. Then a man lightly clothed or naked places himself in the middle of the canoe and, with a hand on either side, seizes the stalks and knocks the ears of rice against the inside of the canoe into which the rice falls. He continues in this way until the canoe is full of rice. On coming ashore the women assist in unloading. A canoe holds from ten to twelve bushels. The rice-gatherer smokes his pipe, sings a song, and returns to collect another canoe-load.

So plentiful is the rice that an industrious man may fill his canoe three times in a day. Scaffolds made of small sticks and covered with long grass are prepared about six feet from the ground. On these the rice is laid, and gentle clear fires are kept burning underneath by the women, who continually turn the rice until it is fully dried. When dried, the rice is pounded in a mortar made of a piece of hollow oak with a pestle of the same. Freed of its husks, it is put up in bags made of rushes and secured against animals. The Indians collect enough for themselves and as much more as the fur traders will buy from them. Two or three ponds of water furnish all that is collected.

Mr. Sayer and his men had passed the whole winter on wild rice and maple sugar, which kept them alive but poor in flesh. Being a good shot on the wing, I had killed twenty large ducks—more than we wanted. I gave them to him—a most welcome present, as they had not tasted meat for a long time. A mess of rice and sugar was equally acceptable to me, who had lived wholly on meat. I tried to live on it but, the third day, was attacked with heart-burn and weakness of the stomach, which two meals of meat cured; but the rice makes good soup.

FORT WILLIAM

GLOWING with the best blood of both the Montreal factions, the new North-West Company planned and speedily achieved a number of splendid explorations and a wide expansion of trade.

Grand Portage had been found to be on the American side of the line, and it became necessary to find a new route for the trade between Lakes Superior and Winnipeg. Roderick Mackenzie, coming home on leave in 1797, stumbled upon it. A Rainy Lake Indian told him that there was a good route for large canoes just a little farther north. Mackenzie followed it and found himself at the mouth of the Kaministiquia. It was the old canoe route used by the French Canadians before Canada became British, re-discovered after forty years. The North-West Company at once built a fort there which they later called Fort William after William McGillvray. In 1803 they moved their headquarters from Grand Portage to Fort William.

Steadily the fur posts pushed out across the prairies. Alexander Henry the Younger established Pembina and its circle of outposts; John McDonald of Garth built Gibraltar,[1] "so-called though there was not a rock or stone within three miles"; Esperance, on the River Qu'Appelle; New Chesterfield House at the mouth of the Red Deer, and Rocky Mountain House under the eaves of the Rockies. Fraser, Thompson and Harmon pushed over the crest and established the trade in New Caledonia, a country so rich that it has been known to return a gain of more than £6000 on the hazard of a single outfit.

[1] The first fort on the site of Winnipeg.

Courtesy of Hudson Bay Company.

THE TRAPPER.

The Hudson's Bay Company

FORT ST. JAMES, NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA

SIMON FRASER

For several years after Mackenzie's voyage to the sea, quarrels among the different groups of Montreal traders prevented the North-West Company from taking advantage of his discoveries. The death of McTavish in 1804 removed the principal source of the trouble. The union, which soon followed, greatly strengthened the Company in capital and man-power; and it was decided at the annual meeting to extend trade beyond the Rocky Mountains. Simon Fraser was the man appointed to take charge of the new department.

Fraser was twenty-nine, a stockily-built, rough-haired Scotsman, with fearless eyes, a generous nose, lips touched with humour, and a chin that promised achievement. He was an experienced fur trader—a man who could be firm or tactful as circumstances required. He was the son of a United Empire Loyalist officer, whose widowed mother brought him up at Cornwall, Upper Canada. He became a clerk in the North-West Company at sixteen, and a partner at twenty-six.

At the time of his appointment to the new post Fraser was at Lake Athabasca. James McDougall, one of his men, had already visited McLeod Lake, had, indeed, penetrated even farther west, and was able to advise as to routes and prospects of trade. As soon as possible after receiving his orders, Fraser ascended the Peace to a point just east of the mountains. Here he built a post, Rocky Mountain Portage, to serve as a base. Leaving two clerks and twelve men here and taking six men with him, he followed the Parsnip south to the mouth of its tributary, the Pack. The Pack led him to the lake which he named "McLeod" after a friend. On the lake shore, near the outlet, he established the first permanent settlement in what is now the rich and beautiful province of British Columbia.

By the time the fort was made weatherproof it was November. Fraser left three men in charge and went back to Rocky Mountain Portage to arrange for goods and provisions. In January 1806, McDougall was sent up to McLeod Lake with a store of tobacco, beads, and ammunition for trading. Having delivered his cargo at McLeod Lake, McDougall pushed farther west and discovered Stuart Lake. Here he blazed a tree and took possession of the country for the North-West Company. To a friendly Indian he gave a piece of red cloth to keep against his return.

Meantime Fraser at Rocky Mountain Portage was questioning every Indian upon whom he could lay his hands about the country west of the mountains. In April 1806, he had five bales of goods made up and carried to the western end of the portage to be ready; it was important that they should get away as early as possible in the spring that they might avoid the freshets. Fraser got off to Fort Chipewyan two canoe-loads of furs, together with his reports; Archibald McGillvray arrived to take command of the post. Everything was ready except La Malice; not till May 17 did this truant voyageur saunter into the post. He had with him a slave woman without whom he refused to budge. At first Fraser would have none of her, but they were so short of men that, in the end, he was obliged to give way.

The party left Rocky Mountain Portage on May 28. They

were late; the rivers were brimful, and the high-water made their voyage both slow and dangerous. Two miles up the Pack River they cached all the goods not required at Fort McLeod. McDougall welcomed them eagerly at the fort, and all hands were soon busy constructing new canoes to take them southward to the country of the Carrier Indians, where Fraser had decided to establish a second post.

Fraser might now have crossed McLeod Lake, ascended Crooked River and made a short portage to the Fraser. Being, however, without map or guide, he did not know this. As soon as the new canoes were ready, he returned to the cache on the Pack River and, having taken on his cargo, followed Mackenzie's route up the Parsnip. They were a month later than Mackenzie; the Parsnip was in flood and very dangerous; La Malice seized this inconvenient moment to fall ill. The terrible "Bad" River swollen by the freshets further delayed them, but at last they did reach the Fraser and, on June 11, the mouth of the Nechako.

M. J. Hilton, Edmonton
THE CROOKED RIVER

'Kwah's people were camped near the outlet of Stuart Lake. One stormy day late in July they saw two canoes beating up against the wind towards them; the voyageurs were singing and the wind carried the strange song to the Indians staring and breathless on the beach. "It is a war-party! Ready, ye warriors! Away with the women!" Panic seized the Carriers. But through the crowd comes striding McDougall's friend, Toeyen. "No! No! these are my friends," he shouted, and proudly girding about him

his bit of red cloth, he seized a canoe and paddled off to meet the white men.

Having landed, Fraser's men fired their guns in the air, whereupon the Indians fell flat upon their faces. Fraser then presented them with tobacco and some cakes of soap. Like children they at once tasted both. The tobacco being bitter they threw away; the soap made the squaws appear to foam at the mouth. The voyageurs picked up the tobacco and soon showed the braves how to smoke. Trade began at once, the natives bartering their handsome fur garments for knives, axes, or beads.

Fraser chose as a site for the trading-post the spot where McDougall had blazed the tree. Here the men cleared the ground and began building Fort St. James. Fraser called the beautiful lake near which they were "Stuart," in honour of his chief assistant. Fifty miles long, it stretched away toward the north-east, and above its shores, in silver-crowned cascades, rose the mountains. Perhaps it reminded Fraser of the Scottish lochs, about which his mother had told him; he named the country New Caledonia.

By August their food was gone, and the salmon had not yet begun to come up the rivers. Fraser sent to McDougall at McLeod Lake asking for the loan of some supplies; McDougall sent to Fraser begging for ammunition and a hunter to keep him alive. Both parties were forced to live upon berries. To scatter the hungry mouths, Fraser sent Stuart overland to another lake of which they had heard. Stuart found and named it Fraser Lake. The prospect of trade there being good, Fraser went over and they established Fort Fraser, which soon became the trading centre for a large number of Indians.

The salmon now appeared in great numbers; Indians and whites feasted upon them and dried quantities for winter food. Fraser left an assistant, Blais, in charge at Fort Fraser, and with Stuart spent the winter at Fort St. James. This post stood in the centre of the district. Populous Indian villages surrounded it in all directions. Trade was very brisk and the post, from the first, very profitable.

La Malice, who had been sent out with furs to bring in

goods, did not return. In the spring of 1807 Fraser sent again asking for equipment. The Company approved the work he had done and, in the autumn, Quesnel and Faries arrived with two canoe-loads of goods for trade. They brought to Fraser also letters containing further orders. American fur traders had recently established a post at the mouth of the Columbia. It was feared that they might soon claim the country above it. The Parsnip and Bad River route was a long, dangerous, and costly way by which to bring in goods and take out furs. Fraser was instructed to follow to its mouth his river, which everyone then thought to be the Columbia; to take possession of the country for Canada; and to discover, if possible, a short, safe and cheap route for the trade of the North-West Company.

During the summer of 1807 Fraser collected information and supplies in preparation for his exploration. In the autumn he built Fort George at the junction of the Fraser and the Nechako to serve as a base. Late in May 1808 he set out upon his journey. Fifteen miles below Fort George, the party ran into the Fort George Canyon. The men begged to shoot the Sault, and did so, though one of the canoes was nearly wrecked in the process. At the Cottonwood Canyon the best paddlers took the canoes through the rapids while the others portaged the goods overland. Presently Indian villages began to appear on the banks, and men on horseback were seen to dash off southward to warn their friends that the white men were coming.

Thus far all had gone fortunately, but trouble in plenty awaited the explorers. Late one afternoon they came upon a chasm from which the cliffs rose sheer. The walls of rock drew together, forming a gorge forty yards wide, through which the river poured. To portage seemed impossible; Fraser ordered five of his best men in a canoe lightly loaded to attempt the passage. Over the first cascade they guided her, then lost control. Like a leaf she darted hither and thither, a hundred times escaping destruction by a hair's-breadth. At last she was forced against a rock; the men jumped and, with incredible quickness, managed to hold the canoe. The others, who had been watching breathless with fear for their friends, now scrambled down the face of the cliff. Steps were cut with daggers,

a line let down, and the canoe, with the greatest difficulty and danger, dragged to the top.

The Indians assured Fraser that the river grew only worse as it descended. They advised him to portage to a great river (probably the Thompson), which they said would carry him safely to the lower waters of the Fraser. Determined to follow his own river to its mouth, the leader refused. He secured some horses to help with the portaging and they struggled along until June 10. Upon that day they abandoned the canoes. They were placed upon a scaffold and carefully covered with branches to keep the gum from melting. Then, each man shouldering an eighty-pound pack, the party set off on foot. Four days later they reached the junction of the Thompson and the Fraser, from which point the Fraser is navigable. The Indians here greeted them in very friendly fashion; at one place Fraser was obliged to shake hands with some twelve hundred of them.

As they could get only one canoe, Mr. Stuart took the heaviest packages in it, and the others went on by land. The river now spread out in broad and shining reaches, coming quite gently to its pleasant shores. On June 30 they observed the tide rise two feet and, later in the day, reached a point at which the stream divided into several channels. As the river ceased to threaten them, the Indians began. The coast tribes had been at war with the river bands, and were reported to be preparing to kill the white men. For a day Fraser went boldly on, but the reports from below grew more and more alarming; his friendly Indians refused to let him have food. Bitterly disappointed at not having actually seen the sea though so very near it, he turned back.

Fraser had, however, obeyed his orders. He had explored the Fraser to its mouth and had proved two points: it was not the Columbia, and it was impracticable for the carriage of furs or goods. A safe route for the North-West Company's fur trade remained still to be discovered.

Canadian Pacific Railway

LEAPING SALMON

TAKING SALMON

WHENEVER it is practicable, as at Stuart, Babine and Fraser Lakes, the following method of taking salmon is used. The natives stake across the whole width of the river and leave for the fish only narrow passages which sometimes end in long funnel-like baskets, sometimes in cylindrical traps of trellis-work, from which escape is impossible. By day the fish generally keep clear of these traps and gather below the weir which prevents them from passing up-stream. At night they will often pack themselves into the traps in such numbers that it requires two strong men to empty them into the canoe.

The Fraser and the Nechako are much too deep and swift to permit a weir to be built across their waters. In such a case the fisherman erects a kind of screen which projects a few feet

from the shore. With this he connects a toboggan-shaped basket. The fish enters at the wide end of the toboggan, and following the curve of it is led into a little lane between two stakes. At the end of the lane it drops into a latticed reservoir, where it is easily caught.

To preserve their salmon the Carriers and Chilcotins use the well-known method of drying. After the head has been cut off, they open and clean the fish, after which they expose it for a day or two to the sun. The spine and vertebræ are then extracted, together with the flesh adhering thereto; the latter feeds the dogs or is used as bait. The fish is next gashed inside with a sharp knife as a precaution against putrefaction, and two wooden splinters having been driven through the flesh so as to hold the body constantly open, it is dried beneath rough sheds by the action of the sun and air, aided by fire and smoke underneath.

THE CARRIERS

The Indians of New Caledonia were called the "Carriers." They were a middle-sized people, the men shapely, the women short and thick; both sexes extremely dirty. For clothing they used beaver, lynx or muskrat skins. Usually they went barefooted, but occasionally wore shoes made of salmon skin. In summer the men went entirely naked. After the coming of the white men a few adopted the breech-cloth which they wore one day about the loins, the next on their heads, and the third about their necks.

The younger folk painted their faces with paint made of red stone pounded fine and mixed with grease; both sexes perforated the nose. The men were very fond of their wives, and did all the hard work. They were great thieves, though usually only of small articles. Unlike most Indians, the Carriers were a cheerful people, always singing or whistling when they were not talking. In winter they lived in huts partly underground. Salmon was their principal food.

THE GREATEST LAND GEOGRAPHER IN THE WORLD

He was a Canadian; though born in England he lived his life and did his work in Canada. David Thompson was a poor boy, born in London near Westminster Abbey. His parents could not afford to send him to school; it cost money in those days; but a friend got him into the Grey Coat, a charity school, where he remained seven years.

David had, probably, few comforts and no luxuries at the school. He studied mathematics and navigation in books already more than one hundred years old. He learned his history reading the inscriptions on the tombs in the Abbey. Story-books were scarce and dear, but the boys had the *Arabian Nights*, *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver's Travels*. They had eighteen or twenty holidays in the year; David spent his in walks to Vauxhall or in playing under the great oaks of Spring Gardens.

One raw December afternoon in 1783 a flurry of excitement ran through the Grey Coat. Knots of boys stood about the halls, striking their hands against their sides to warm them and whispering eagerly. Those struggling for places around the fire forgot it and hurried off to ask the news. It was soon known that the Hudson's Bay Company had written to say that they would need four boys to go out to their forts in America in the following May, and that the master had answered saying that he had only two boys who had been taught navigation — Samuel John McPherson and David Thompson. These two were to be prepared for the Company. Samuel John did not wish to go to America. He "eloped from the Hospital" in January and, not returning, was expelled. David accepted the offered post and was bound apprentice to the Company for seven years, the school paying the fur traders five pounds for taking him.

Thompson left London in May 1784 on the Company ship, *Prince Rupert*. He passed his first year at Churchill Factory, where Samuel Hearne was commander. The next year he was sent to York Factory, walking the hundred and fifty miles with two Indians. Joseph Colen, the chief at York Factory, was a bad-tempered man; then and afterwards he dealt unfairly with his men. David was no doubt very glad when in July 1786, being then sixteen, he was fitted out with a trunk, a handkerchief, shoes, shirt, a gun, powder and a tin cup, and sent with forty-six other Englishmen to establish trading-posts upon the Saskatchewan River.

The North-West Company of Montreal had just been formed and was already cutting into the Hudson's Bay Company's trade. David's party settled themselves forty-two miles above Battleford on the North Saskatchewan. They built log houses, surrounded them with a wooden stockade, and called the place Manchester House. As soon as the goods were under cover, David with six others travelled south-westward across the plains to meet the Blackfeet and Piegan Indians. Not far from the spot where the city of Calgary now stands they found a large Piegan camp. David made friends with an old chief and spent most of the winter in his teepee learning many things which afterward proved very useful to him.

The next winter Thompson spent at Cumberland House, nursing a leg which had been broken and badly set. He was now nineteen, and this winter began in earnest his scientific work. He kept a journal in which he noted the temperature three or four times a day; he recorded the direction and force of the winds; he took a series of astronomical observations which enabled him to determine the latitude and longitude of Cumberland House. Though only a boy with little training and poor instruments, he located the position of Cumberland House on the earth's surface more accurately than trained scientists had been able to place Washington, the capital of the United States. This was the beginning of the long and arduous years of surveying which made him at last the greatest land geographer the world has ever known.

The Hudson's Bay Company had, so far, successfully carried

on business by means of their system of middlemen, who brought furs to the Bay, and for a few years longer they strove to maintain it. The inland trade involved many additional expenses and particularly the employment of expert canoemen, very few of which the Company had at that time in their service. Urged by public opinion in England, and faced with the competition of the new Canadian fur company, the Hudson's Bay Company now began to abandon their ancient policy and to advance into the interior to meet their rivals.

Peter Pond had prepared a map of the Athabasca country for the North-West Company. It came into the hands of Sir Hugh Dalrymple, who, comparing it with Captain Cook's charts of the Pacific coast, found that the west end of Lake Athabasca was only a hundred miles from the coast. This suggested a short route to Asia, and the British Government at once asked the Hudson's Bay Company to send a qualified surveyor to Lake Athabasca to verify Pond's map. In 1785 the Company sent out George Charles to do this work. Thompson saw him at Churchill Factory. He was fifteen years old, had been at the mathematical school one year, and was entirely incapable of exploring. His appointment was intended only to appease the public.

Five years later the Government again urged the Company into action. In 1790, Philip Turnor, a surveyor, was sent up to Fort Chipewyan. He found that Pond's map was not correct and that Lake Athabasca was a long way from the coast. Thompson spent a winter with Turnor and learned much from him. Each year after that the Company instructed Colen to send David Thompson and Malcolm Ross to the Athabasca Country. Whether the Company was not in earnest or whether it was really Colen's fault is not clear; in any case, Colen always found some excuse.[1] Instead of recognising Thompson's genius and sending him out to compete with the Nor'-Westers in the Mackenzie River trade, Colen kept him hanging about for several years.

[1] "In 1812 Colin Robertson was still urging the Company to make one officer responsible for the direction of affairs in Canada in order to prevent the personal jealousies which sometimes caused one factor to trade against another."

In the summer of 1795 Thompson got away. Not a man could be spared to go with him, so he hired two Chipewyans, Kozdaw and "Paddy." Gay young fellows they were, ready for anything, but without experience. The three had to go into the woods, cut material, and build their own canoe. The grudging Colen allowed Thompson one gun, ball, shot and powder; one thirty-fathom net; one small axe; a small tent of grey cotton; and a few beads, brass rings, and awls to trade for food. "Of which," says Thompson, "we had little hopes, our chief dependence next to good Providence was on our net and gun."

On June 10, 1796, they set out by Reindeer River and Reindeer Lake. Keeping always north-westward by lake, river and portage, they reached Lake Athabasca. The last hundred and fifty miles of the journey were very difficult. Always naked below the belt, they waded in the cold water over the rough stones on the bottom of the stream, holding the canoe and with their hands leading it down the rapids. In spite of every fatigue Thompson never failed to make and record his observations.

Parker, High River

THE WILD DUCKS RETURN TO THE NORTH-WEST

On the return journey he was nearly drowned, then nearly starved. Just above the falls on the Black River the Indians were tracking the canoe, Thompson steering it. Coming to a tree at the water's edge Kozdaw and Paddy stopped to quarrel about which side of the tree the tracking-line should be passed. As they argued, Thompson in the canoe drifted out into the current. He shouted, but they could not hear for the noise of the falls. The canoe being on the point of upsetting, he signed to them to let go the line. They did so. Thompson had just time to cut the line, put his knife in his pocket, and head the canoe bow foremost over the falls. He came up under the canoe

which sent him to the bottom a second time. The next time he managed to evade it, got hold of it and dragged it ashore. All was lost except his gun, axe, the grey cotton tent and a pewter basin. Searching along the shore the Indians found his sextant in its cork-lined box, his papers and three paddles. All three men were in shirts and vests. They divided the tent into three parts to wrap about them. Thompson used his share of the cotton to bind up a terrible cut in his foot. So they hobbled away.

Without flint or food, they were now destitute indeed. The Indians mended the canoe with gum; Thompson made a fire by striking his knife blade against the flint in his gun; but they had nothing to eat and small chance of getting anything. Thompson and Paddy were made very ill by eating the fat of two young eagles which they had caught. Reduced almost to skeletons they were ready to die where they were. So weak that they could scarcely lift the paddles, they yet went on for several days, till one afternoon God brought them to two Chipewyan teepees, where they were taken care of and sent home at last with cheerful hearts. One of the hardships endured by the fur-traders was the frequent change of diet made necessary by the great size of the country. On the prairies, where deer and buffalo wandered about in thousands, the men lived chiefly upon meat; in the wooded lands, upon wild-fowl and game; in the far north and west, upon fish. As the Company's servants were liable, on the shortest notice, to be sent from one end of the continent to the other, they sometimes suffered in health from over-eating of buffalo-humps and marrow-bones one season and starving upon lichen stew and hung white fish the next.

Colen now ordered Thompson to cease surveying; he might as well have told him to cease living. His term of service expired in 1797, and he left the old Company. He had served them thirteen years, surveying thirty-five hundred miles and accurately locating eight widely-separated places in the interior of Canada. He wrote a letter telling Colen plainly though politely what he thought of him and, leaving his post on Reindeer Lake, walked forty-three miles to Fraser's house, where he engaged with the North-West Company.

Canadian National Railways

THE WINNIPEG RIVER

A NEW COMMISSION

THE summer rush at Grand Portage was in full swing. The water-front was crowded with craft of one sort or another, the post alive with colour and noise. Express canoes paddled by picked men and carrying important officials swept up to the wharves. "Wintering partners" from the ends of the fur-trading earth galloped up on the horses which had been sent over to Fort Charlotte to meet them. The brigades were arriving from Montreal. Fashionable, pork-eating voyageurs in scarlet or bright blue piled goods along the dock or swaggered about the place. Ragged coureurs de bois whose paddles knew the taste of the Mackenzie and the Peace tramped back and forth over the long portage. Traders fought over again the year's business battles; clerks sweated over their books; messengers rushed hither and thither; Indians, squaws, children, dogs, each resplendent in new-bought finery, swarmed everywhere.

Upon this brilliant and exhilarating scene arrived David Thompson, fresh from the distant posts on Hudson Bay and the chilling reserves of the old Company. The 1797 meeting of the Nor'-Westers was an important one. The Honourable William McGillvray, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, and many other partners were present. These gentlemen received Thompson with open arms. They were in immediate need of a trustworthy surveyor.

By the treaty which concluded the American Revolution in 1783 the boundary between Canada and the United States was fixed as a line running from the north-west corner of the Lake of the Woods to the head of the Mississippi. It was then believed that the head-waters of the Mississippi were considerably north of the Lake of the Woods. In 1792 it was agreed that the forty-ninth parallel of latitude should be the boundary line from the Lake of the Woods to the Rockies. The Nor'-Westers were much confused about their posts; as to several of them no one knew whether they were in Canada or the United States.

Within a few hours of his arrival in Grand Portage, Thompson was engaged by the North-West Company at a good salary. He was commissioned to find the head-waters of the Mississippi, to mark the line of the forty-ninth parallel wherever he touched it, to survey to the Missouri and visit the Mandans. "The agents and partners all agreed," writes Thompson, "to give orders to all their trading-posts, to send men with me, and every necessity I required was to be at my order." In this happy atmosphere of liberality, enterprise, and co-operation, Thompson renewed his enthusiasm and set out with a high heart.

He left Grand Portage on August 9, 1797, and after surveying the Assiniboine and Red Deer Rivers to their sources, crossed the Souris River and Turtle Mountain to the Missouri. The Mandans were afraid of the Sioux and would not promise to bring their furs north. Thompson now ascended the Mississippi and reached Turtle Lake, which he called its source, on April 27. Itasca, a lake a few miles south of Turtle, is now known as the source of the Mississippi, but the two are so near together that Thompson may be considered the virtual discoverer of the head-waters.

OUTWITTING THE PIEGANS

THOMPSON completed his first commission in ten months and, returning to Grand Portage, made his report to Sir Alexander Mackenzie himself. "He was pleased to say," writes Thompson, "I had performed more in ten months than he expected could be done in two years." With this appreciation warm in his heart, Thompson set out for the Athabasca country, where he worked hard for a year. On his way back he stopped at Île à la Crosse and married Charlotte Small, a girl only fourteen years old. Mrs. Thompson was (probably) the daughter of Patrick Small, a Churchill River trader, and his Indian wife. She was a gentle, quiet girl, adoring her energetic husband, and following him faithfully in all his wanderings.

After the wedding Thompson took his little bride on a honeymoon trip to Grand Portage. It was, no doubt, a great event for her. She had been born in Île à la Crosse and had, probably, never before seen a white settlement. Thompson waited eagerly for some drawing-paper which had been sent up from Montreal for him. He was more fortunate this time than later when, in two successive years, valuable instruments bought for him by McGillvray were broken by the careless handling of the men. His precious paper arrived safely, and he spent the winter at Fort George on the Saskatchewan drawing maps.

During the next two years he was at Rocky Mountain House, busy exploring central Alberta. The ravages of the great small-pox epidemic (1780) were still evident. Thompson recalls his having seen, in 1787, a place known among the Indians as "One Pine." The tree had once been a splendid one, two fathoms in girth. During the plague a Piegan father prayed to it to save his family. He burned sweet grass and offered

upon its roots three horses, his bow and quiver and, finally, all he had left, a bowl of water. The god-like tree could not save him. Of his large family, only himself, one wife and a boy survived. In anger he climbed the great tree and cut it off about two-thirds of the way up.

Thompson was now instructed to cross the mountains and open trade with the Indians in southern New Caledonia. Fraser was already in the north; McGillvray had been in the south, but without establishing a permanent post. The Piegans, whose country ran up to the mountains on the east, watched carefully to prevent the white men from crossing the Rockies and supplying their enemies with arms. They told Thompson that truly as they were his friends, should he go into New Caledonia to trade they would be obliged to kill him.

In the spring of 1807 the Piegans went on the war-path to the Missouri. Thompson saw his chance and took it. He and his men went up the North Saskatchewan, entered the mountains by Howse Pass (Thompson had used it two years before Howse saw it), and settled upon the head-waters of the Columbia. Here they built a post of log houses. The logs used were of heavy resinous fir and were ball-proof. One side of the post rested upon the steep bank of the river, the other three were protected by a strong stockade. At first there were plenty of red deer; later they had very hard times and were forced to eat several horses. Finan McDonald brought in to Thompson two canoe-loads of goods for trade. One load he kept, the other he sent on with Mr. McDonald to furnish a new post on McGillvray's River (the Kootenay).

In November two Piegan spies arrived. Thompson showed them his strong stockades and bastions. "Go back to your people," he said, "and tell them that many of you will die before you destroy us." They went off and nothing more was heard from them that winter.

Trade was brisk and Thompson collected a good store of furs. He expected further trouble with the Piegans and sent his furs out as soon as the mountains were passable in the spring. Among the furs were a hundred goat skins. The silky white hair of the mountain goat is a foot in length, and just tinged at

the end with pale yellow. Thompson was reproved for sending these, some partners saying they would not sell in London. When they sold at first sight at a guinea a skin, the Company begged for more. "The hunting of the goat is both dangerous and laborious," answered Thompson; "for your ignorant ridicule I will send you no more." And he kept his word.

By this time the Piegans had held a council and determined to send forty men under a minor chief to destroy Thompson and his fort. This party camped before the door of the barred gate of the fort for three weeks without daring to attack. Thompson had six men, ten guns, and a small stock of food. The Indians thought to cut off his water supply; but each night the besieged let down the twenty-foot bank to the river two brass kettles holding four gallons each. This supplied them. At the end of three weeks the Piegan party went home.

Harmon, Banff

THE MOUNTAIN GOAT

Another council was held. The civil chief harangued for war. Kootenae Appee, the war chief, a friend of Thompson's, agreed to go if the tribe willed it, but said he, "We cannot smoke to the Great Spirit for success against the Kootenay Indians with whom we made peace only ten years ago. Also they are now better armed than we. However, be it so, let the warriors get ready; in ten nights I will call on them." The old men of the tribe blamed the civil chief. "The older he gets, the less sense he has," they remarked.

There were three hundred men in the new war party. Two spies went ahead; they were kindly received and shown around. From them Thompson gathered that a new war party was approaching; this time he planned to avert it with presents. He prepared six feet of tobacco with a red porphyry pipe for the chief, and eighteen inches of tobacco for each of the minor chiefs. This he gave to the spies telling them to take it to Kootenae Appee quickly, for the Kootenays were approaching to defend their trading-post.

When the spies delivered the message and the presents,

Kootenae Appee exclaimed, "What can we do with this man, our women cannot mend a pair of shoes but he sees them!" (He alluded to Thompson's telescope.) He then laid the tobacco before the three warriors. "What is to be done with these?" he inquired. "If we proceed we cannot accept them." The Piegans had no tobacco and eyed the present wistfully. The oldest of the minor chiefs at last spoke. "You know I am no coward," he said, "but to go and fight against logs of wood, with a people we cannot see and with whom we are at peace, to this I am averse. I go no farther." He then cut some tobacco, and filling the red pipe handed it to Kootenae Appee, Thompson's steady friend. The others agreed and the raid was abandoned.

Thompson now went across the mountains each autumn and either sent or brought out his furs. He established several posts in that country, and everywhere he went located the positions, surveyed, and carefully recorded his findings which to this day amaze scientists by their accuracy. Thompson had made it a law to himself that no alcohol should pass the mountains in his company. He was determined that his Indians should not be debauched by fire-water as the eastern tribes had been. In 1808, when returning from Rainy River House, two of the partners insisted that he should take with him at least two kegs of alcohol. When they reached the defiles of the mountains Thompson put the kegs on a vicious horse; by noon they were empty. He wrote to his partners telling them what he had done and saying that he would do the same to every keg of liquor they sent. As long as he remained in charge none was sent.

In the autumn of 1810, when Thompson arrived with his bales of goods at the eastern end of the Howse Pass, he found the Piegans in possession. The goods were being brought up by canoe while a hunting party ranged the country to secure meat for the voyageurs. The hunters met the canoes every third day with the game they had killed. As they approached the mountains, Thompson rode ahead with the hunters. They waited four days for the canoes to come up. When none arrived, Thompson sent men down the river to see what had happened. They returned with the news that the Piegans were camped below

them and that there was no sign of the canoes. Contrary to Thompson's orders the men had fired a shot; he knew the Piegans would be upon them at dawn. They left everything and rode for their lives. The Indians followed till a snowstorm covered the tracks and saved the white men.

Having thrown the enemy off, Thompson circled far round, and at last found his canoes some forty miles below the Piegan camp. There was now no hope of getting through; Thompson determined to make for the defiles of the Athabasca. Athabasca Pass was known, but had not been explored; it was four hundred miles round, but there was no alternative. Their twenty-four horses were secretly brought down from the mountains and loaded. Four men were chosen to hunt, two to clear the road, each of the others had his duties appointed, and they set off.

The forests had been many times burned over; the fallen trees lay about in every direction. Cutting and slashing, waiting for the weary horses, often supperless, they at last reached Brulé Lake, near which they camped to make snow-shoes and sleds for the journey through the pass.

On December 30 they started. The going was very hard. Each dog's load had to be reduced one-third; the rest of the goods they left in a log hoard. In the end they pushed through, reaching the Columbia on January 18.

IN SPRING, BY MAGIC PERFUMES LED

In spring, by magic perfumes led
Across the smiling waste, where wed
The flower and bee, the traders sped,
Singing.
The purple mountain walls they scaled,
And down the rivers wild they sailed,
Until the rocking sea they hailed,
Shouting.

TO THE SEA

EARLY in the spring Thompson prepared to follow his river to the sea. There is a lively tradition that he received instructions from the Company to do so, in order that he might, if possible, reach the mouth of the Columbia before the American party now crossing the continent to take possession of it. He may have received such orders; if so, he says nothing in his journal about them. He had been trading up and down the Columbia for years. Wherever he travelled, he located, surveyed, and took possession of the land for Canada. Upon this journey he surveyed the Columbia from its source to its mouth. Such a feat seemed to make Canada's claim to the great river and its lands unassailable.

In March 1811, having sought vainly for birch bark thick enough to make a canoe, Thompson and his men built one of thin cedar boards fastened together with the small roots of the pine. They broke camp on April 17 and reached Upper Columbia Lake on May 14. "Other rivers," writes Thompson, "have their sources so ramified in rills and brooks that it is not easy to determine the parent stream. This is not the case with the Columbia. Near the foot of a steep secondary mountain, surrounded by a fine grassy plain, lies its source in a lake. From this lake issues the wild stream, its descent very great, yet navigable through all its thirteen thousand and forty-eight miles."

Portaging just two miles to the Kootenay, Thompson descended it two hundred and forty miles, and then portaged first to the Saleesh, then to the Spokane, and finally into the Columbia. On June 19 they reached the Kettle Falls, from which a month's steady paddling brought them to Tongue Point, a long narrow peninsula, beyond which lay the Pacific Ocean.

Thompson was delighted, but the men were disappointed; the sea looked to them just like the Great Lakes; they had expected something more.

Having visited his friend, Duncan McDougall, who was in charge of Astoria, the American fur post, Thompson went quietly home again. Returning, he travelled up the Columbia all the way, through the Arrow Lakes, to the Boat Encampment at the great bend of the Columbia from which he had set out, thus completing the survey of the river from its source to its mouth. Parts of it have never since been surveyed, and Thompson's findings still appear upon all our maps.

Canadian Pacific Railway

SINCLAIR CANYON

DAVID THOMPSON

One knew at first glance that David Thompson was an unusual man. "His figure was short and compact, and his black hair was worn long all round, and cut square as if by one stroke of the shears, just above the eyebrows. His complexion was of the gardener's ruddy brown, the expression of his deeply-furrowed features friendly and intelligent"; his dark eyes flashed out at you shrewdly. His cut-short nose, oddly at variance with his other features, gave him a comically pugnacious look. A friend said he looked like Curran, the Irish orator; his daughter pronounced a picture of Bunyan enough like her father to have been his photograph, but no picture of him has come down to us.

He had a powerful mind and, though very retiring, was a wonderful story-teller. His uncanny power of picture-making enabled him to create for the listener a wilderness and to people it with warring savages. You climbed the Rocky Mountains with him; you beat your way through a snowstorm so palpable that you had only to shut your eyes to feel the snow-flakes on your cheek as he talked.

The lessons learned in the Grey Coat School were never forgotten. A deep and quiet piety marked all his mature years. He never failed before setting out on his expeditions to ask God's help, and never forgot to "thank good Providence" on his safe return. He steadily refused to debauch his Indians with liquor; he did everything possible to keep his men honest. "Many a time," writes Dr. Bigsley, "have I seen these uneducated Canadians most attentively and thankfully listen, while he read to them, in most extraordinarily pronounced French, three chapters out of the Old Testament, and as many out of the New, adding such explanations as seemed to him necessary." "There were few white men in the west in those

early days who bore so consistently as did David Thompson the white flower of a blameless life."

In 1784, when Thompson came out to Hudson's Bay, a great new map of the world had just been published. Upon it, all of North-Western America, except that part traversed by Samuel Hearne, was left blank. More than half of a great new continent waited for Thompson and his instruments. From the beginning he laid his plans carefully and carried them out systematically. By astronomical observations of latitude and longitude he located certain places distant from each other; then he connected them with surveys made as carefully as possible. The lengths of the rivers, their rate of descent, the heights of the mountains, the extent of the plains, the appearance and habits of the Indians and of animals—all these were investigated and recorded by him.

While a fur trader Thompson travelled fifty thousand miles in canoes, on horseback, or on foot through an unmapped country. Sir Alexander Mackenzie and Simon Fraser when exploring concentrated all their energies upon the one end—that of reaching a certain point. Thompson was never, except upon his trip to the Mandan villages, able to devote his whole time to his surveys. The fur trade was his business; exploring, surveying, mapping new country, his chief pleasure. His surveys were not rough sketches, but careful traverses made by a master in the art. The work he accomplished single-handed, in the intervals of trading, is almost incredible.

During the year following his trip to the mouth of the Columbia, Thompson returned with his family to Montreal. He had been twenty-eight years in the west and, though only forty-two, never again visited the mountain valleys, the long brown prairies he had loved.

The family settled first at Terrebonne, Quebec. During 1813–14 Thompson was busy preparing for the North-West Company his great map of Western Canada. Then, for ten years, he was engaged for the British Government in surveying and defining the boundary line between Canada and United States. Later he made other important surveys for the Government.

For a time he was very well-to-do, living in a comfortable home in Williamstown, Glengarry County, Ontario. Then a church upon which he had a mortgage found itself unable to clear it off; Thompson deeded the property to the members. His sons failed in business and Thompson paid all their debts. He removed to Longueuil, Quebec, where he was still able to earn a living by surveying. At last his eyes failed. He could work no more. He had to sell his instruments, and was even reduced to pawning his clothes for food. In spite of these troubles and hardships he lived to be eighty-seven, dying at Longueuil in 1857. His wife, Charlotte, survived him only three months.

No monument marks his obscure grave in Mount Royal Cemetery; no statue has been raised in his honour. Canada has yet to find some way of perpetuating the memory of one of the greatest of her sons.

McDermid, Calgary

ON THE WAY TO WINDERMERE IN THOMPSON'S COUNTRY

THE FIRST WOMEN IN THE WEST

Alexander Henry the Younger tells in his journal of the first white woman who came to Western Canada. She was a young woman from the Orkney Islands who, in 1806, disguised herself as a man and came out in a Hudson's Bay ship to join her lover. Her baby, a fine boy, was born in December 1807 at Henry's post, Pembina. The Scottish woman took her little son home the following summer and nothing more is known of them.

Meantime the real mother of the West had arrived. Baptiste Lajimonière, a famous scout of the North-West Company, spent the winter of 1806–7 at home in Quebec. His gallant spirit, his tales of adventure, fascinated Marie Anne Gaboury, and they were married. Baptiste brought his bride up with the brigades in the summer of 1807. They went up the Red to Pembina, the headquarters of the buffalo hunters.

Here Marie settled down to keep house in a tent. The news that there was a white woman at Pembina spread quickly about the country and the Indians flocked to see her. They were amazed at her fairness. With gentle fingers the squaws touched her white skin, her soft hair. They vied with each other in waiting upon her. Her baby, a girl, was born on January 6, 1808; this first child grew up to be the mother of Louis Riel.

That autumn Henry led a party up the Saskatchewan. Baptiste, now a free trader, went with him. During four years Marie lived in the Edmonton country, then the battleground of Crees and Blackfeet. Sometimes she rode out to the hunt with Baptiste; often she remained at home alone with her child. Upon one occasion her tent was surrounded with yelling Crees, who were in search of a Blackfoot warrior. Trembling, expecting each moment to be her last, Marie knelt and tried to pray. Luckily Baptiste saw the Indians about his wigwam and, riding up, persuaded them to withdraw.

DANIEL HARMON

Cotton, Swan River

THE SWAN RIVER JUST WEST OF THE OLD FORT

DANIEL WILLIAMS HARMON left his home in Vermont and entered the service of the North-West Company in 1800. He was then only twenty-two, but hardship and responsibility soon made a man of him; these grim friends quickly do that for any boy with brains and courage. Harmon had both. He was a good man; one who in the midst of drunken Indians and carousing voyageurs calmly read his Bible, said his prayers, and did his duty. He remained in the North-West nineteen years without once going home. When homesick, as he very often was, he consoled himself with his books and his diary, in which he made a careful record of the customs of the Indians whom he met.

Harmon left Lachine with the brigade in April 1800. As they followed the old trail up the Ottawa, Harmon noticed little crosses upon the shore beside many of the rapids. He was told that the voyageurs put up one for each man who was drowned in shooting the rapids. The brigade passed the locks at Sault Ste. Marie on May 30, and reached Grand Portage on June 13.

Harmon had been assigned to the Saskatchewan but, at Fort Alexander, Mr. McLeod, the superintendent of the Swan River Department, detailed him to take charge of a post in that district. He therefore waited for the Swan River brigade,

which arrived in a few days. They crossed Lake Winnipeg and paddled up the Dauphin River to Lake Manitoba, from whence they portaged into Lake Winnipegosis. The brigade had by this time divided, part going to Fort Dauphin, part to the Red Deer. Harmon and his party remained on Encampment Island five days waiting for the boats from Swan River; during that time they had nothing to eat except a few fish.

They reached Swan River Fort on October 9, and a week later Harmon set out for Alexandria, a hundred miles west, "among the prairies." Alexandria was built on the bank of the Assiniboine. It had a beautiful level prairie in front and pretty groves of birch, poplar and pine behind. The fort was sixteen rods long, the houses and stores well built and white-washed with the "white earth" found in many parts of that country. The Indians sold horses for a trifle, so there was plenty of riding to be had. Riding, hunting, trading, visiting the neighbouring posts, and reading, passed the winter quickly away.

Harmon remained in this part of the country for eight years, though moved frequently from one post to another. Wherever he went he put up a shelf for his books, planted a garden, and made himself as comfortable as possible. For weeks together he did not see another white man. Sometimes they had plenty of food, at others none. One of the hunters came in one day and told Harmon that he could kill nothing because as soon as he got upon the track of an animal the Evil Spirit came behind and with his terrible voice frightened the game. Harmon mixed together some drugs, wrapped them in a white paper, and gave the packet to the superstitious one. He told him when next he heard the Evil Spirit's voice to throw the packet behind him. It would, said Harmon, fall into the Spirit's mouth and destroy him. The hunter must not, however, look behind, but steadily follow and shoot the game. The Indian did as he was told and returned with a deer. After this all the natives believed implicitly in Big Knife's medicine.

One summer the grasshoppers were so thick that when they rose, as they did each morning between eight and ten o'clock, they darkened the sun. Almost every year prairie fires swept

over the country, and it was necessary to protect the buildings. During these fires vast numbers of buffalo and wild horses were burned, for these animals when trapped by the fire stand perfectly still until they are burned to death.

In 1805 Harmon was ill and went down to Fort William to see a doctor. He and his party crossed to Qu'Appelle and from there to the Souris River. At Souris the Nor'-Westers, the Hudson's Bay Company, and the X. Y. people, each had a post. To welcome his guest, Mr. Chaboillez, the North-West Company's trader, invited the Hudson's Bay and the X. Y. men to a real North-West country ball. It ended in a brawl, which somewhat disgusted the grave Harmon. The next day the Hudson's Bay Company entertained, their party closing more quietly.

On his return, Harmon took over South Branch Fort on the South Saskatchewan. While here he thought the matter over carefully and decided to take an Indian wife. There were no white women in the country, and it was the custom for the traders to take Indian wives. When they left the North-West they provided for their native wives and families and left them. Harmon doubted whether or not this was right; but in the end he chose a pleasant-looking young girl with a mild temper. As it turned out, they became very fond of one another, were properly married by a clergyman, and lived long and contentedly together.

In 1808 Harmon was sent to Fort Chipewyan, and from there crossed the mountains to Stuart Lake. Stuart Lake is a hundred miles west of McLeod Lake; the goods had to be carried to this post overland. The fort stood pleasantly on rising ground, near the mouth of a little river at the east end of the lake. Here Harmon for eight years did business with the Carrier Indians, of whom he has left an interesting account.

The principal food at Stuart Lake was salmon and berries; strawberries, raspberries and shadberries were found in great quantities. Harmon soon had a garden in which the vegetables did very well. He sowed barley too, and reaped at the rate of eighty-four bushels to the acre. The salmon enter the rivers seeking a place to spawn. As they pass up, the Indians catch

and dry great quantities of them. Those that escape ascend the small rivers and brooks until for lack of water they can go no farther. They die there in great numbers, the stench infecting all the air around. By October Harmon had twenty-five thousand salmon in store, four a day being the ration for each man. This stock supplied them for the winter.

In the spring of 1811 Harmon sent his little son George home to his family in Vermont. The child was only three years old and it nearly broke the parents' hearts to part with him, but Harmon thought it would be better for him to be brought up in a civilised country where he could be properly educated. The little fellow made the long and dangerous journey, but lived only a short time after reaching his relatives. Harmon never quite recovered from his loss; he and the poor mother now found their only comfort in their little daughters Polly and Sally. Harmon with his wife and family returned to Canada in August 1819.

'KWAH

When Harmon reached Stuart Lake, he found 'Kwah, chief of the Carriers, who had their hereditary fishing grounds in that part of the country. 'Kwah was a quick-witted, friendly man, who soon felt quite at home with the new commander of the post. He knew that the Palefaces were entirely at his mercy and liked to show his power over them in the presence of his own people. He had more than one dispute with the dignified Harmon, who in spite of his piety sometimes lost his temper.

"What is the difference between you and me?" asked the chief in the course of one argument about goods which Harmon had refused to advance to him.

"There are several differences, I should think," replied Harmon shortly.

"Only one," said 'Kwah, "you can read and write, I cannot. There is no other difference between us. Do not I manage my affairs as well as you do yours?"

"Possibly you do," answered Harmon.

"You send a great way off for goods, and you are rich and want for nothing, but I kill beaver in the proper season; I know when the fish spawn and send my women with the nets that I have made to take them; I never want for anything. When did you ever hear that 'Kwah was in danger of starving?"

"All this is no doubt true," replied Harmon reasonably; "but it does not alter the fact that I am the master of my own property and shall dispose of it as I please."

"Have you ever been to war?" asked 'Kwah.

"No," replied Harmon, "nor do I wish to take the life of any of my fellow-creatures."

"I have been to war," announced 'Kwah pompously, "and have brought home the scalps of my enemies."

The chief then asked Harmon to trust him with a small piece of cloth to make a breech-cloth. Several were offered, but he refused each in turn. At last Harmon, his patience exhausted, seized a yard-stick, sprang over the counter, and beat the Indian soundly. The next day 'Kwah sent to beg salve for the wound in his head. A few days later he gave a great feast, at which he made a long speech calling himself Harmon's wife, and professing his affection for him. He admitted that he had been deservedly beaten.

It was probably this unusual reasonableness of 'Kwah's which made him the great chief he became. He lived till the autumn of 1837, and died sincerely lamented by the traders as well as by his own people.

ASTORIA

THE AMERICAN FUR POST

Not to be behind the Canadians, the Americans also established fur trading-posts and prepared to secure a share of so rich a trade. Their leader in this enterprise was John Jacob Astor, a shrewd business man, who had traded in Montreal and knew the methods of the North-West Company.

In 1810 Astor organised the Pacific Fur Company. He

planned to build a line of trading-posts up the Missouri and over the Rockies to the Columbia. East of the Rockies the posts were to be stocked from St. Louis; the coast trade would be handled by ships sailing from New York, round Cape Horn, to the mouth of the Columbia. Astor, fearing the rivalry of the North-West Company, invited them to take shares in his Company, but they refused and, it is said, ordered David Thompson to make a dash for the mouth of the Columbia to forestall the Americans.

Astor could not get the North-West Company to come in with him, but he secured the services of a number of experienced Nor'-Westers—McKay, who had been with Mackenzie on his trip to the west coast; Duncan McDougall and two Stuarts. These men, with a company of clerks and workmen, paddled down the Hudson, astonishing with their rollicking songs and bright-coloured costumes the staid American farmers who had never before seen the like of them.

From New York they sailed in the good ship *Tonquin*, commanded by Captain Thorn, a grave gentleman who was scandalised by the pranks of the Canadians. Seeing him stiff and disapproving, the traders carried their mischief to still greater lengths. They dressed in scarlet, and decking themselves with feathers and chains paraded as chiefs before the natives of the islands at which the ship touched. Dressed in kilts they called the natives their brothers and presented them with anything upon which they could lay their hands. No doubt Thorn was glad to land them at the mouth of the Columbia.

Here they chose a site for their fort and were too busy for mischief. They cut down the great trees and built a residence, storehouse and powder magazine. They called their post Astoria. McKay and McDougall visited the Chinook Indians, who greeted them delightedly.

In July 1811, McKay, with a cargo of goods in the *Tonquin*, went up the coast to trade. The Indians were impudent and greedy; they swarmed upon the deck demanding this and refusing that. Dignified Captain Thorn, feeling himself insulted, threw the chief over the side into the sea. Next day the Indians attacked the ship in force, killing nearly all. In the dawn of the

following morning the savages paddling silently about the vessel saw on the deck only one severely wounded white man. He beckoned them to come aboard; they crowded up the ladders. Suddenly the ship was rent by an explosion; the white man had fired the magazine. A hundred Indians died with him; a single Indian interpreter escaped to tell the dreadful tale in Astoria.

Meantime David Thompson had visited his friend McDougall in Astoria and, after obtaining supplies and goods, had returned up the river. David Stuart and Alexander Ross went with him and built a post to carry on the summer's trade at the junction of the Okanagan with the Columbia.

The Pacific Fur Company seemed doomed to misfortune. In June, Astor sent a party across the continent by land. They endured terrible hardships and reached Astoria in October only just in time to save themselves from starvation. Even as the famishing travellers staggered into Astoria, Astor was despatching a second party by sea in the ship *Beaver*. This band did not reach the Columbia until April 1812. Having delivered her passengers and loaded with furs, the *Beaver* sailed for China to sell them.

Now, in June 1812, the Government of the United States declared war on Britain and prepared to attack Canada. Having heard of this, George McTavish and sixteen Nor'-Westers from New Caledonia marched down to Astoria, explained the situation to the Pacific Fur Company traders, and suggested to them that they sell out. "You may as well," said the Nor'-Westers, "for there is a British warship on its way here, and if you do not sell you will have to surrender." After a good deal of haggling, the Astoria people gave in. They sold all their property to the North-West Company at a valuation; their employees were allowed to take service with the North-West Company or to return to New York as they pleased. When the war sloop *Racoon* arrived in the mouth of the Columbia, she found the British flag already floating over Astoria.

THE SILVER CHIEF

THERE had been a storm in the night and fair St. Mary's Isle lifted her face to the morning sun, new-washed and smiling. It was very early. The ancient stone of the Castle walls was still damp with rain; great silver drops rolled slowly down and fell suddenly from window-ledge and turret. The lawns gleamed, the flowers hung their heads under the weight of moisture; all except the brier-rose by the garden wall, each of her pink blossoms faced the sun proudly, pouring a song of fragrance across the garden. A door was flung open, a man plunged down the steps and strode along the path. His eyes were narrowed, his clothes disarranged as though he had not slept. As he turned the second time in his walk, a little maid ran across the wet lawns and curtseying low, said breathlessly, "You—you have a son, my lord."

On that June morning young Thomas Douglas appeared in a world in which he was to achieve more than one remarkable adventure. A hemisphere away, Alexander Henry the Elder and the Frobishers were paddling up and down the pleasant summer reaches of Lake Winnipeg. Though they knew nothing of it, they were the forerunners of the baby boy in far-off St. Mary's Isle. They thought only of trade; yet they paddled and bargained and starved only to make his paths plain before him.

Baby Thomas grew into a tall young man with a thin eager face. The keen blue eyes saw everything; the clever brain behind the high white brow considered and planned; the firm young chin promised to carry out the plans. He went to the University of Edinburgh, where he became a friend of Sir Walter Scott. They belonged to a club at which young men argued the questions of the day. In these discussions Thomas Douglas always took the part of the poor and oppressed. His holidays

he spent fishing and tramping about the bonnie Highlands, where the kindly people made much of him. He loved them; their generous hearts, their hospitable customs, their warm speech. In 1799, his father and elder brother having died, Thomas became Earl of Selkirk.

He had now both wealth and power, and he determined to use them to help those in need; there were many in those days. Napoleon carried war across Europe. In England machinery was beginning to take the place of hands, so that hundreds were thrown out of work; food was scarce and dear; the poor starved. In the Highlands of Scotland the great landowners found they could make more money by keeping sheep than by growing grain. They turned the renters off their little farms to make runs for the sheep. These poor renters, or crofters as they were called, had nowhere to go. There was no work in Scotland, none in England; no work, no money, no food. You remember the sufferings which drove the Sharp family and many another to Upper Canada. Such people were badly off, but they had or could borrow a little money to carry them across the sea. The Highland crofters had nothing and could borrow nothing.

Into this desperate breach stepped the young earl, the "Silver Chief" as the Indians long afterwards called him. His heart was wrung with pity for his old friends, his purse-strings were quickly untied to help them. When he read the Journals of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, his mind conceived a great idea, his soul a great purpose. The accessible lands of Canada had already been taken up, but Mackenzie said the prairies were fertile. To the far shores of Lake Winnipeg Selkirk would lead the crofters; on the rich plains of the Red River they should build new and happier homes.

In 1802 the earl wrote to the Government asking permission to establish a colony on the Red River. They forbade him to do it. Nothing daunted, the earl bought lands in Prince Edward Island and settled upon them eight hundred poor people from the Highlands, selling the land to them at half the current price. There was some confusion and dissatisfaction at first, but within a month each settler had his land and was hard at work upon it. In two years they were comfortable.

After seeing his people settled in Prince Edward Island, Lord Selkirk visited the United States. It hurt his loyal heart to see British men and women settling down under an alien flag. Again he bought land, this time near Chatham, Ontario. Upon this tract he settled British families from the United States. Baldoon, as this colony was called, did not prosper. The land was low, the people suffered from ague, and during the war of 1812 they were attacked by the Americans. Drained and properly tilled, Baldoon is nowadays beautiful farming country.

On his way home Lord Selkirk visited Montreal. He was received with delight by the Beaver Club, the group of fur traders, who stood at the head of the business and social life of the city. Each member of this famous club had been a "wintering partner," had endured the hardships of river and portage in the fur country, had dressed in skins, had eaten dog or starved. Now they were merchant princes; they lived in splendid mansions at the foot of Mount Royal, dressed in velvet and satin, and dined sumptuously every day. Their club-house was famous for the richness of its decorations and furniture. Its table glittered with silver and cut-glass, and groaned with the weight of delicate food served daily.

The closely-guarded doors of the famous club were thrown wide to welcome the gallant young earl. The members gave a great dinner-party for him. The finest damask covered the long table; the golden candle-light fell softly on the silver and glass, on fruit and flowers. Each member appeared in his most splendid attire, and each wore on his breast the insignia of the service, a gold medal with the motto "Fortitude in distress." Bear, beaver, pemmican and venison, prepared in the fashion of the fur posts, were served; wine and song sped the flying hours. Before the party broke up, all took part, as was the custom, in the "grand voyage." The members, stout and elderly though they were, seated themselves one behind the other on the crimson carpet. Each man armed himself with tongs, poker, sword or walking-stick to use as a paddle, and, singing one of the old voyageur songs, they paddled vigorously till breath gave out.

The grave young earl may not have very keenly enjoyed the rather boisterous fun, but he did appreciate the opportunity offered him to talk of the "upper country." He asked questions steadily; the members of the Beaver Club delighted to answer. Before Selkirk left the city he had learned a great deal about the fur trade and the fur country of Canada; nothing that he heard seemed to make a colony in the interior impossible.

Six years later, in 1809, the poverty and despair among the poor of Britain reached its height. Selkirk could bear inaction no longer; he felt that he must do something. He could hear of no more suitable land in the accessible parts of Canada, and his active mind turned again to the Red River country. The Government had forbidden him to found a colony there; but had the Government power over that country? Had that power not been given to the Hudson's Bay Company by King Charles in 1670?

The earl consulted five great lawyers upon this point, and they agreed that the Hudson's Bay Company had power to grant or lease land in all that territory "the waters of which run into Hudson's Bay." This decision made the whole matter quite simple. The Silver Chief used part of his great wealth and greater influence to buy a controlling interest in the Hudson's Bay Company. At the annual meeting of the "Gentlemen Adventurers," held on May 30, 1810, Lord Selkirk attended with his friends. He offered to buy a tract of land lying east and west of the Red River in Rupert's Land and somewhat larger than the province of Manitoba. He promised within a limited time to establish a colony on this land. With their superior voting power he and his friends passed through the meeting the resolution to sell; the long-dreamed-of colony became possible.

The Hudson's Bay Company

FORT DOUGLAS

THE SELKIRK SETTLEMENT

For a little while all went happily. The Silver Chief issued an advertisement calling for settlers. He promised to carry them to the Red River, give them farms upon its banks, and support them until such time as self-support should be possible. He retained Miles Macdonell, a young Loyalist of Glengarry, to lead the first party. Macdonell had fought as captain in the American Revolution; he knew the wilderness, and understood pioneer life; he was wise, firm, and seemed in every way likely to make a successful leader.

In the summer of 1811 two fine ships and one worn-out old craft, the *Edward and Anne*, gathered at Yarmouth to make the voyage to Hudson's Bay. The merchandise belonging to the Company was carefully stowed in the two good ships; the emigrants embarked in the *Edward and Anne*. The vessels proceeded to Stornoway in the Hebrides, where more colonists came aboard, though not without opposition.

The North-West Company had heard of the proposed colony and strongly disapproved. They knew the fur-bearing

animals would disappear before the advancing farmers, and they prepared to fight for their fur country. Sir Alexander Mackenzie and other Nor'-Westers had hastily bought stock in the Hudson's Bay Company, but they had not enough to outvote Selkirk and so block his project. At Stornoway a man, no doubt an agent of Mackenzie, tried to persuade Selkirk's colonists to desert the ship. A number did so. This was the first move in a long game which ended more seriously than anyone could have foreseen.

The Selkirk settlers reached Hudson's Bay so late in the season that it was impossible, for that year, to make the trip up the Nelson to Red River. York Factory was not large enough to shelter the newcomers, so Captain Macdonell at once set all hands at work building winter quarters north of the river and a few miles from the fort. They were soon comfortable enough in their log houses. Some were detailed to cut wood for the camp; others to bring food from the factory on sledges. Macdonell was on the watch for scurvy; most of his men took it at one time or another, but the captain was always ready with white spruce juice which worked magic cures.

Early in the New Year they began to build boats to carry them up the seven hundred miles of lake and stream to their future homes. Macdonell insisted on their being built like the flat-bottomed boats used by the Loyalists. These cost a great deal and were not serviceable on the turbulent northland waters. The party left York Factory on June 1, 1812. They were strange to such travel, the boats were heavy and difficult to manage; it was autumn before they reached their destination.

The North-West Company had a post, Fort Gibraltar, at the junction of the Red and the Assiniboine Rivers, but it was a small post, and no preparation had been made to receive the colonists. Some of the settlers were sheltered in the fort; others in the homes of the trappers; others still in the tents of the Indians. Macdonell, now called "Governor," bought potatoes, oats and barley from the fort, but supplies soon began to fail. The buffalo did not come to the wooded plains about Fort Gibraltar, but up the Red at Pembina they were so tame that they often came to rub themselves against the stockades.

Macdonell moved his men to Pembina, where they had plenty of food for the rest of the winter.

In the spring they returned to Point Douglas which Macdonell had chosen as the centre of the colony. It was a few miles down the river from Fort Gibraltar, the Company post. The settlers were eager to begin work upon their farms. They had no implements except hoes, but with these they managed to prepare small plots and sow a little wheat. As soon as it came up it was attacked by flocks of blackbirds and pigeons, but the settlers fought them off gallantly. The little plots yielded to their proud owners a hundredfold of the finest wheat. While the gardens grew, the colonists had, however, very little to eat. There were very few fish in the river, and berries seemed scarcer than usual. They boiled roots of one kind and another and so saved themselves from starvation.

Meantime Selkirk, at home in Scotland, worked hard to persuade more colonists to go out to the colony. The North-West Company made it as difficult for him as possible. They published bad reports about the country and exaggerated every tale of hardship in the colony that reached Britain. In spite of them Selkirk got a small party together. Ship-fever broke out on the voyage and a number died; fewer than twenty arrived at Red River in the autumn of 1813. Food was as scarce as ever, and again Governor Macdonell was obliged to move his party to Pembina for the winter.

Up till this time the Nor'-Westers at Fort Gibraltar and Pembina had treated the colonists kindly enough. The Company did not believe that it was possible for Selkirk to establish a colony in the wilderness. They looked to see the settlers leave or perish within a year. But here was the second winter and the colony had actually grown. The persistence of the starving handful startled them. Then, quietly, the word was passed that the farmers were to receive no help from the posts or the traders. At Pembina the half-breed hunters who, the winter before, had helped the settlers hunt the buffalo, now looked on, laughing, as they struggled through the snowdrifts, often failing to bring down their game.

At Pembina, Governor Macdonell had built a post, Fort

Daer, to shelter his people while hunting on the border. The settlers were killing few buffalo and the traders refused to supply them with other food, so Macdonell issued a proclamation forbidding anyone to take food out of the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company without a licence from the Governor. This made the trappers and half-breeds very angry. Legally the country belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company; actually, they felt that it was theirs. They boasted loudly of what they would do to Macdonell and his settlers if he should try to enforce the order published in the proclamation.

Strong behind his legal title to the land, Macdonell sent his assistant, Sheriff Spencer, to seize the North-West Company's provisions collected at their fort on the Souris River. Spencer secured six hundred bags of pemmican of eighty-five pounds each. Knowing that they had this store of food behind them cheered the settlers mightily. Ninety-three more settlers came out in 1814, farms had been allotted to each man and houses built; for the moment, affairs seemed to be moving smoothly.

But only for the moment. The North-West Company had long ago decided that they must drive out the settlers or themselves be driven from the country. The matter was discussed at the annual meeting at Fort William, plans were made, and two traders, Duncan Cameron and Alexander Macdonell, were sent up to the Red River to get rid of the colonists.

Macdonell led a body of armed men from Fort Gibraltar against the little colony. To prevent bloodshed, Governor Macdonell surrendered himself. The Nor'-Westers arrested and carried him off to Montreal. Duncan Cameron, a pleasant-spoken Highlander, soon persuaded three-fourths of the settlers to follow him to Upper Canada, where lands were given them near Owen Sound. Cuthbert Grant, the leader of the half-breeds, served notice upon the handful of settlers remaining that they should leave Red River at once or suffer the consequences.

The farmers who had refused to follow Cameron were men loyal to Lord Selkirk, and they did not wish to leave their lands. John McLeod, the blacksmith, gathered them into his little

log smithy. McLeod had secured a four-pounder gun from the fort; they cut chains into short pieces, and prepared themselves to resist attack. The half-breeds galloped up on their Indian ponies, making a great show before the door, but when the farmers opened fire with the chain-shot the Indians scattered. They burned all the farmhouses, however, and the farmers retired in the boats to Norway House. McLeod stayed behind, collected valuables left by the settlers, saved most of the crops, and after harvest, quietly began to build at Point Douglas a house for the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Red River. It looked as though the Nor'-Westers had had their way; the Red River had been cleared of farmers.

But the Silver Chief was a Scot; he had no thought of giving in. Colin Robertson with twenty Canadians went up to Norway House and persuaded the refugees to return to their lands. In the summer of 1815 Robert Semple, Governor in Macdonell's place, brought out a hundred new settlers. The Governor's house was enlarged, new buildings rose beside it, the burned farmhouses were rebuilt; Fort Douglas, brave John McLeod's dream, became an established fact.

LORD SELKIRK

Wine, and cards, and ladies' love,
A belted earl was he;
Camps, and courts, and covers left
To fare across the sea;
Read and thought, toiled and fought,
And spent his earldom's fee
To build new homes for homeless folk
In this land of the free.

SEVEN OAKS

Governor Semple and Colin Robertson were soldiers. Having made themselves strong in Fort Douglas, they turned round on the Nor'-Westers and captured Fort Gibraltar. They took down its stockades, made them into a raft, piled the remains of the fort upon it, and floated the whole down the river to be used in strengthening Fort Douglas. Next they seized Pembina.

Meantime the half-breeds were gathering. Cuthbert Grant sent word that in the spring he would come with his warriors and drive the settlers away for good and all. He tried to get the Indians to join him, but they were too cautious to join either side. In June, Grant, gathering men as he came, swept down from Qu'Appelle; past Portage la Prairie, past Brandon House, they dashed on their Indian ponies. Four miles west of the Forks, they left the Assiniboine and crossed the prairie to meet a party of Nor'-Westers who were expected from Fort William.

But they had been seen from Fort Douglas, and gallant though rash, Semple marched out to meet them. The two parties approached each other at a place called Seven Oaks. As they did so, Boucher spurred out from the ranks of the half-breeds and rode up to Semple. "What do you want?" asked the Governor. "We want our fort," replied Boucher. "Well," said Semple, "go to your fort." Unfortunately, as he spoke, he put his hand upon Boucher's gun. The half-breeds saw the movement; a shot rang out; the fight began. In a very few minutes it was over. Semple and twenty others were kilied; Fort Douglas surrendered, and again the unhappy colonists fled to Norway House.

Anxious for the life of his colony, Lord Selkirk, in 1815, came himself to Canada. He spent the winter in Montreal

trying to get the Government to promise him protection for his people. The fur traders were too powerful; Selkirk got no help from the Government. The Silver Chief now hired a hundred discharged soldiers to go up with him to Red River and settle on the land there. The party left Montreal in June 1816.

At Sault Ste. Marie, Selkirk heard that Semple had been murdered. He went straight to Fort William, and being a magistrate, prepared to arrest the Nor'-Westers who had taken part in the fight at Seven Oaks. He had with him his hundred soldiers and easily enforced obedience in Fort William. He released the prisoners who had been brought from Red River and arrested instead the leaders of the Nor'-Westers.

In the spring of 1817 the soldiers went up to Fort Douglas, which they easily recaptured from the half-breeds. In June the Silver Chief arrived. At long last he looked upon the land, richer far than his dream had promised. His coming brought peace and hope. The Canadian Government had ordered that all property seized in the recent troubles should be given back to its rightful owners. The settlers returned to their farms and began again to put them in order. They gathered near the spot where St. John's Church, Winnipeg, now stands, to meet their chief. With him they planned church, burying-ground and school. Arrangements were made for surveying the land, laying out roads, building bridges and mills. The Indians, too, came to counsel with the Silver Chief, who completely won their hearts by his friendliness and generosity. He made a treaty with them for their lands, and all parted friends. The long trouble was over, the great work accomplished, the Province of Manitoba had been founded, though many years were still to pass before the golden West should really be opened for settlement.

Lord Selkirk now returned to Canada to face the many charges against him. He was accused, among other things, of having "stolen eighty-three muskets at Fort William." Such a charge shows how bitterly the Nor'-Westers hated him, and how eagerly they seized upon any pretext to annoy him. In his turn Selkirk charged the partners of the North-West Company

with having been responsible for the murder of Semple. The trials were long and hotly fought out. Selkirk returned at last to England broken in health and hopes. He was still comparatively a young man, but who shall say how many lifetimes he had lived in his forty-eight eager years. He died within two years of his return from America.

Parker, High River

LYNX DEVOURING PRAIRIE CHICKEN

THE FIGHT FOR ATHABASCA

The attempt to drive the settlers out of Red River was only a part of the long struggle between the old Company and the new for the mastery of the West. The "Gentlemen Adventurers" were at last wide awake. Athabasca was by far the richest of the fur departments; the North-West Company held it by right of discovery and occupation; the Hudson's Bay Company wanted it. After Seven Oaks the Government forbade them to fight any more, but it continued to be war to the knife in trade between the two companies.

The Hudson's Bay Company had already sent one brigade into the far North-West, but it had been driven out. Now, in 1819, Colin Robertson, Semple's junior officer, went boldly down to Montreal, the stronghold of the enemy. Under their very noses he bought nineteen canoes, hired ninety-five voyageurs and, in April, paddled gaily away from Ste. Anne's. At Lake Winnipeg he was joined by thirty-five men of the first Hudson's Bay brigade, escaping from the Nor'-Westers. The Montrealers had seized the Hudson's Bay property and people in Athabasca. By threatening them with starvation they had forced the Hudson's Bay men to swear not to oppose the North-West Company for three years.

By October, however, Colin Robertson and his brigade were again in Athabasca. The Nor'-Westers had been careful to keep it a secret that Selkirk had won on the Red River. The Indians believed the North-West Company to be supreme everywhere; Robertson says that the Athabasca Indians dared not even speak to a Hudson's Bay man. At Île à la Crosse a few Hudson's Bay men huddled in a hut strictly guarded by Nor'-Westers; not an Indian dared go near them. As the brigade neared Fort Chipewyan, Robertson had his men sing to announce

Dr. Allan, University of Alberta

HUDSON'S BAY HEADQUARTERS, FORT CHIPEWYAN

their coming to the Indians, all of whom preferred to trade with the old Company which gave them better bargains and a better quality of goods. A brave who ventured near them was sent to bring his tribe. A council was held. Robertson told the Chipewyans how Selkirk had captured Fort William and Fort Douglas. A treaty was made and the peace pipe smoked before they separated.

When Colin Robertson paddled up to Fort Chipewyan with a hundred and thirty armed men at his back, the Nor'-Westers rushed forth in alarm. But Robertson marched his men to the abandoned Hudson's Bay house and at once began putting it in order. Within a week forty Indian families had moved their tents over to the Hudson's Bay Company's quarter. Clarke, Robertson's assistant, took thirty men and went up to spend the winter on the Peace. Robertson at Chipewyan outfitted his Indians, established fisheries, and made all snug for the cold months.

One morning, within a fortnight of their arrival, Robertson was awakened by a servant, who came in to tell him that a canoe had just brought home the body of a fisherman accidentally shot the night before. Robertson ordered early breakfast, and springing out of bed, began to dress. Presently word came in

that a North-West bully was outside challenging one of the Hudson's Bay men to fight. Slipping his pistol into his pocket, Robertson hurried out. As he stepped toward the bully, eight or ten Nor'-Westers rushed him from behind. They dragged him toward the beach; he freed himself and laid about with the empty pistol, but in vain. They threw him into a canoe which he tried to upset that he might escape by swimming, but the leader put a pistol to his head and held it there until they reached the North-West fort.

On landing, Robertson again eluded the hands of his captors. Dashing into the Indian hall he told the braves that he had been stolen. "Do not abandon the Hudson's Bay Company on that account," he said, "there are brave men at our fort to protect you! They stole me as they would now rob you of your hunt. We will be revenged for this, but not like wolves prowling in the bushes. We will capture them as we captured them at Fort William with the sun shining in our faces." The Indian chief squeezed his hand and whispered, "Never mind, white man! All right! We are your friends."

Robertson was shut up in a small log room and carefully guarded day and night. He was compelled, each day, to ask in a formal letter for what he needed. One day he asked that a messenger be sent to the Hudson's Bay post for whiskey. The Nor'-Westers were delighted to send. Upon long strips of paper Robertson wrote a cipher code which he invented. He rolled the strips into a tight spool, sealed the ends with wax, and fastened it to a piece of twine which he fixed to the inner end of the bung of the whiskey barrel. He then said that the liquor was musty and asked to have the barrel taken back to his men to be cleaned. Instead of cleaning the barrel the Hudson's Bay men sent their imprisoned leader a fresh one.

Disgusted at this failure Robertson sent for a Shakespeare. Opposite Falstaff's name he wrote "Examine the first keg" and returned the book. Still his men failed to understand. After a week's impatient waiting he wrote an open note saying that he was making a verse out of Falstaff's speech and asking them to send him the exact words of the play. His men wrote back that the Shakespeare had been borrowed by a trader. They

wished to know, however, whether or not he would like the following traders to have the following supplies. The series of figures they added told him that they had discovered his cipher.

During eight months Robertson communicated with his men by means of the whiskey kegs. He gave orders to his people, heard the news, directed the business of the post. Early in the winter he despatched runners to tell Williams, the new Hudson's Bay Governor at Fort Douglas, to send men to lie in wait to take the North-West Company's fur brigade as it ran the rapids of the Saskatchewan in June. Frequently Robertson begged his men to attack the North-West fort and rescue him, but this they never quite dared to do.

Forty Nor'-Westers set out with the June brigade for Montreal; among them no less than six were partners. Robertson sat in the canoe of Simon McGillvray. At Île à la Crosse their canoe upset in the rapids and they were nearly drowned. At Cumberland House, Robertson asked leave to visit his friends in the Hudson's Bay post, which stood near the North-West Company house. He went and—remained, breaking his parole. "My conscience tells me I have not done right," he remarks, but he did not go back.

Knowing that Williams would be in ambush at Grand Rapids, where the Saskatchewan enters Lake Winnipeg, Robertson let his late captors well out of sight and then followed them. Williams was indeed ready. Across the river, just at the foot of the rapids, he had moored barges mounted with swivel guns. The North-West brigade raced down full tilt into them, and being caught between the guns and the rapids, surrendered. When Robertson arrived he found the year's crop of furs on the bank, and the Nor'-Westers crowded into a hut under guard of Williams's soldiers.

Both Companies knew that they were doing wrong, and the better spirits on either side were, no doubt, ashamed, but the temptation was great. Princely fortunes in furs came out of Athabasca each year. If one Company could but keep the traders of the other out of the department for a year it meant ruin to the evicted Company. Where treasure is, there will men gather together and fight.

That winter Robertson took his brigade into Athabasca with a light heart, fearing no enemy. He hurried his traders up the Saskatchewan and over the mountains. Nor'-Westers gave no trouble, but starvation stalked him. At one post the men lived from November to February on berries and flour mixed with water; at another hunger forced the Hudson's Bay men to surrender themselves at the nearby North-West post; at a third the Nor'-Westers were driven out by the men of the old Company.

In the spring of 1820 the Nor'-Westers, reversing the game, lay in wait at Grand Rapids for Robertson and his brigade. Being on the watch the men escaped with the canoes, but Robertson was caught and carried off to Montreal. Near the place where Ottawa now stands, the brigade rested for a few days. As they were about to re-embark, Robertson suddenly threw a biscuit in the face of the man with whom he walked, raised his pistol and, having the drop on the party, dared anyone to take him. No one seemed to care to attempt it.

The Montreal police were on the watch for him, but he remained resting on the Ottawa for a few days. Then, procuring a horse, he made a dash for the United States, stopping only to change horses in Montreal. "The night was dark. The rain fell in torrents. A faithful friend rode before him day and night all the way. . . . At three in the morning he reached Plattsburg and safety."

Rouli, roulant!
Sing high! Sing low! Shout!
The waters sing,
And upward fling
White plumes of spray.
Away! Away!
Rouli, roulant!
Sing high! Sing low! Shout!

THE COMPANIES UNITE

As he rode Colin Robertson heard that two North-West Company partners were going to London to suggest a union of the two Companies. Union! A trick of the Nor'-Westers to share the trade from which they had been driven. Were his years of fighting, imprisonment and starvation to go for nothing? His hot blood boiled at the thought; he dug his spurs into the horse's flanks and galloped recklessly on.

Hurrying to New York he booked a passage to London, hoping to reach the directors of the Hudson's Bay Company in time to tell them that Athabasca was theirs without union. On board ship whom should he meet but the two Nor'-Westers on their way to meet the general court of the Hudson's Bay Company to offer union and peace. No doubt Robertson quarrelled with the Nor'-Westers all the way over; no doubt he urged his partisan point of view strongly, but, fortunately, wiser councils prevailed and the union was agreed upon.

And not a moment too soon; the long trade war had cost both Companies dear. The profits of the "Gentlemen Adventurers" had fallen to a meagre £2000 a year. Colin Robertson's first expedition to Athabasca cost them £20,000 total loss. The North-West Company's trade had been severely reduced. Moreover, all right-thinking Canadians felt themselves disgraced by the fighting, bloodshed and general lawlessness practised by the traders; the British Government could not any longer stand by and see it go on unchecked. A deed was drawn up by which the two Companies agreed to carry on the fur trade throughout the west as one Company as from the first day of June, 1821. The two Companies were to provide equal amounts of capital and to share profits and losses evenly. The united

traders were to do business under the ancient name of "The Hudson's Bay Company."

The new Hudson's Bay Company retained the solid qualities of the old; fair dealing and sound goods to the Indians. It gained the splendid vision, the spirit of daring enterprise which had always marked the young Company. The combined capital and man power soon brought about an enormous extension of trade. At old posts the rival houses were united behind one palisade. At each place one staff of men took the place of two. Thus many experienced traders were freed to go out to establish new posts. Wise economy on the one hand, prudent expenditure on the other, brought success. Within a few years the fur sales of the Company increased from £2000 to £68,000 yearly.

Nicholas Garry, being the only unmarried member of the London committee, was appointed to go out to Canada to set up the new machine. In order that peace might prevail, the hotter partisans of both sides must be stationed at a distance from one another. Garry crossed to Montreal and went up by the Ottawa to Fort William. There the partners signed the deed of union and Garry allotted the men to their posts. Colin Robertson complained that all the best places were given to North-West men, but he himself got Norway House, soon to become the Canadian headquarters of the Company. In general the men, even if somewhat dissatisfied, were loyal to the union, and those who had long been bitter rivals now became staunch friends.

Having finished his business at Fort William, Garry went on to Red River, stopping at the principal trading-posts on the way. At each post he met the Indians in council. Simon McGillvray, representing the North-West Company, explained the union and urged all to serve the new Company faithfully. At Red River the feeling between Fort Douglas and Fort Gibraltar was so bitter that Garry wisely decided to abandon both. A new trading-post, Fort Garry, was built near the forks of the Assiniboine and the Red. Where now the great city of Winnipeg spreads her broad avenues and beautiful parks, stood in those days only a handful of houses. The settlement was ten years old and numbered about four hundred people, among

them a hundred and fifty-four women. West of the river lived the settlers who had come from Scotland; east of it the Swiss soldiers whom the Silver Chief had brought out to protect his people. About the fort gathered the elderly fur traders who found Red River a convenient place to which to retire, a place where they could live comfortably and yet keep in touch with the trade which had been their life.

Fort Garry soon became a thriving village, but it was the only one. The union of the two Companies closed the west to settlement for years. The fur trade forbade farming, and the new organisation was strong enough both in Britain and in Canada to hold its territory inviolate for nearly half a century.

GOVERNOR SIMPSON

THE union of the two Companies accomplished, the next problem was to find a Governor with sufficient tact and force to weld them into one. George Simpson was the man chosen. He was young, without family or fortune, and with his way in the world yet to make. He had been for a year at the Hudson's Bay House in Athabasca, but he had not been long enough in Canada to have acquired any personal prejudices against the men of the North-West Company. He came from England, which satisfied the Hudson's Bay Company officials; he was born a Scot, which pleased the Nor'-Westers. Altogether it was a lucky appointment. Governor Simpson ruled the great fur company successfully for forty years.

He was rather a short man and sturdily built. He had the round head and full forehead which suggest strength both of intellect and will; his keen eyes shone with eager energy; his smiling mouth curved with universal good-fellowship. Quick to see a point, clever in business, genial, patient, the Company might have searched the Empire and scarcely found a man more suitable for their purpose.

To begin with, Simpson's experience in the fur trade was very limited, but he was anxious to learn and never ashamed to ask. He called his council together at Norway House: twenty-

five chief factors and twenty-eight chief traders, half and half from each Company. Guided by their experience, which was rich indeed, the new Governor moved forward with the work of consolidation and reform; within a year he had the great Company running smoothly.

If the young Governor was careful to be patient in dealing with his officers, he was apt to be very impatient of time and space. The miles of river, prairie, and mountain which separated one part of his kingdom from another seemed always to tease him. He loved to rush from one post to another in record-breaking time, surprising his factors by arriving days before they expected him. He continually urged his voyageurs to paddle yet faster, his guides to make the day's trip one hour longer. Once, crossing the Lake of the Woods, he kept urging haste upon his voyageur, a canoe-man famous for his speed, until the big French-Canadian became annoyed. Reaching out a huge hand, François caught the little Governor by the collar and calmly dipped him in the lake.

WINTER HARBOUR

In 1819 the British Government equipped an expedition to attempt the discovery of the north-west passage into the Pacific Ocean, the command being given to Edward Parry. Two ships, the *Hecla* and the *Griper*, manned by ninety-four men and provisioned for two years, were provided, and the expedition left England early in May 1820. Crossing the Atlantic, Parry ascended Davis Strait into Baffin Bay, and pushed westward through Lancaster Sound and Barrow Strait. They worked their way west to Melville Island, where they decided to winter. Having chosen "Winter Harbour" as their base, they found it covered with a five-inch sheet of ice, through which they had to cut a canal two miles long in order to get the ships to their anchorage.

"As soon as our people had breakfasted," writes Captain Parry, "I proceeded with a small party of men to sound and mark upon the ice the most direct channel we could find to the

anchorage, having left directions for every other officer and man in both ships to be employed in cutting the canal. This operation was performed by first marking out two parallel lines, distant from each other a little more than the breadth of the larger ship. Along each of these lines a cut was then made with an ice-saw, and others again at right angles to them at intervals of from ten to twenty feet; thus dividing the ice into a number of rectangular pieces, which it was again necessary to subdivide diagonally in order to give room for their being floated out of the canal. To facilitate the latter process the seamen, who are always fond of doing things in their own way, took advantage of a fresh northerly breeze by setting some boat-sails upon the pieces of ice, a contrivance which saved both time and labour. At half-past seven we weighed our anchors and began to warp up the canal.

"All hands were again set to work on the morning of the 25th, when it was proposed to sink the pieces of ice, as they were cut, under the floe instead of floating them out. To effect this it was necessary for a certain number of men to stand upon one end of the piece of ice which it was intended to sink, while other parties hauling at the same time upon ropes attached to the opposite end, dragged the block under that part of the floe on which the people stood. The officers of both ships took the lead in this employ, several of them standing up to their knees in water frequently during the day with the thermometer generally at 12, and never higher than 16. At six P.M. we began to move the ships. The *Griper* was made fast astern of the *Hecla*, and the two ships' companies being divided on each bank of the canal, with ropes from the *Hecla's* gangways, soon drew the ships along to the end of our second day's work."

Soon after noon on the third day they completed their canal which was two and a third miles long, and tracked the ships safely up to their winter quarters. The upper parts of the ships were now dismantled, a framework erected, and the decks roofed with cloth. A heating and ventilating system was devised to keep the bed-places dry and warm. The men were inspected morning and evening for cleanliness, and once a week the doctor examined them for signs of scurvy. With Lieutenant Beechey

as stage manager a number of plays were prepared and acted; Captain Sabine edited a weekly paper; the men hunted and trapped; in such cheerful ways they passed the ninety-six days in which the sun did not appear above the horizon.

As the thermometer descended, the frost burst the bottles containing the lemon juice, much of which was lost. In spite of every care, steam would condense upon the beams and dampness invade the bed-places. The little house which they had built upon shore was burned and had to be rebuilt, severe frost-bites disabling many of the men as they worked. In spite of all accidents, however, the wise care of Commander Parry and the vigilance of his officers brought the men through the winter with the loss of only one life.

Late in May 1821 they cut their way out of Winter Harbour and made sail westward. Melville Island was explored, Banks Island discovered. The expedition reached 113 of longitude, the farthest west yet reached in these seas. Stopped by a floe from forty to fifty feet thick, they tried to push out toward the south, but without success. In August the officers decided that it would be wise to return, which they did, surveying the shore of Barrow Strait as they went and reaching England safely in October.

Valentine, Winnipeg

WINTER FOOTGEAR OF THE TRAPPER

COMPANY CUSTOMS

AFTER the union of 1821 Governor Simpson soon reduced the affairs of the two Companies to an orderly system. He chose the good features of both Companies and welded them together. During the long years of his power the great corporation worked as smoothly as a well-oiled motor.

Norway House, on Lake Winnipeg, was the capital of this fur-producing empire of Western Canada. It was Simpson's headquarters, though the energetic little Governor spent a great deal of his time on the road, supervising business, reprimanding, commending, inspiring his officers; inspecting posts from Labrador to Vancouver Island; from Fort William to Great Slave Lake; travelling always as swiftly as possible. At Norway House, once every year, Simpson called together his council of Chief Factors. Under their advice he made plans for the business of the coming year, listened to complaints, considered requests, judged cases of wrongdoing, made appointments and promotions, and drew up a series of resolutions embodying all, copies of which were sent out to the heads of each district.

The vast stretches of Western Canada were divided into three great departments: the southern, most of which is now Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta; the northern, the Hudson's Bay and Mackenzie River regions; the western, beyond the Rocky Mountains. Each department had one or more important depôts where goods and provisions were collected, stored and distributed. Each department had also a number of important trading-posts. Such posts were in charge of a chief factor.

The chief factorship of an important post was the highest position to which a servant of the Company could attain. The chief factor was lord of all he surveyed and much more beside;

his word was law, his person sacred. He wore every day "a suit of black or dark blue, white shirt, collar to his ears, frock-coat, velvet stock and straps to the bottom of his trousers. When he went out of doors he wore a black beaver hat worth forty shillings. When travelling in a canoe or boat he was lifted in and out of the craft by the crew; he still wore the beaver hat, but it was protected by an oiled silk cover. Over his black frock-coat he wore a long cloak made of royal Stuart tartan (scarlet plaid) lined with scarlet or dark blue bath coating.

"He carried with him an ornamental bag called a 'fire-bag,' which contained his tobacco, steel and flint, tinder-box and brimstone matches. In camp his tent was pitched apart from the shelter given the crew. He had a separate fire and the first work of the boat's crew after landing was to pitch his tent, clear his camp and collect firewood sufficient for the night before they were allowed to attend to their own wants. Salutes were fired on his departure from the fort and on his return. All this ceremony had a good effect upon the Indians, added to his dignity in the eyes of his subordinates, but sometimes spoiled the factor."

The next officer in rank was the chief trader. Chief traders had charge of all the lesser posts. Like the chief factor they received no salary, but the commissions by which they were appointed, assigned to each one share of the Company's yearly profit—the chief factors had two shares each. A share in the old days averaged about sixteen hundred dollars—a good annual income for those times. Under such a system the chief factors and chief traders, naturally, did everything in their power to increase the Company's profits. After five years' service a chief factor or chief trader could, if he wished, take his turn of withdrawing from the Company. After doing so he received his full share of profits for one year, and a half-share for six years longer.

Under the chief trader were the clerks, young men of some education, who entered the service under contract for five years. They received twenty pounds a year to begin with and rose to fifty pounds. The clerks kept the Company's books and, aided by an interpreter, did the actual trading with the

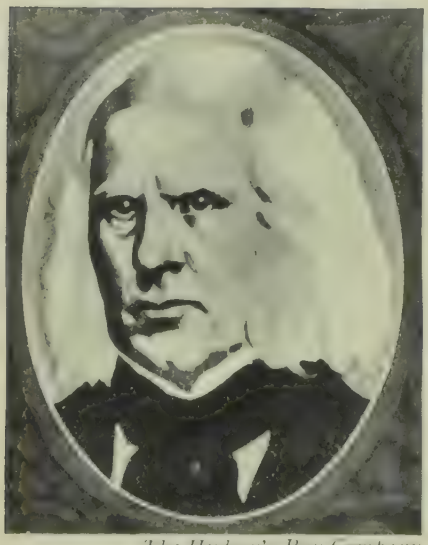
Indians. If they gave satisfaction and showed aptitude for the work, they became chief traders after a few years. Lower than the clerks were the postmasters, men who had too little education ever to become traders, but who, having business sense and honourable characters, became assistants to the traders. Sometimes a postmaster was placed in charge of a minor post. They received from thirty to sixty pounds a year.

Most of the actual work of the Company was done by the engagés. These were interpreters, mechanics, guides, steersmen, bowmen, fishermen, middlemen or common boatmen and apprentices. Each engagé worked always at his own task; he did not expect to be promoted to any higher position. Their wages ranged from fifteen to thirty-five pounds a year according to the value of their work and the length of time they had served the Company. They lived in quarters separated from the officers and clerks. Every Saturday afternoon they received their rations for the week. Their fare was often poor enough; but the work, though dangerous, was relieved by long terms when they did nothing at the Company's expense.

The Hudson's Bay Company

THE GOVERNOR OF RED RIVER IN A LIGHT CANOE

FORT VANCOUVER



The Hudson's Bay Company

DR. JOHN MCLOUGHLIN

AFTER the union, Dr. McLoughlin was appointed chief factor in Oregon, a department of the fur country which then extended northward to New Caledonia and south toward California. Dr. McLoughlin was one of the two Nor'-Westers whom Colin Robertson met on the ship going to London to urge union. He was a big man, six feet three, and still young, though his long hair was white as snow —"White Eagle" the Indians called him. Like many very large men, McLoughlin was a gentle, kindly person. He sent each man of his brigades away with a hand-shake and a "God bless you"; when they had gone he turned into his house to pray for their safety. It is said that in all his years as commander he never refused help to anyone in need.

At the beginning of the war in 1812, as you remember, the Nor'-Westers took over Astoria, the American fur post at the mouth of the Columbia. When the war was over and peace made, Britain gave back the post, though not the district; that remained in dispute for many years. As there were no Americans there to take possession of the fort, the Canadians stayed on until 1824–5, when Dr. McLoughlin came out to take charge. Astoria was on the coast, a place much visited by passing ships,

a place where rum flowed freely and fights were much too common. Governor Simpson and Dr. McLoughlin decided to move the Hudson's Bay post farther up the river.

Some ninety miles up the Columbia opposite the mouth of the Willamette they built Fort Vancouver. It sat on the north shore, at a point where the Columbia makes a splendid sweep round to receive the Willamette flowing down through its lovely meadows. The walls were double rows of "spruce slabs half a foot thick, twenty feet high and sharp at both ends." Cannon poked their ugly black noses through the palisades, and at the north-west corner stood a bastion, its lower story a powder-magazine, its upper, a look-out. The gates were of rough-hewn beams and had huge brass hinges, upon which they swung open toward the river. Near the main gate was the wicket in the wall through which, as at all trading-posts, the Indians passed in their furs and received in exchange the goods they needed. In the centre of the great court stood the chief factor's house, a fine two-story timbered building. In neat rows on either side stood the stores, the warehouses, the fur presses, bachelor hall, and the cabins where the married trappers lived. The houses were separated from one another by squares of trimly-cut lawn, each with whitewashed stones at the corners, and a symmetrical pile of cannon balls in the middle.

From Fort Vancouver, his capital, Dr. McLoughlin ruled his wide, partly-explored kingdom. Farther east at the first bend of the Columbia stood Walla Walla post, where trader Panbrum did business with the Walla Walla Indians. Trader Ross held the second bend of the river at Fort Okanagan. Northward, where the Columbia turns into the Arrow Lakes, Macdonell was in charge of Fort Colville; and southward, John Clarke, Colin Robertson's assistant, now ruled Spokane House. For the rest of the country, it was almost unknown, no man's land, every man's land, waiting for those who should possess it.

Out from the brass-bound gates of Fort Vancouver came the men who led the brigades into the wilderness south and east and north. McLeod traded along the coast as far as California; Peter Ogden scoured the mountains south and east,

and following the Snake, led his men to the deserts of Nevada; Trader Ross crossed the Rockies and hunted the buffalo on the great plains in the teeth of the warrior tribes—the Blackfeet, the Piegan and the Crow. By such leaders and their men, feet bleeding from the mountain trails, choked by desert dust, skin and bone from starvation—by such men that country was explored.

THE COLUMBIA

YOUNG Bruno found it long ago;
A leaky ship, a starveling crew,
From leaning mast his banner blew,
But northward still the Spaniard flew.

The Saxon sought it high and low;
A painted ship, a watchful crew,
And flying now red, white, and blue,
Northward raced the Saxon too.

The river flowed so quietly;
A fog came down both thick and dark,
Vancouver overshot the mark,
Gray found; ah, hark the cheering, hark!

The river still flows quietly;
Magnificently strong and wide,
The towering mountains' lofty pride
It marries with the ocean's tide.

Canadian Pacific Railway

IN THE ROCKIES

THE BEAVER HUNT

In the autumn of 1825 Peter Ogden was ordered out to hunt the beaver. He determined to follow the River of the Falls southward from the Columbia to the beaver swamps; then to circle round to the head-waters of the Snake and return to the Columbia down that river. The mountain brigades travelled on horseback instead of by canoe, so the rendezvous was appointed at Walla Walla, where horses were to be bought from the Cayuse Indians, and the factor had a good stock of pemmican which he bought from the Flathead buffalo hunters.

The brigade was made up of twenty white men, fifty or sixty half-breed trappers, as many women, a few children and three horses for each rider. Tom McKay, son of Alexander Mackenzie's lieutenant, and one of the best shots in the country,

was Ogden's first assistant; he would lead the hunters. Gervaise, Pierre and Payette, famous Iroquois trappers from the St. Lawrence, would supervise the trapping. The brigade left Walla Walla on November 20; Ogden set out the following morning and caught up with his people before night.

They followed the Columbia south-west. The road was hilly and the horses wild. Bands of Indians circled about them, waiting for night that they might steal the white man's beaver traps and ride off with his horses. On December 3 they left the Columbia and turned south up the River of the Falls. They found themselves in a beautiful country of green meadows and spreading oak trees. Then, as they began to climb into the mountains, it became colder; the road was of cut-rocks and lamed the horses badly. They descended into a plain on the other side of the divide and turned eastward. Deer were plentiful, but their horses were so weary they could not hunt. They passed three boiling fountains of sulphur. The horses went saddle-deep in mire.

Ogden now began to cross the Blue Mountains, seeking for the head-waters of the Snake. Each night a hundred and sixty beaver traps were set out; in the morning, if they had between thirty and sixty beaver, they thought it a good night's work. In mid-winter the beaver seemed suddenly to disappear. The men worked like Trojans trenching the rivers above and below the beaver dams, but the beaver houses were empty. Often in the morning it was found that the trap had been sprung and the game stolen. In spite of cold and wet the men began sleeping in the swamps beside their traps. On the last day of the old year they took only one beaver; on New Year's Day only four.

Food also was very scarce. Each day Tom McKay with his band of hunters scoured the cut-rocks; night after night he and his men came into camp tired, hungry and empty-handed. On Christmas Day they had only twenty pounds of food on hand. One trapper who had been three days without food, killed his horse. The horses lacking grass could hardly move; many of them lay helpless on the plain. McKay and his men went to the hills, but returned without having seen a single track. Two

horses were killed and eaten. Wolves and ravens began to follow the camp.

Towards the end of January they began crossing the last range of mountains. The snow was six feet deep in the first pass, and they were forced to seek another. For ten days they lived on one meal in two days. All the gay trinkets brought out in the beginning had long ago been cast aside. Day after day the men worked doggedly, seeking food and beaver; night after night they slept unprotected on the frozen ground; yet Ogden heard not one complaint from them. On February 2 they left the river up whose banks they had been toiling, and started down one which flowed north-east. They had crossed the divide. The tired bronchos sniffed, pricked their ears forward and galloped joyously into the valley of the Snake. During February they had taken two hundred and seventy-four beaver; they might have had three thousand had the weather been mild.

Deer were now plentiful; hardly more than skin and bone they were, and yet delicious to the starving brigade. On March 13, Tom and his men came in with a dozen elk; the whole camp sat up all night to eat. Snake warriors passed them on their way to trade buffalo-meat and steal horses in the Spanish settlements. They met a band of Blackfeet from the Saskatchewan planning to attack the Snakes. By the end of March they had only a thousand beaver, though Ogden had set his heart on taking three thousand back to Fort Vancouver.

Early in April they heard that a party of Americans were hunting near. Poor Ogden almost despaired. "If this be true," he wrote in his journal, "our hunts are damned. We may prepare to go home empty-handed." The year before, while hunting in this region, Ogden had been met by a party of Americans from St. Louis, who took from him all his furs and persuaded twenty-eight of his men to desert. It is said that the Americans put laudanum in the whiskey of Ogden's men, but Ogden's journal of that year's trip is lost and no one knows what really happened.

On April 9 the two parties stumbled upon one another; it is difficult to say which was the more surprised; probably the Americans, who had the year before warned Ogden to keep

out of that country. The next day the Americans came to visit the Canadians. This meeting remains almost as deeply shrouded in mystery as that of the year before. What means Ogden used to make the Americans repay he never revealed. They did repay, however, and Ogden set out for Fort Vancouver with nearly ten thousand skins in his packs.

The Blackfeet set the plains on fire to destroy them, but they escaped. On the night of May 6 it snowed and the trappers, who had been without shoes, blankets or shelter of any kind for six months, were again almost frozen. Their path across the Snake River plains was marked with blood from the horses' feet cut by the sharp stones. But hard times as well as happy ones have an end. Through the golden weather of late June, over meadows carpeted with flowers, Ogden and his gallant band marched home to Fort Vancouver.

THE STANDARD OF TRADE

TRADE with the Indians was carried on by means of a standard valuation, sometimes called a "castor." There was very little money in the country except in Red River. When the Indian brought his bundle of furs to the post, the trader separated them into different lots and valued them according to the standard. If they were worth fifty castors he gave the Indian fifty little pieces of wood, which the latter returned in payment for the goods which he wanted. The Indians made from fifty to two hundred castors in a winter.

Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway

THE PACK TRAIN.

THE NEW ROUTE

The North-West Company had long brought goods in and taken furs out of New Caledonia, painfully, by the Rocky Mountain Portage and McLeod Lake. Simon Fraser's trip had proved the Lower Fraser impracticable as a business route to the sea. His lieutenant, John Stuart, then explored seeking water connection between the Fraser and the Columbia, but found none. Stuart suggested, however, that the New Caledonia outfits might be brought in by pack-horse from the Columbia via Okanagan and Kamloops.

This route made it necessary that the Company should have a warehouse post as low down upon the Fraser as possible; so, in 1821, they built Fort Alexandria at the point upon the river where Sir Alexander Mackenzie turned back. The new post soon became an important one, the gathering-place for all the northern furs, the terminus of the pack-train road from the south, and a granary in a small way, for a little wheat was presently grown to supply the tables of chief factors and other important officials with a treat of white bread now and then.

When Dr. McLoughlin took charge of the fur department west of the mountains, he at once agreed that to carry goods and furs by canoe across the prairies and the Rockies was a waste of time and money; they could be transported much more cheaply by ships round the world from London to the mouth of the Columbia. The Company, therefore, provided a ship, the *Cadboro*, which from 1827 made a yearly voyage between London and Fort Vancouver; and the latter post became the capital of the Pacific department.

Brigades now regularly left Fort Vancouver carrying supplies for Fort St. James and the other northern posts. Chief Factor

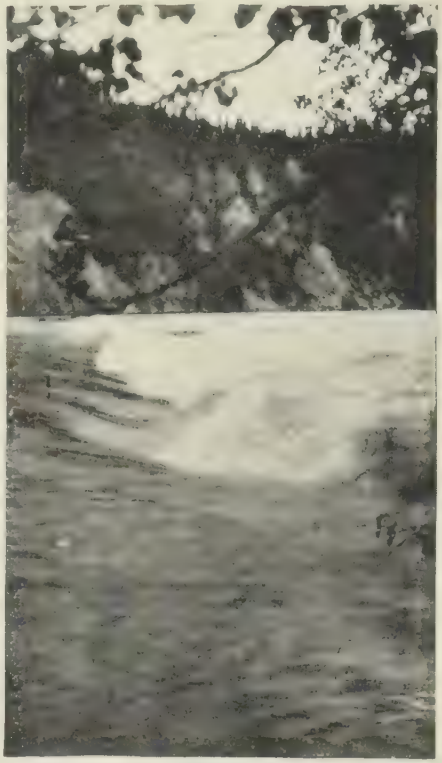
McLoughlin, his long white hair blowing in the wind, came down to the wharf to shake hands with and bless them. The cargoes were stowed; the bustle of preparation stilled. Husbands and fathers kissed and comforted their dusky wives and children, for it was dangerous country that toward which they steered. Young fellows chaffed the pretty squaws, making them gifts of ribbon or beads. Gay voyageurs in purple or yellow shirts drew scarlet sashes tighter and placed silver-trimmed pipes at hand. Steersmen fingered the paddle blades upon which the lives of all might hang. Brigade leaders fumed over this delay and that.

At last everything is ready; the men take their places. The great canoes, carrying fifty or sixty men each, range themselves in order on the river; the *Pilot*, flying the H. B. C. flag, paddles up to the head of the line. No lurching or luffing or awkward turning here; these men are experts; their fingers close upon the paddle as do those of an artist on his brush. Each man knows to an ounce, to the fraction of an inch, the weight and sweep required; he has learned it looking death in the eyes. A long stroke, a short one, a steersman holding, a bowman letting go—and the brigade is ready. At the word the paddles fall and the long lithe craft shoots through the water. The steersman gives the note and out breaks the gay chanson. Fainter it grows and fainter, fainter still till only an echo floats down the river to the watchers on the shore.

At Okanagan the goods are disembarked and loaded upon the horses of the pack-train. The brigade leader has the men up at five o'clock. The loose horses are caught and fed, packs are arranged and tied firmly on unwilling backs. Breakfast is hurried through; yet, in spite of haste, it is ten o'clock before the long line trots out of camp. The road winds between high walls of rock, it fidgets along the side of furious mountain streams, edges narrowly by bottomless abysses. The sun pours down, the dust rises in clouds, the mosquitoes torture the unfortunate men. Still the pack-train plods forward, the little bells of the lead-horses tinkling coolly through the heat. The chief trader rides near the head of the train, his fine beaver hat is in its oiled silk cover and slung by his saddle-bow; his white shirt and ruffles

are sadly soiled by dust and perspiration. No nooning is allowed. The hunters watch sharply for a shot at game; the others ride steadily head down, trying to forget the discomfort in a drowse. So till five, when the shouted order comes down the line and everyone rounds into camp.

Kamloops was the halfway house between Okanagan and Alexandria. The men dismount with shouts, for here they have several days' rest. They will sleep in beds, taste fresh food, and get the saddle-cramp out of their legs. Half the traders stay at Kamloops to take back the furs which the upper posts will send down. The others, after their brief holiday, load fresh horses and carry the goods on to Fort Alexandria. From there they will go by canoe to Fort George, Fort St. James and the other northern posts.



M. J. Hilton, Edmonton

PARLE PAS RAPIDS IN FLOOD

The Parle Pas (speak not) Rapids are so called because they make no noise and the voyageurs came upon them without warning.

The pack-train work was very hard upon the horses. Two or three hundred were yearly bred at Kamloops for the service. Perhaps the men did not take very wise care of them. Certainly they died very quickly. The men constantly complained of them, and the officers as constantly rebuked their juniors for carelessness. One chief factor complains that no less than sixty-three horses had been sent into New Caledonia in one year. The men must, he thought, both overload and neglect them.

KAMLOOPS

KAMLOOPS was the trading-post of the Shushwaps. It became the resting-place of the brigades bound north from Fort Vancouver. At Kamloops the mountains draw back from the trail; the post was built on a pleasant meadow from which the rolling prairies rise to the wooded hills. It was paradise for the tired riders from the south, their eyes dull with staring at the towering walls of the mountain defiles. The Shushwaps were a warlike tribe and the fort was well palisaded.

Soon after the union Samuel Black came to Kamloops as chief factor. He was a strong man, a skilful trader, firm yet kindly in dealing with the Indians. He and Tranquille, the Shushwap chief, soon became good friends. One day, however, they quarrelled over a gun left at the Company's store. In the end Black pacified the chief and the two parted friends.

Tranquille went home to his lodge and very soon afterwards fell sick of a fever. He died and his wife blamed Black, saying that the white chief had cast the evil eye over her husband. Yet she accepted the coffin Chief Factor Black sent, and Tranquille was buried after the fashion of the white man.

In the lodge with the widow lived the dead chief's nephew, a young man whom the widow now stirred up to kill Black. At first the lad refused, but he was full of sorrow for the loss of his uncle, and he did not like to be called a coward. Presently he arose, blackened his face, took up his gun, and set off to Kamloops. Black received him kindly. He was invited into the Indian hall, where food and tobacco were given him. He sat smoking till nearly night. Then, as Black passed through the room, the boy took up his gun, shot the trader in the back, and escaped.

The news spread like lightning through the country. The Indians were as excited and regretful as the white men. John Tod came over from Fort Alexandria to take charge at Kamloops. McLean arrived from Colville, McKinley from Okanagan, McLoughlin sent men from Fort Vancouver to help in the hunt. All trade was stopped and, within a week, the whole force of the great Company was concentrated to find and punish

the murderer. Tod called the Shushwaps together and told them that not one of them should suffer except the guilty man, who must be given up. Nicola, chief of the Okanagans, made a great speech:

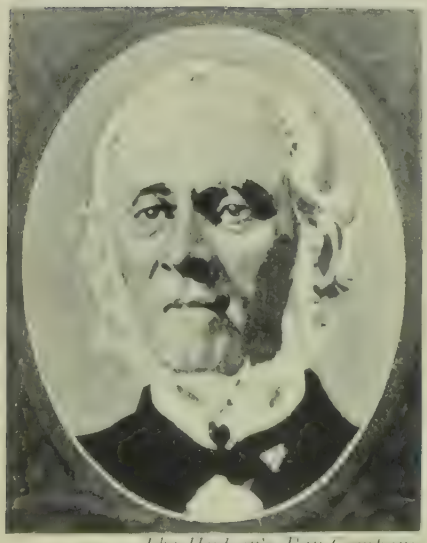
"You ask for powder and ball," he said, "and the white men refuse with a scowl. Why do the white men let your children starve? Look there! Your friend lies dead. Are the Shushwaps such cowards as to shoot their benefactor in the back? Alas! Yes; you have killed your father. You must not rest till you have brought his murderer to justice."

The murderer who had taken refuge in the mountains of Cariboo was soon captured. Loaded with heavy irons, they threw the lad across a horse and started back to Kamloops. At one place they had to cross a stream in a canoe; with a jerk the prisoner capsized the boat. Amid the crack of rifles he floated down-stream singing his death-song till its notes were hushed by the ball which found his heart.

Elizabeth Bailey Price

LAKE WINDERMERE

JAMES DOUGLAS



The Hudson's Bay Company

SIR JAMES DOUGLAS

JAMES DOUGLAS came as clerk to Fort St. James while William Connolly was chief factor there. For a time he had charge of the fish hatchery at Small Lake, which supplied the fort with food. They used nets of thread, willow and twine, taking sometimes many, sometimes hardly enough to feed themselves. They bought salmon from the Indians also, and carried all to the fort on dog sledges.

Young Douglas had not been long at the fort when he fell in love with pretty Nelly Connolly, the chief factor's daughter. It was looking high for a clerk; most of the men had to be content with Indian wives; but Douglas was of good family, hard-working and determined. He won her and they were married. During the summer of 1828 Chief Factor Connolly went down to Fort Alexandria to bring up the outfit, and left his son-in-law in charge of Fort St. James.

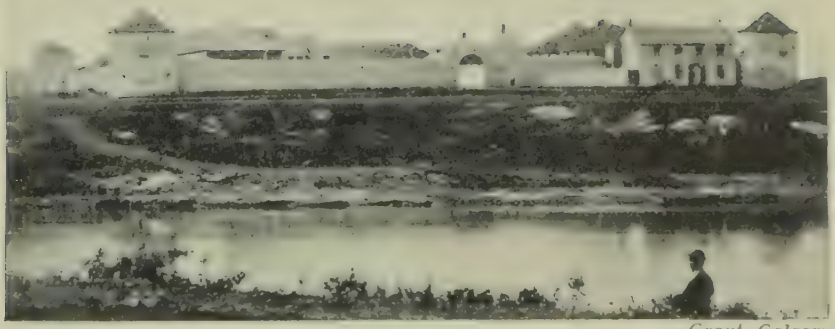
Several years before, two young Indians had killed two of the Hudson's Bay Company servants. One of the murderers had been caught and punished; the other had escaped. Now it chanced that, while the chief factor was absent, the fugitive returned to visit his friends at Stuart Lake. He found all the braves away and took refuge in the hut of a sick squaw.

Hearing of his presence Douglas collected a few of the fort men and, armed with hoes and rakes, went to seize the culprit. Instead of running away, the stupid fellow hid under a pile of skins, from whence he was quickly drawn. He was at once shot and the stern young judge announced, "The man he killed was eaten by dogs; by the dogs he must be eaten." The poor body was thrown out to the beasts. Such deeds were, it was thought in those days, necessary to keep the Indians in proper respect for the Company.

This particular act made the tribe very angry. Chief 'Kwah was especially indignant, because the young man was a distant relative of his. It was decided that young Douglas should be taught a lesson. With a large band behind him 'Kwah pressed into Connolly's house and began to reproach Douglas for his cruelty. The young man seized a little cannon, which he had had brought in from the wall, but 'Kwah caught his hand and went on with his speech. When the servants tried to reach Douglas, they were prevented by the Indians. The commotion grew. 'Kwah's nephew held a dagger over the white man's heart, shouting, "Shall I strike? Shall I strike?"

At this moment Douglas's young wife and a girl friend who was with her rushed out screaming and begging 'Kwah to save Douglas. Running upstairs they threw down a shower of tobacco, handkerchiefs, ribbons, beads, laces, scarves—whatever they could lay their hands upon quickly. The Indians began scrambling for the gifts and for the moment forgot their prisoner. 'Kwah, who had never intended to allow Douglas to be killed, now ordered his men to their tents. The white folk were glad to shut their doors that afternoon.

Soon after this Governor Simpson arrived on a tour of inspection. Preceded by the flag and a band of buglers and bagpipers, and supported by Dr. Hambly, Chief Factor McDonald, and twenty men with packs, he approached the fort. Two hours later Connolly returned, also in state. All this pomp impressed the Indians; they consented to confer with the Governor. Gifts passed, and peace was made. Nevertheless Douglas's life was again threatened, and the next year he was transferred to the Columbia.



Grant, Calgary

FORT GARRY

RED RIVER GROWS

THE union of the fur companies brought many new settlers to Red River. As it was much shorter and therefore cheaper to send the furs out by Hudson's Bay, Norway House and York Factory replaced Fort William and Montreal in the trade. On the broad waters of the north, boats could be used for transporting goods; more and more they took the place of the birch-bark canoe. The voyageurs were thrown out of work; some turned to hunting, others became cart freighters, many of them settled in Red River.

The Selkirk colonists had been getting on nicely for some years until 1826 brought disaster. A plague of mice appeared in the autumn of 1825. The winter of 1826 was very severe. A terrible blizzard drove the buffalo far out on the plains, and killed the horses of the hunters, many of whom lost their own lives. In the spring came floods. The river, still choked with ice, overflowed its banks and spread rapidly over the country. The Company got out all the boats and rescued the people from their flooded houses. The cattle had been driven off to the hills, and the farmers were preparing to save their grain and furniture when the ice gave way. Then the flood carried houses,

barns, everything before it. Only one life was lost, but many people were ruined.

After this catastrophe the colony bravely began again. The Swiss soldiers and the other less solid citizens moved to the United States, leaving Red River the better for their absence. The crops turned out splendidly that summer. Both summer and autumn hunts were successful. Fish were plentiful in river and lake. The dogged Scottish colonists built new homes; at long last Fortune turned her face toward Red River.

Lord Selkirk had long ago sent out a windmill, but for some years no one was found who knew how to set it up and run it. At last a millwright arrived and, in 1825, the mill wheels began to turn; soon there were a dozen mills in the settlement. Mr. Cuthbert Grant tried a water-mill, but it worked badly. The Company introduced paper money, which made it much easier for the people to do business. To help the settlers, Governor Simpson ordered all possible Company supplies to be bought from the Red River people; but the flour and butter brought in were of so poor a quality that he had to give that up. He then tried to establish an experimental farm to show the people how to make flour and butter, but the farm failed, though the Company spent a great deal of money on it.

Red River grew slowly but steadily. By 1860 there were between twelve and thirteen thousand people in the settlement, about half of whom were French half-breeds, called Métis. Most of the Métis were hunters, trappers or freighters. Company goods were now commonly transported across the plains by ox-cart brigades. A brigade might include several hundred carts, one freighter being in charge of three carts. Sixteen to eighteen shillings per hundred pounds was paid for freighting. Some fifteen hundred carts creaked back and forth between Red River and St. Paul; five hundred more to the Saskatchewan; between six and seven hundred men were employed as freighters.

Another large group of Métis were hunters. Summer and autumn they rode out to hunt the buffalo; reckless, daring fellows who risked their lives hourly among the herds, and the tribes of hostile Indians. To hunters and freighters the Company advanced, during the winter, the supplies they needed. Almost

unlimited credit was allowed them, and they were apt to burden themselves with large debts. If the summer proved successful, they worked off their liability; if the season were poor, they sank the deeper into debt. Few of them laid by any provision for old age.

The Scottish and English half of the Red River settlement were, most of them, farmers. They cropped the front fields of their narrow farms along the river and pastured great herds of cattle on the rich prairies behind. Just before harvest, men, women and children went hay-cutting. Each farmer rode about over the prairie till he came to a hay meadow that pleased him. He cut about it in a great circle. All the grass within the circle now belonged to him; no one else would touch it. Then all the land was cheerful with the shrill song of the mowing-machine and the scythe. Each family pitched its tent on the field. The women and children spread, turned, coiled and stacked the fragrant grass. No one went home till haying was over.

Then came harvest. A long line of wheat-fields lay beside the river, the rich soil sending up, year after year, masses of rustling gold. The vista of neat houses and good barns promised that the canny Saxon settlers would not know poverty in old age. They were a friendly, sociable people. Summer was a busy season but, in winter, everyone visited everyone else. The long drive was followed by dinner at a table loaded with good things. In the evenings old folks read or gossiped by the hearth, while the young folk sang or danced.

In 1853 a monthly mail service was arranged between Fort Garry and Fort Ripley in the United States. Six years later a newspaper, the *Nor'-Wester*, began to be published once a fortnight. It would have been hard to find, anywhere, a happier or more comfortable people than those of Red River.

Yet the community had its difficulties. The Hudson's Bay Company loyally helped the colony but would *not* allow anyone to trade in furs without the Company's permission. Constables were employed who searched suspected houses, and carried off to prison men whom they believed to be fur traders. Wherever furs were found they were seized. For a long time, too, people had to sell all their produce and buy all their supplies

from the Company; there was no other market. Then private merchants began to bring in goods and set up little stores. At first the Company helped these merchants, giving them credit; but when they began to oppress the people, the Company undersold and soon crowded them out. This antagonised the merchants. There were now so many half-breed hunters on the plains that the Company could not buy all the meat brought in; this angered the hunters. The Company became unpopular in many quarters.

In 1834 Lord Selkirk's heirs for a sum of money made over the colony to the Hudson's Bay Company, which at once arranged for it a system of government. Several influential men were chosen to act as councillors and, sitting with the Governor, were given power to make laws for the colony. A court of justice was organised and, in 1839, Mr. Thom, a lawyer, was sent out as head of the court. All this, though intended for the good of the colony, only made further trouble. The people did not always like the councillors chosen, nor always approve of the laws they made. The Métis said that Mr. Thom was a Company man who could not speak French. They could not, they said, expect justice from him. Thus, even while they prospered, the people of Red River felt they had cause for dissatisfaction.

The Company's refusal to let private persons trade in furs was the root of most of the trouble. The buffalo hunters traded a good many furs which they sold in the United States. After Mr. Thom came, three Métis were seized for this, which set the half-breed population buzzing like a hornets' nest.

Next, the Governor ordered that all business men who wished to send letters to their agents in England by the Company's ship must send them open, so that he might see that they were not fur trading in secret. This was going too far and foreshadowed the defeat of the Company.

At last, in the spring of 1849, William Sayers, a French half-breed, was brought to public trial for illicit trading in furs. It was the first time this had been done and, as it turned out, Judge Thom was most unwise in pressing the trial. The court-house was surrounded by an excited mob. The trial was a farce; Sayers admitted that he had traded in furs and was pronounced

guilty. Then the prisoner said he had permission from a Company officer to trade in furs, and he was released. The mob went away laughing and cheering. The great Company had been defeated. They could forbid people to trade, but they could not enforce obedience. In general, matters went on peaceably enough, but the law was often abused because the Company government had not power to enforce it.

THE GOVERNOR'S WEDDING

In the spring of 1830 all Rupert's Land was agog with excitement; Governor Simpson was about to be married. The bride-elect was a pretty, gentle, rather delicate girl, a sister of Chief Factor Finlayson's wife. The lively groom bubbled over with happiness. He was busy morning, noon and night making arrangements. He wrote dozens of letters; in one of them he says that he is taking Leblanc, an excellent workman, from York Factory to Fort Garry to prepare the house for his wife.

The wedding took place at Fort Garry, and was a very grand affair. Congratulations, good wishes and gifts poured in from all parts of the continent. The Governor took his bride on a honeymoon trip to Norway House and York Factory.

They lived for some years afterward in Fort Garry, where they gathered about them a very pleasant little circle of friends. The Company's officers with their wives; Mr. and Mrs. Jones, the clergyman and his wife; Dr. Tod and Dr. Hambly made agreeable company. They visited one another, rode and drove, picnicked in summer and played cards in winter, "entertained with music," and lived upon the fat of the land. "Red River is a perfect Canaan as far as good cheer goes," wrote the Governor to a friend. It seemed that it had been a "fairy" wedding, and that he and his wife were destined to live happily ever after.

THE FIRST CHURCHES [1]

Reverend Joseph Provencher and the Reverend Sévère Dumoulin were the first clergymen in the Red River settlement; they arrived in 1818. They chose a site on the east bank of the Red just opposite the mouth of the Assiniboine, and here they built a church and a little mission-house, which they called St. Boniface. The French Canadians rejoiced at the sight of them and flocked to hear the service. Other priests and nuns came up from Quebec to establish missions. In 1822 Provencher was made bishop. The little church at St. Boniface became a stately cathedral with two turrets, whose bells carried joyful welcome to the voyageur far up and down the river. Sister Lagrave, sitting on a chair on the scaffolding, painted the walls and the arched ceiling. Sometimes she had another nun to help her, but most of the sisters trembled when they saw her go up so high.

Mr. John West was the first Protestant minister to come to Red River. He was sent out from England by the joint interest of the Church Missionary Society and the Hudson's Bay Company, and reached his pastorate in 1820. Mr. West settled on the two lots which Lord Selkirk had set aside for a church and school. There he built a little log school-house, the first in Western Canada. For three months Mr. West was very busy marrying people. Many couples in the settlement who had been united by the law gladly seized the first opportunity to have their marriages blessed by the Church also. In 1822 a little church, the first St. John's, and a dwelling-house were built, and Mr. West went home to bring out his wife. Something prevented, and Mr. Jones returned in his place.

In 1825 William Cochrane, afterwards Archdeacon Cochrane, came to Red River. He was a large, strong man, and very energetic. Middle Church, as it was called, was now built farther

[1] Arranged from *Women of Red River*, by W. J. Healy.

down the river. Then Mr. Jones took charge of St. John's and Middle Church, while Mr. Cochrane moved ten miles farther down the river and built St. Andrew's. To St. Andrew's came many Indians who could not understand all that was said in the English service, so this tireless pastor established still another church, St. Peter's, where they might hear a sermon in their own tongue.

Not content with holding services each Sunday in two churches connected by ten miles of river or footpath through the bush, Mr. Cochrane spent his week-days teaching the reluctant Indians to farm. With two men, a yoke of oxen, a plough and harrows, he went down to the Indian settlement near St. Peter's and began work. For weeks he laboured early and late and, by dint of much persuasion and generous gifts of seed, he converted seven Indians into farmers. It was very discouraging. If the weather were bad, the Indians would not stir out of their tents; if it were fine, they were quite likely to go fishing. That summer, 1832, an August frost injured the potato crop and discouraged the Indian farmers. When the barley was gathered in, four of the seven made a feast for their neighbours and quickly ate up all they had grown. The three wise families made their barley last all winter. Indians are not stupid, however, and these began to see the advantages of growing food to supply their needs when hunting and fishing failed. In a few years nearly all the band were cultivating little farms at Sugar Point; houses were beginning to take the place of teepees; a school had been built, and a civilised settlement established.

Archdeacon Cochrane was as outspoken as he was energetic, never hesitating to speak his mind whether in the pulpit or out of it. "One Sunday in spring, some ladies came to St. John's with hats trimmed with bright colours. Archdeacon Cochrane paused in his sermon to speak of those gay hats, and said that he hoped the heads beneath them were not being visited by thoughts about finery and vanity in the house of the Lord."

In 1841–42 several Wesleyan Missions were established in the west, but during all these years the Scottish settlers had no Presbyterian church. When Lord Selkirk visited them they

had asked that a minister be sent out and the Silver Chief, generous as always, had given the two lots for a church and school and had promised to send them a minister. But the man who came was Mr. West, and the church established an Anglican one. Longing sorely for the services of their own church, the Selkirk families of Kildonan yet attended service at St. John's for many years. In order to make the Anglican service a little more like the Presbyterian, good Mr. Jones preached and prayed extemporarily, and the Scottish part of the congregation stood to pray and sat to sing as they had been accustomed to do at home. So wise and kind were the Anglican clergymen that they were as much beloved by the Selkirk men of Kildonan as by their own English parishioners.

In 1851, however, the Reverend John Black, a Presbyterian minister, arrived in Red River, whereupon Anglicans and Roman Catholics alike rejoiced with their Scottish neighbours. The Company gave three hundred acres of land and a hundred and fifty pounds in money toward the new church. A manse and school were first built. "Through the winter of 1851–52 the Kildonan teams went backward and forward, dragging on sledges stone from Stony Mountain, and pine from St. Peter's, a distance of more than thirty miles. All the lumber for the building and pews was sawed and dressed near the site of the church; all through the summer of 1853 that work was carried on; the sound of the axe, the chisel and the hammer was music to Kildonan hearts. When, in 1854, the church was opened, it and the manse were clear of debt. The two buildings had cost more than a thousand pounds; everybody in Kildonan had contributed either money or work, and many had given both."

The new church was heated by two carron stoves near the door whose long stove pipes were carried one over each aisle to the chimney at the front. "Little kettles hung from each joint in the stove pipes to catch the sooty drip." In winter weather it was difficult to heat the room and a third stove was set up at the front. Before each service a pile of wood was stacked near it, and as the fire died down an elder would step from his place and quietly replenish it. For a long time the singing was led by a precentor. The older folk objected to a choir and a "kist

o' whustles" (organ); but presently a choir was introduced and afterwards the "kist o' whustles" too.

Services were held in the Kildonan church morning and afternoon. On Sunday evening each Scottish home held its own little meeting. "After supper the dishes were carried to the kitchen to be washed on Monday morning; on Sunday no work was done in Kildonan that could be done beforehand on Saturday, or deferred until Monday." The family then gathered round the table lit by a candle, or a rag in a bowl of grease, or by the open fire, and the "Exercises" began.

First the Shorter Catechism was laid on the table and the father of the family began by asking the mother the first question, "What is the chief end of man?" The mother gave the answer, and then she put the next question to the eldest child, who having given the answer, put the next question to the second child; and so it continued round the family circle. Then came the Bible lesson, the father questioning all the members of the family closely and expounding the lesson to them. Next he heard the children recite the texts which they had memorised. After that the father assigned a Bible lesson for the next Sunday, and the evening closed with prayer.

THE SNOWSTORM

Up above the air was laden,
Filled with snowflakes floating downward,
Swirling, twisting, floating, dropping;
Faster, thicker, came they dancing
Ever downward to the prairie.
Still the snowflakes gently gathered,
As the night came, dark and dreary;
Still they floated in the darkness,
Till they rested on each other,
Stood upon each other's shoulders,
And the ones beneath were buried;
Then they snuggled down together,
Went to sleep until the springtime.

GEORGE ROTHERHAM.

THE SELKIRK SETTLERS TAKE POSSESSION
OF RED RIVER.

MAKING CAMP IN WINTER

John McDougall

"Father and his interpreter in the meanwhile were making camp, which was no small job. First they went to work, each with a snowshoe as a shovel, to clear the snow away for a space about twelve feet square down to the ground or moss; the snow forming the walls of our camp. These walls were then lined with pine boughs, and the bottom was floored with the same material; then the fire was made on the side away from the wind. This would occupy the whole length of one side; except in the case of a snowstorm, there would be no covering overhead. If the snow was falling thick some poles would be stuck in the snow-bank at the back of the camp, with a covering of canvas or blankets, which would form the temporary roof of our camp.

"At last we were done; that is, the camp was made, the wood was carried, the fire was blazing. Then the sleighs must be untied, and what you wanted for that time taken from them, and then carefully must you re-wrap and re-tie your sleigh, and sometimes even make a staging on which to hang it to keep it and its contents from your dogs."

THE DOG CARIOLE

The dog cariole was used everywhere in the fur country as the vehicle of winter travel. The carioles were built rather like a huge wooden shoe with the heel raised to support the back, the sole cunningly rounded from the flat, and the toe well turned up to form a sort of dashboard. When dignitaries travelled, a man on snowshoes went before to break the path. Another ran beside to drive. The dogs wore small blankets and collars from which rose a little frame supporting two bells. Well wrapped in furs and snugly tucked in, your chief factor or chief trader had a very comfortable time of it.

Good runners travelled many miles a day with the dogs. Father Lacombe drove his sick friend, Father Frain, from Lac Ste. Anne to Edmonton, between sun-up and twilight of a short winter day. His man, Alexis, one of the best runners in the country, used frequently to drive Father Lacombe from Lac Ste. Anne to the fort and, loading the cariole with four hundred pounds of meat, return at once to the mission, making one hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

THE FIRST SCHOOLS

THE first school in Red River was built by Mr. West at St. John's. It was a humble building, one end of which was partitioned off as a living-room for Mr. Harbidge, the teacher who had come out with Mr. West. The gentlemen brought one pupil, a Cree boy, from York Factory; another Cree lad joined them at Norway House; in all they gathered ten pupils with whom to begin work. Many of the boys and girls of Winnipeg were educated at St. John's parochial school.

In 1838 Bishop Provencher established a school in which weaving should be taught. Governor Simpson promised the bishop that the Company would pay the salaries of two women teachers for three years if the Roman Catholic Mission at St. Boniface would give them board and lodging. The two teachers came up from Canada, and the school had made a good beginning when, in 1839, it was burned down. The machinery for making cloth, the looms, cards, wool, cotton, tow, were all burned. The good bishop lent his house to the teachers and their pupils, while he himself lodged in an abandoned shack. Five years later he brought four Grey nuns from Montreal to establish a school for the Roman Catholic girls of the settlement.

The children of St. Andrews went to school at Park's Creek; John Garrioch was the teacher there. In winter the girls wore coats "made of two-point Hudson's Bay blankets with a leather cord" for a belt. On their feet and legs they wore "duffels" made of white or blue blanket-cloth. The duffels reached up to the knee and were tied there to keep the snow out. Moccasins were worn over the duffels. Thick woollen caps and mittens completed the costume.

The school was heated with a carron stove and had a narrow

desk along each wall. The pupils used slates and pencils. A boy or girl who had no pencil used a lump of clay instead; if there were little pieces of stone in the clay, which often happened, they scratched the slate, leaving marks which could not be rubbed off.

School began with the reading of a chapter from the Bible. The little children had cards with the letters and some short words printed upon them; from these they learned to read. When a pupil could read fairly well he was promoted into the "Testament Class," which read from the New Testament; later he went into the "Bible Class," which read from the Old Testament. Everyone learned by heart the names of the Kings of Judah, the Kings of Israel, the Prophets and the Books of the Bible. The teacher taught ciphering, too, and was very careful to see that every pupil learned to write neatly. At recess the children played cross-tag, wolf, and button-button. At noon each ate the bannock he had brought for lunch and then rushed back to his game just as you do. The afternoon session opened with another chapter from the Bible, and school closed with prayer.

When the boys and girls reached home there were plenty of chores to do. Whole logs of white poplar were burned in the big kitchen fire-places, and plenty of tugging and pushing it took to get them up to the door, you may be sure. Then, as now, there were cows to be milked, calves and pigs to be fed. When supper had been eaten and cleared away, and the family prayers had been said, the boys and girls of Red River were well ready for bed.

THE dragon fire-place spreads his jaws,
His throat is filled with gloom;
His breath is fire, his birchen tongue
Darts flame that lights the room.

Canadian Pacific Railway

THE RED RIVER CART

THE RED RIVER CART

THE famous Red River cart was made entirely of wood—pins, axles, even the rims of the wheels. The upper part was light, but the wheels were ponderous, awkward affairs. If any part of the cart broke on the journey, it was mended with strips of buffalo-hide. These were first soaked in water and then wound tightly round the break. As the hide dried, it contracted and hardened, binding the break firmly and making the cart as strong as ever.

Each cart was drawn by one ox or horse and carried from nine to twelve hundred pounds. In crossing the prairie they commonly travelled about twenty miles a day. When several hundred carts travelled together they formed a train. A train was divided into brigades of ten carts each, following one another in single file. Each man had charge of three carts. Extra horses were always taken with the train in case of need. As the heavy wheels were usually ungreased, the cart brigade could be heard long before it could be seen. "The creaking of the wheels of the Red River cart," says Charles Mair, "is

indescribable. It is like no sound you ever heard in all your life, and makes your blood run cold."

The carts were usually made of oak and elm. The Métis of the White Horse Plains made many for the Hudson's Bay Company. In its youth Portage la Prairie was also famous for its carts.

"The settlers of Portage prided themselves on being able to speak to their Salteaux neighbours in their own language, or in Cree, which evidently emanated from a parent language; and a knowledge of either of these dialects enabled them to converse readily with the French half-breeds as well. This came in very usefully, for hundreds of these people annually passed the place with their long strings of carts on their way to the buffalo-hunt, and on their return generally rested here for a day before continuing their journey to the White Horse Plains.

"The approach of a brigade of these carts on their return loaded with pemmican and dried meat was often announced by the noise they made, for on a calm evening they were usually heard before seen. In the earlier years of their history the Red River carts were far more musical than towards the close; for some fifty years before the last of these famous vehicles were relegated to our museums, an innovation was introduced in the shape of cast-iron boxings, and a lubricating mixture of grease and blacklead, after which the old cry of 'Gre-e-e-e-ase' was heard only occasionally, and *piano* at that. Most writers who refer to the creaking of the Red River cart frankly admit that it is beyond their powers of description.

"By the time the settlers heard or saw the carts of the Métis approach the swamp via the Saskatchewan trail, they were getting pretty hungry for choice morsels of the bison, such as tongues, bosses, and backfats, while the Métis were even more hungry for the butter, milk and vegetables of the settlers; so that very soon after a string of carts was halted, a lively interchange took place of the products of the chase for those of the farm and garden." [1]

[1] From *First Furrows*, by A. C. Garrioch.

JOHN TOD

To reign at Kamloops came John Tod, chief trader for the Honourable Company of Adventurers. Tod was a big man, strong and plain-looking. His long thin neck rose from sloping shoulders and supported a high narrow head. His huge fist descending upon Indians who had incurred his wrath, knocked them down like ninepins; yet his grey eyes flashed continual fireworks of wit and fun, and his electric tongue ordered, cajoled, complained, tricked, and rolled off racy tales, in turn. Associated with Tod there reigned in the country also Lolo, chief of the Shushwaps, a tall savage with a handsome Roman face and the melancholy dignity of a Spanish prince. Lolo had been on good terms with the Company for twenty years, and he and Tod were friends.

Now it chanced in the spring of 1846 that Lolo fell in love with a beautiful sorrel horse among the Company's band at Kamloops. Again and again he begged Tod for the horse, and again and again the chief trader refused. The day came for the departure of the annual expedition to the "Fountain" on the Fraser River to bring back the salmon which the Indians there had caught and cured for the fort. Lolo led the party, a bright-hued train, for more than liquor the Shushwaps loved ribbons, sashes, scarlet leggings and gaudy handkerchiefs for the head. With them went every man of the trader's staff. Only Tod himself, his Indian wife, three dusky babies and a horse-boy remained.

The expedition had been gone two days when just as Tod began to unlace his moccasins for the night the door opened and Lolo peered in. "Come in," said Tod, yawning as he drew off a moccasin. His heart was thumping, his brain busy, for he

knew something must have happened to the salmon train; but he would not show surprise before the Indian. Lolo stepped in, standing stiffly in the middle of the room.

"Smoke?" asked Tod, pushing the pipe and tobacco across the table toward the savage. "Your family will be glad to see you."

"What about the sorrel horse, Mr. Tod?" said Lolo, as he unbent to take up the pipe. "I should like to have that horse."

"The river has risen since yesterday," said Tod, beginning to unlace the other moccasin.

"Mr. Tod, I have followed the fortunes of the Hudson's Bay Company for twenty years. I have shared my food with them, warned them of peril, protected them in danger; I have never before been refused a gift. I want that sorrel horse."

"Fill your pipe," said Tod, yawning as he drew off the second moccasin.

"Alas! my wives and little ones," sighed the chief. "What will become of them if this evil befalls?"

"What the devil is the matter?" shouted Tod, unable to bear the suspense any longer.

"Several of the Shushwap tribes lie in ambush to exterminate the Kamloops party when it reaches the Fraser. A young Atnah chief, a friend of mine, warned me that I might escape."

Tod drew in a long breath, gazing at the chief. Was it true or merely a ruse to secure the horse?

"Where are the men and horses?"

"I hid them a little off the trail and ordered them to graze there till I returned. They are safe, for the attack will not be made till they reach the river."

"Very well, go now to your lodge while I think the matter over." Lolo went out, but in a moment again thrust his head within.

"May I not have the horse now?" he begged plaintively.

"No, you rascal! Go home! and if you say horse to me again, I'll break every bone in your body." Lolo vanished.

Tod was puzzled. He felt almost sure that the story was a trick on the part of Lolo; but what if it should be true? He

dared not risk its falsity. Calling his half-breed boy he ordered him to saddle two of the fleetest horses in the corral. He explained to his wife, wrote a brief statement for headquarters in case he should not return and, shortly after midnight, galloped recklessly down the trail to the Fraser River.

He reached his men at noon. They had heard nothing and he did not explain. Having seen carefully to their arms, the party took the trail at dawn, Tod riding alone far in advance. At nine o'clock they entered a little plain thick-walled with brushwood and bordering on the river. Tod halted his men and rode slowly into the open. In a few moments he saw the enemy among the bushes northward; they were painted, feathered and separated from their women, obviously stripped for battle. Lolo had been right; mentally Tod promised him the horse should he survive to give it to him. Meantime what was to be done? They were ten against three hundred.

With his face toward the foe, Tod now motioned forward one of his own men.

"George," he said, "fall back and if anything happens to me ride for your lives to the fort."

The brave Canadian would have stood by his leader, but Tod would have none of him. "Go!" he shouted in a voice that thundered through the woods and startled the waiting savages. They looked at one another uneasily, recalling the Indian superstition that Chief Trader Tod could not be killed.

The Indians now emerged from ambush and gathered on a little rise at the edge of the woods. Tod drew pistol, gun and sword and with them flashing in his hands raised high above his head, he galloped over the plain and cast them at the feet of the group of chiefs. Then he gave rein to his magnificent snow-white mare. The beautiful animal curvetted to the right, pranced to the left, and finally charged straight into the midst of the savage band.

Smiling he looked down upon the pressing circle. "What is all this about?" he asked. "What do you want?"

"We want Lolo," they replied. "Where is he?"

"Then you haven't heard the news," said Tod in affected astonishment. "Lolo, poor fellow, is at home."

"What news?" cried the Indians, always curious as children.

"The small-pox is upon us. It was brought up from Walla Walla by an Okanagan."

"Small-pox!" the dread word passed from lip to lip. The Shushwaps shivered, their conspiracy forgotten. "Small-pox! Small-pox!"

"But I have come to save you," shouted Tod cheerfully. "Be not afraid, my friends, I shall save you; only do as I command."

As he commanded? Would they not? Who now remembers that half an hour ago he meant to kill this man?

"See the tree yonder?" He pointed to a huge pine. "Cut it down!"

Down with the weapons, up with the axes. Every man who could push into the circle fell to chopping.

"Where the smoke rises about the bushes, there is my camp," said Tod to the squaws. "Carry the salmon thither and sell to my men."

Quickly the annual requirement of salmon was delivered. The horses were loaded, and Tod ordered his men off to the fort. By this time the tree was down, and time must still be gained for the laden horses to get out of harm's way.

"Cut it off four fathoms from the butt, level the stump, and roll the log up to it," ordered Tod. It was done. He mounted his woodland throne and placed his feet on the log.

"Let fifty of the bravest strip each his right arm," commanded the trader. "Now go down to the river and wash that arm."

Meekly they did as they were bid and returned. Tod drew from his pocket his knife and a little case of vaccine. The knife was dull; it would hurt the more and serve them right, thought Tod. Then he began to vaccinate. Perhaps he scarred a little heavily when it came to those he well knew had headed the conspiracy. In any case no man of them would use his weapon arm for a fortnight. The chief trader saw to that.

When the fifty noble arms had been inoculated, there was still a little vaccine left. Worn out though he was, Tod did another twenty. He warned them to keep the arm bare and

upright, and explained that when the sore had healed, each might vaccinate his family with the scab.

So the great conspiracy of the Shushwaps ended; Lolo had the sorrel horse; and Chief Trader Tod was worshipped throughout all that country, for not a man of the three hundred but believed that Tod had saved his life.

THE STORM

David Thompson

"On the steep bare sides of these mountains I twice saw the first formation of the clouds of a storm. Its first direction was from the Pacific Ocean eastward up the valley of the lower Columbia River, from which the hills forced it from east to north. The sun was shining on these steep rocks when the clouds of the storm entered about 2000 feet above the level ground. It moved in large revolving circles; the northern edge of the circle behind cutting, in its revolution, the centre of the circle before it. So it advanced, circle within circle, for nearly twenty miles along these high hills until the clouds closed on me and all was obscurity. It was a grand sight and deeply riveted my attention.'

FIFTY-FOUR FORTY OR FIGHT

At first the Spaniards and the Russians divided between them the west coast of America, the Spaniards owning Southern California and claiming northward; the Russians owning Alaska and claiming southward. Then came the British and the Americans seeking a share. The Americans, inheriting from the Spaniards, *claimed* the whole coast. The British, in the person of the Hudson's Bay Company, *occupied* most of it. In 1825 Britain made a treaty with the Russians by which it was agreed that the Russian strip of coast should extend south only as far as 54° 40′ of latitude. The Company already had trading-posts throughout the country from this line to the Columbia; the Americans, though claiming it, had as yet done little towards taking it. After some discussion Great Britain and the United States agreed that for the time being they would occupy the disputed territory jointly.

Some years before, the Hudson's Bay Company and the Russian American Fur Company, its headquarters being at Sitka, had entered into a business arrangement. The Hudson's Bay Company leased part of the Russian Company's lands, and the Russians agreed to buy their goods and supplies from the Britishers. Now the Russians were hearty eaters; their Indian seal-hunters had also to be fed. They needed quantities of provisions, and the Company, having agreed to provide them, began to look about for a convenient source of supply.

Chief Factor McLoughlin had rich acres in crops about Fort Vancouver, and there were farms on the Willamette and at Colville, but these barely supplied the Company's own posts. To provide for the Russians the Company greatly extended their farms in Oregon, sending, in 1839, English and Scotch farmers from Canada to work them. Voyageurs and half-breeds were encouraged, when they retired from the service, to settle upon the land. The soil was rich; the climate kind; the grain fields yielded generously. Grist-mills were built; sheep and cattle

were driven up from California; pigs brought from the Sandwich Islands. The Nisqually Plains and the Puget Sound country bloomed as the rose. Soon wheat, flour, butter, pork and other eatables were ready for the Russians, and four ships were built in London to carry the goods to them.

And now American settlers began to drift into the Columbia Valley. Rumours of its marvellous beauty and fertility had filtered across the continent; "Oregon!" magic whispered in its musical syllables; dreams painted it a golden land. Times were hard in the east; the farmers of the Mississippi were far from markets; one and another gathered his family about him and trekked across the waste of plain and mountain.

At first they died, most of them; some by the trail; some in the mountain wilds; others after reaching the promised land. But better trails were soon found. In May 1843 a large party gathered on the Missouri to take the Oregon trail, a thousand people, five thousand head of stock, a hundred and twenty great covered wagons. Early on the long slow journey they elected leaders and arranged their order of march. Those on horseback or in light wagons went first; the heavy wagons and stock came behind; scouts galloped ahead to see that no danger threatened; hunters ranged the country on both sides for game. At dawn a rifle shot awoke the company. The men rode out to round up the stock, the women cooked breakfast over the camp fires. The slow oxen were hitched to the great wagons and dragged them out of their place in the circle. A bugle sounded, the drivers crooked their snake whips, and the "long caravan moved drowsily forward."

The newcomers reached the Columbia in November. The river big with the autumn rains thundered by to the sea. There were no boats. Cold fog settled down upon the colonists. By this time they were ragged, barefoot, starving, weary and sick from the long, long journey. Presently came the Indians stealing through the woods, fingering their guns and knives. "Shall we kill? Let us kill," they asked McLoughlin, begging eagerly for leave to finish the wanderers out of hand. "Kill?" shouted McLoughlin. "Let any man dare and he shall reckon with me." Up-stream he hurried boats, rafts, clothing and food. Down

came some five hundred people to be welcomed on the wharf by the white-haired factor, who led them into the comfort of the Company's post.

From this time on American settlers poured into Oregon. They organised a provisional government and begged McLoughlin to subscribe to it. Between home and country he must choose. Feeling was already running high, and when the good factor hesitated, praying God to enlighten him as to his duty in the matter, the rougher element forgot that he had twice saved their lives, cursed him for an aristocrat and a Britisher, and threatened to burn Fort Vancouver about his ears. Fortunately the more honourable colonists prevailed, and the property of the Company which had befriended them remained untouched.

In the end McLoughlin, Ermatinger, Ogden, and a number of other Hudson's Bay leaders decided to cast in their lot with the Americans. They resigned or "were released" from the Company's service, and each retired to spend an honoured old age in some favourite part of the beautiful land he had spent his youth in exploring.

By 1845 Oregon was rapidly filling up with Americans. It became necessary to settle once and for all to which nation the valley of the Columbia belonged. The British suggested the Columbia as a boundary, both nations to be free of its waters. Hot-headed American politicians, who knew little about the place and less about its history, raised as an election cry "Fifty-Four Forty or Fight." They meant that if Britain did not cede to them the whole coast as far north as the Russian line, they would fight for it.

In the summer of 1845 Britain sent out Captain Gordon, a brother of the Prime Minister, to see the country and to advise whether or not it was worth keeping. Gordon seems to have been a foolish young man. He visited here and there; was treated like a prince by the Hudson's Bay traders; decided that he "would not give one of the bleakest knolls of all the bleak hills of Scotland for twenty islands arrayed like this (Vancouver Island) in barbaric glories." He went home with that tale. When the treaty was made, Britain abandoned the Lower Columbia to the Americans, and the 49th parallel was

agreed upon as the boundary from the Great Lakes to the Pacific.

The treaty stipulated that the Hudson's Bay Company should not be disturbed in its property; but the tide of settlement rose steadily, and, the American Government agreeing to pay for them in part, the Company presently abandoned the farms and fur posts south of the boundary. Headquarters were moved from Fort Vancouver to Victoria. Walla Walla, Okanagan, Fort Colville and Spokane House knew the trader and the voyageur no more.

A year before the treaty was signed, Hudson's Bay men began combing South-Western British Columbia for a route from the interior to the coast. The possibility of navigating the Fraser was again tested and again condemned. In the spring of 1846 Alexander Anderson set out from Kamloops to find a road to Fort Langley, near the mouth of the Fraser. He and his men made their way across country, reaching the Fraser at Upper Fountain. Crossing the Fraser and stumbling southward through a tangle of lakes, rivers and mountains, they got out by way of Lake Harrison. Certainly this route would not do. Turning about, Anderson ascended the Fraser to the mouth of the Coquahalla River. After several false starts he managed to win through to Kamloops by way of Nicola River and Lake, a road which he thought might be made possible for a pack-train.

In the spring of 1848 a small post, Fort Yale, was built at the head of possible navigation on the Fraser, and that year orders went out from Fort Vancouver to the officers in charge of all interior posts at all costs to break through to the Fraser. Three brigades from New Caledonia, Thompson River and Fort Colville did reach Yale, but only after much suffering and heavy loss in furs. The loss of goods on the return trips was even heavier. The next year, 1849, Hope was built, still lower down the Fraser, at the mouth of the Coquahalla, and a pack-train road was pushed through to Kamloops following Anderson's second route through the Nicola region. This, though rough, proved feasible, and from 1849 on the Company's furs were brought from Kamloops to Hope by pack-train, from Hope to Victoria by boat. And the glories of Fort Vancouver were forgotten.

VICTORIA

WHEN the farmers began to appear in Oregon, the Hudson's Bay Company prepared to move. Settlers and fur traders cannot live in the same country since the fur-bearing animals which are the wealth of the one are often a menace to the other. For years McLoughlin and others had urged Britain to send a fleet to protect this disputed region, but no fleet came, and the traders saw their beloved land swiftly and surely becoming American. Three years before the Oregon Treaty was made, the Company felt that it would be wise to establish new headquarters in case, when the settlement was over, Fort Vancouver should be found in the United States.

The site for the new post was carefully considered. Nisqually and Puget Sound would not do, for the farmers were already in possession there. Fort Langley, placed on the Fraser as Fort Vancouver was on the Columbia, seemed promising, the more so as the Fraser must in future take the place of the Columbia as the highway of the fur trade. But Governor Simpson's mind kept returning to Vancouver Island. He had seen it on his visit to the coast and carried away in his memory a picture of its beauty. In 1842 Douglas made a careful survey of the southern end of the island and, at a place called by the Indians Camosun, he found the site for which he sought.

"Camosun," says Douglas, "is a pleasant and convenient site for the establishment, within fifty yards of the anchorage, on the border of a large tract of clear land which extends eastward to Point Gonzalo and about six miles interiorly. More than two-thirds of this section consists of prairie land and may be converted either to tillage or pasture, for which I have seen no part of the Indian country better adapted. The canal of Camosun is nearly six miles long, and its banks are wooded throughout."

Douglas and his men left Fort Vancouver to build the new post at Camosun on March 1, 1843. They went up through the Cowlitz country to collect supplies from the Company's farms there. At Nisqually the sturdy little *Beaver* waited to carry them across the gulf. On the afternoon of March 14 they anchored in Camosun (Victoria) Harbour.

Words cannot describe the bewitching loveliness of the scene. Before them lay a natural garden, its spreading lawns already green and starred with the white and pink of spring blossoms; its splendid trees set out singly and in groups, park-like; and all rising gently to the hills softly dark in the background. Around them spread the water, blue as the Mediterranean, rippling to show its beauty beneath the late sun. Behind them the Olympics, their feet veiled in cloud, raised their gracious silver heads. In the sky on the right the miraculous rose and opal peak of Mount Baker flashed upon their ravished eyes; and over all the stillness lay light and tender as a leaf floating on the water.

Early the next morning Douglas set out in the small boat to seek wood for the fort. He found some, and learned from the Indians that herring came to Camosun in April and salmon in August. He told the natives that he had come to build a fort for trade, which pleased them greatly. Next day the men were at work squaring timber and digging a well. Having seen the building well begun, Douglas sailed up the coast to the northern posts, two of which he now dismantled, leaving only Fort Simpson to handle that trade. Douglas returned to Camosun in June, bringing with him fifty men and the stores from the two abandoned posts. Little had been accomplished in his absence, but work went forward briskly in his presence, and within three months the stockade and bastions defended the stores and houses. Charles Ross was placed in charge of the post and Douglas returned to Fort Vancouver.

Ross died the following spring and Chief Trader Finlayson reigned in his stead. Finlayson was a big kindly man, courteous, shrewd in business and quick-witted in action. The *Beaver* was now making regular trips between Fort Nisqually and Camosun, bringing cattle, horses and other stocks for the new

post. The Cowichin chief coveted the white man's cattle and presently helped himself and his tribe to some of the best of them. When Finlayson found that they were gone he sent at once, demanding payment or surrender of the thief.

"The cattle are as much mine as yours," replied the chief haughtily. "Did not my meadows fatten them?"

"The cattle were brought from beyond the water and belong to us who brought them," replied Finlayson. "If you do not repay we shall close the fort gates against you."

"Close your gates, indeed! Close them and I shall batter them down," shouted the chief, and went off in a rage.

The fort was at once made ready for defence, and sure enough within two days a large band of Indians surrounded it and prepared to attack. A tremendous din of yells, whoops, rattles, drums, arose. In the midst of it the warriors advanced to the attack singing, throwing up their guns and dancing their war-dances. Followed a brisk shower of bullets from close range. They pattered harmlessly against the stout palisades, and Finlayson forbade a shot to be fired in return without his order. The Indians continued firing for half an hour, when, realising that they were wasting ammunition, they stopped. The factor had sent his interpreter running out through the back gate and across to the Indian lodges to warn away the squaws and children. He now came forward to the parapet.

"What are you about?" he shouted to the chief. "Do you think your insignificant guns will hurt us? Watch, now, while with one motion of my finger I blow your lodges yonder into the bay." As he raised his hand the nine-pounder spoke from the bastion and the flimsy cedar lodges flew into a thousand pieces. Howling with fear and rage the savages rushed to seek the dead bodies of their wives and children, but the interpreter had them safely out of the way, and no harm was done except to the lodges.

After a little time Finlayson suggested a parley. The Indians were invited into the fort, the factor sending out two hostages. He showed them the big guns and the little ones, the stores of powder and ball, the knives, swords and daggers, proving how easy it would be for him to repel attack. He told them that the Company wished them well, but insisted that they pay for the

stolen cattle. The natives decided that discretion was the better part of valour and before night delivered at the fort furs to pay for the cattle they had taken.

For two years the new fort was called Camosun, then it was renamed "Albert," after Queen Victoria's husband. A few months later it was decided to call it after the Queen herself, and Victoria it has remained ever since. As soon as the houses and stockade were complete, Finlayson set his people farming. Wooden ploughs and harrows were made; iron cask hoops bound the wooden machinery; old ship ropes did duty as traces. The grain was threshed by driving horses around a ring in the barn, and they ground their flour in a steel handmill sent in by the Company.

Three years later the farms and gardens of Victoria bloomed almost as radiantly as they do to-day. Grain, vegetables, fruits and flowers grew in abundance; the open spaces were carpeted with wild clover. By 1852 the place had been laid out in streets. From Government Street to the harbour, and from the fort north to Johnson Street, lay the town; beyond it lay the farms and meadows. A dairy stood at the head of James Bay, and Douglas, after his arrival, built his house on the south side of the bay.

VICTORIA

A GARDEN of roses and may
On the golden side of a bay,
  A breastwork of azure,
  A heaven of pearl,
  A rim of red rocks
Where green waves creep and curl,
On the golden side of a bay,
A garden of roses and may.

Bell, Wainwright

BUFFALO

THE BUFFALO HUNT

THE summer hunt left the settlement in June and returned about the first of August; the fall hunt began in August and ended in late October. Hunters often remained on the plains all winter, for in the cold weather the hair of the buffalo becomes thick; the skins then make the best robes and coverings.

Father Lacombe went out from Pembina as chaplain of the great summer hunt in 1850. While making ready for the trip he cut his foot badly with his axe, but he was so disappointed at being left behind that the Indians offered to take him in a cart.

Indian families had been pouring into Pembina for days, until all the Métis and natives of the district had come in. The evening before they set out, a council was called. Father Lacombe recited prayers and the Indians joined in singing a hymn. The women and children now retired to their lodges and arrangements for the hunt were made. Wilkie, a half-breed hunter, was elected chief and ten captains were chosen to command under him. Then each captain named one or two men to act as scouts. This meeting drew up the Laws of the Hunt.

THRESHING ON THE PRAIRIE.

1. No buffalo to be run on the Sabbath day.

2. No party to fork off, lag behind, or go before without permission.

3. No person to run buffalo before the general order.

4. Every captain and his men to patrol the camp and keep guard in turn.

5. For the first trespass against these laws the offender to have his saddle and bridle cut up.

6. For the second the coat to be taken off the back of the offender and cut up.

7. For the third the offender to be flogged.

8. Any person convicted of theft even to the value of a sinew to be brought to the middle of the camp, and the crier to call out his or her name three times, adding the word "thief" at each time.

When the laws had been formed, Wilkie put them to the meeting, which accepted them by a majority vote. The chief then declared: "If any among you do not approve of these laws, let him leave our camp and come not with us, for once we have set out together from this encampment, no one will be free to separate from us."

Next morning after prayers the guide of the day raised a little flag and, in an instant, the whole camp was in motion. The tents were taken down, the horses brought in. The women loaded the carts with their goods and children. The squaws mounted the carts, the hunters their buffalo runners. That year there were eight hundred or more carts, a thousand men, women and children, besides hundreds of ponies, oxen and dogs. Slowly the long procession wound across the green prairies towards Turtle Mountain.

Late in the afternoon of the sixth day the scouts with flags signalled back the joyful news that buffalo had been sighted. Instantly the caravan stopped; the women and old men began to make camp, while the hunters mounted their hunting-ponies and at the signal of the chief dashed towards the scouts. "Full gallop, Father Lacombe with them, they flashed along the

prairies." Beyond the bluff from which the scouts had signalled, the buffalo were feeding quietly, thousands of them.

Silently the orders were passed and each man took his appointed place in the line. The ponies pawed the earth, eager as their masters for the chase. "En avant!" shouted Wilkie, and men and horses hurled themselves upon the herd. The earth trembled beneath thousands of stampeding feet; the sky thundered with their mad bellowing. Fearlessly the shouting hunter, guiding his horse with his knees, pushed in among the angry cattle. He carried his powder-horn at his belt, his bullets in his mouth, and he loaded and discharged with incredible speed. Some eight hundred buffalo were killed that day. The hunters with skilful knives cut up the carcasses. The squaws came up with the creaking carts, loaded the meat upon them, and the procession returned in triumph to the camp.

The hunt remained in this place several days, while the women dressed the meat and dried the skins. The meat was cut into long strips, which were stretched to dry upon scaffolds made of young trees. After three days in the sun it was dry enough to be folded into packages weighing between sixty and seventy pounds. The bundles were then bound lightly with buffalo sinew. The dried meat was placed in wooden bowls and pounded to powder with stone mallets. Mixing the powder with berries and hot grease they packed the mass into sacks of buffalo hide, where it cooled into pemmican.

With them had fled
The bison,—breed which overflowed the plains,
And, undiminished, fed uncounted tribes.
. . . Vast herds which seemed
Exhaustless as the sea. All vanished now!
Of that wild tumult not a hoof remained.

From *The Last Bison*, by CHARLES MAIR.

THE BUFFALO

ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE

"THE buffalo were formerly inconceivably numerous. Sir George Simpson mentions having seen ten thousand animals mired at a single ford. Early in July, with the opening of the breeding season, a terrific scene of running, roaring and innumerable bull-fights began. By putting the ear to a badger hole the noise could be distinctly heard at a distance of thirty miles. Pronouncing the syllable him–m–m with closed lips gives a good idea of the sound of a buffalo herd conveyed through the earth as by a telephone.

"When not grazing, the favourite occupation of the buffalo was wallowing. Thousands of the animals engaged in this exercise at the same time, and the dust raised by their writhing looked like pillars of smoke rising from hundreds of fires. In Saskatchewan there are places where these wallows touch each other in all directions. Another kind of depression seen on the prairie might be called the buffalo's tool chests. Each of these has a single boulder in its centre. After its fourth year the buffalo began to polish and sharpen its horns, using the boulder as a whetstone. The soil scraped up by countless hoofs was swept off by the wind and the depressions were formed.

"The Indians killed the buffalo recklessly; they slaughtered them in pounds; they killed for the tongues and backfats alone; For both meat and robes, cows were killed in preference to bulls. When the white traders came, they supplied guns which brought down hundreds for the tens killed by the bows and arrows. The Union Pacific Railway, which crossed the United States in 1870, divided the great herd in two, and brought organised hunting to the buffalo country. The animals were killed in herds; their hides slit and stripped from the carcass by ropes and pulleys. When the Canadian Pacific came through there were comparatively few buffalo left."

Alexander, Portage la Prairie

OLD FORT, PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE

ALFRED GARRIOCH

A BOY WHO SAW A PRAIRIE CITY BORN

When Alfred Garrioch was five years old his parents moved. Moving is a tiresome business for the elders, but huge fun for boys and girls. The Garrioch moving was more than ordinarily exciting, for they were not going to a ready-made town; they made one of a party of twelve families which left Red River to found a new town at Portage la Prairie.

In those days Canada was all in the eastern provinces; Red River was the only settlement west of the lakes; and there was neither town nor village between Fort Garry and the Rocky Mountains. Portage la Prairie is sixty-five miles west of Red River. It is a very old place. La Verendrye built there the post from which he set out to seek the Western Sea and found the "Shining Mountains." The Hudson's Bay Company had long had a trading-post there, but there were no farms or homes, only a camp of Ojibway Indians.

Archdeacon Cochrane, the Red River minister, put it into the minds of the twelve families to go to Portage la Prairie. He had been there and brought back an alluring report of the beauty and the fertility of the place. He himself led the way. The families were all members of his church; they loved and

admired him very much and were ready to follow him anywhere.

Mr. Garrioch went first to the new place to build a house for his wife and family. He took his two boys, George and Alfred, with him in the Red River carts. That was a wonderful trip for the children. The oxen walked so slowly that even short legs could keep up to them for half an hour at a time. One of the oxen was so quiet that the boys were now and then allowed to ride him a mile or so. They picked sheaves of bright coloured flowers; the strawberries were ripe and so plentiful that they feasted upon them at every meal.

As the sun sank before them the men looked out for a creek or slough. When they found one they backed the carts into a circle near it, unyoked the oxen and led them to water. Alfred and George climbed down and ran about to stretch their legs. While the oxen fed, the tents were put up and supper cooked.

"The general form of the prairie at Portage is that of an obtuse angle with Crescent Lake lying near the apex. A point of the prairie extends to the river on the west side of Crescent Lake, and another touches the river two miles lower down on the east side of the lake. On the east point stood the 'Old Fort,' a Hudson's Bay establishment of which one log building still stands in a good state of preservation. The Nor'-Westers' fort stood a few hundred yards farther down on the opposite side of the river. On the west point stood the first St. Mary's Church and parsonage. Between these two points the settlers located side by side on narrow lots averaging about four chains in width.

"The settlement was decidedly zigzag, in fact it resembled the letter Z with its angles curved after the manner of the letter S, a form of settlement which could not be much improved on for bringing the people near to each other; and it worked all right as long as most of them went in more for hunting and trapping than for farming, because while this continued there were few fields with their snake fences to prevent anyone making straight cuts between one house and another."

Mr. Garrioch worked early and late building his house. As there was a camp of Indians near he trusted to them to do the hunting. Each day Alfred was given a little tea or tobacco and sent to the camp to trade it. He held out his tea toward them

and said "Machuskwa" (musk-rat); the Indians understood and gave him in exchange three or four musk-rats. The Indians dried and smoked musk-rats and put them up in bales for trade. The flesh was very dark, but well-boiled with salt and pepper made very good eating.

Near the new house was a little creek running out of one pond into another. The water was so clear that the fish could be seen passing along. Alfred and George amused themselves watching the pigs, who soon learned to fish very cleverly. The place was also a favourite haunt of the minks. One day, while Mr. Garrioch was at work upon the house, an adventurous mink came up to see what was going on. The dogs gave chase and the mink entered a hole at the foot of a tree. While Mr. Garrioch, George and the dogs examined the upper part for a hole where the animal might come out, Alfred was placed on guard at the entrance. The little lad knelt on the ground with his chubby back close to the hole. Presently, having failed to find an exit at the top, out popped Mr. Mink. He ran up Alfred's back and jumped from his shoulder, knocking him flat as he did so. George thought it was a great joke, but Alfred was not so much amused.

It was so easy to make a living in this little Eden that for the first few years the men did little farming. Hay was to be had for the cutting, wood for the chopping. Every sort of wild fruit grew in abundance. The Assiniboine furnished sturgeon, pike and perch; Lake Manitoba, plenty of white fish. Wild duck swarmed on the sloughs, wild pigeon and partridge in the woods. Only a little farther west the buffalo herds still roamed. Bear, wolf, fox, lynx and other fur-bearing animals were plentiful. Little wonder that no one bothered about farming.

But Archdeacon Cochrane believed in farming. He had already induced the Indians at St. Peter's to settle down to agriculture, and it was not long before he had the men of Portage la Prairie ploughing also. The archdeacon had a good-sized farm upon which he kept two hired men at work. Mr. Garrioch had a ten-acre field. In the summer of 1858 it was sowed with barley, which came up splendidly. But the blackbirds

swarmed out of the swamp, lit in clouds upon the field, seeming intent upon eating every grain. Alfred and his brother were told off to frighten the birds. Every morning before dawn they were shaken up and sent out to shout and chase the greedy little thieves.

One August afternoon the lads, having pretty well cleared the field for the time being, sat down to rest. Suddenly a cloud seemed to shut out the brightness of the sun: a cloud of shining flakes drifting south-east. It began to snow grasshoppers. The blackbirds forgot the barley and darted wildly about catching hoppers. Grasshoppers are not frightened by shouts; the boys could do nothing; and there were not enough blackbirds to fight them. Next morning scarcely a head of barley remained on its stalk. Nothing now prevented the boys from sleeping late.

Mr. Garrioch kept a little store where hunters, trappers, farmers, Indians and squaws came to trade. Many a thrilling tale of war and the hunt did young Alfred hear as he stood about among the men, or helped with the parcels on busy Saturday mornings. The braves traded skins for dry goods and provisions; the squaws sold baskets of grey and red willow, wooden ladles and brooms "made by taking a good-sized sapling and turning down thin strips of its fibre over the larger end. When the sapling had been thus reduced to the size of an ordinary broom-handle, these fibres were fastened together near the top by means of a strip of the same material." They were usually made in two sizes, a small one for scrubbing out pots and dishes and a larger one with a long handle for sweeping.

The energetic archdeacon built his Church of St. Mary within two years of coming to the Portage. It was seventy feet long and thirty wide, and had "at the north end a tower ten feet square and sixty feet high, finished with a spire surmounted by a cross. The walls were of oak logs, the roof of unpainted oak shingles. Within, the walls were axe-scored and plastered with a mixture of clay and finely-chopped hay and then white-washed. There were four Gothic windows on each side and a larger one at the south end. Each family made its own pew of poplar or basswood finished with heavy oak ends, the top of each being carved in seven curves."

Every Sunday, exactly on the hour, the archdeacon strode up the aisle and ascended the pulpit. "When he appeared above the reading-board he was surpliced, but minus his stock." The good man kept it pressed between the leaves of his Bible. Standing before his people he took out the stock and in the face of the congregation fastened it about his neck. Nor was there a boy in the settlement so bold as to smile while he did so. Archdeacon Cochrane was a large man and strong.

When Alfred was six the scholars moved into a new school. Before this time the teacher had kept school in his house. The new school was a fine large one for those days, but naturally was not as grand as the church. The school had a thatched roof and was plastered with white mud. The only means of heating it was a large fire-place at one end. The twenty-five or thirty girls sat at the chimney end; the boys kept warm as well as they could at the other. In those days they memorised the alphabet and learned to read by spelling out the words. Alfred's "letters" were made by hand and pasted on a bit of board. Only a few had slates, and pencils were so valuable they were given out in short pieces, each child fitting his bit into a reed holder which he brought from the swamp. When they wrote, the children placed the slate on the desk and knelt on the floor before it. Yet they learned their lessons as well as you do; many a good citizen came out of that little school.

"It was in 1862 that the first settlers from Ontario arrived in Portage la Prairie. John McLean with his wife, mother and six children arrived in the spring, and Kenneth McBean with his wife and seven children arrived in the fall. They each sent four boys and girls to school. When these eight children in as many pairs of boots walked into school one frosty morning, clattering over the floor in a manner so different from that of the western-born moccasin-wearing pupils, it created quite a diversion. The East and the West met within and without the school, and friendly contact and competition soon erased the prejudices of race and birthplace."

IN THE ATHABASCA VALLEY.

FORT EDMONTON

EDMONTON was established in 1795 and was, for many years, the Company's chief trading-post upon the great plains. The Crees traded all the year round at Fort Edmonton, which was in their country; in spring and autumn came their enemies, the Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegans, travelling in large bands for safety. Trading supplies were shipped from London to York Factory, and there unloaded into York boats in which they were carried to Lake Winnipeg and thence up the Saskatchewan to Edmonton. Here the goods were unloaded and stored till they could be distributed to the smaller posts in the district. In the spring the season's catch of furs was collected at Edmonton and shipped out over the same route.

York boats were large flat craft, heavy and awkward, but capable of carrying the load safely through rough water. Ten boats made up a brigade. Seven or eight boatmen were attached to each boat. One or two of them remained in the boat to steer and guard it, while the others walked along the river edge drawing the boat after them by a line. This "tracking," as it was called, was very hard work. The men had to stumble over rocks and stumps, cut their way around trees, and often waded for hours up to their waists in water.

The Edmonton brigades usually left Cumberland House about the end of July. Day after day, through the golden weather, the boatmen plodded on, too intent upon their dangerous task, too weary from the weight of it, to lift their eyes to the radiant sky and the garden land through which they passed. At night, released from the leather harness to which the rope was fastened, they slept under the clear stars. They lived on pemmican and water, and thought themselves lucky if no one fell ill and the mosquitoes did not trouble them too much.

The Provincial Library, Edmonton

THE BIG HOUSE, FORT EDMONTON

As they tracked westward the bracing air of the higher lands met them: presently mid-September brought crisp dawns and burnished still brighter the gold of the day. At last one morning the trackers sprang from their blankets with a cheer; the journey was nearly over; only a few miles farther up-stream lay the fort, food, rest and friends. Each man put on his reddest shirt, his gayest neckerchief, a fresh kerchief round his head. The miles seemed short now, the work light. Round the great bend at the "Highlands" they swung and there it was, the flag flying, the great gate open, men, women and children crowding the wharf. Under the boom of the guns saluting them, they pulled alongshore and each man strove to be first free of the rope, first in the arms of his family. In that home-coming they forgot their toil.

Edmonton House in the 'fifties was the handsomest as well as the largest post in the west. Chief Factor Rowand, a fiery little Irishman, was accustomed to get what he wanted from the Company and the men alike. The palisade, twenty feet high, of stout trees split in halves, surrounded the great courtyard. The Big House stood in the centre of the court with a lawn, upon which stood two small brass cannon in front of it. It was a huge place, three stories high, and built of squared timber. Within, the stairway opened upon a wide hall, the gentlemen's mess-room on one side, the ball-room on the other. Behind were the living-rooms of the chief factor's family; above, offices and bedrooms; below, armoury, store-rooms and cellars. About the

Big House were grouped bachelors' hall, the Indian hall, the men's quarters and the warehouses. As many as two hundred people were frequently quartered in Edmonton House for the winter. When the great fire-place blazed with comfort, and the great table groaned with good cheer, many a merry and gallant company foregathered in that old hall.

The following entries are quoted from the log of the fort:

"*Nov. 15th,* 1854. The men at their various occupations. Alexis and Gallarneau, Abraham and James Richards arrived with eleven loaded horses of fish from Lake St. Anne's.

"*Nov. 21st,* 1854. James Ward, son of the horse-keeper, arrived this day. He reports that two horses have been killed by the wolves.

"*Nov. 26th,* 1854. A party of Assiniboines arrived this evening consisting of thirty. They have come principally on a trade. It is to be hoped that they will be outfitted to-morrow, so that they may start immediately to their hunting-grounds.

"*Dec. 3rd,* 1854. Thomas Cameron and Jacque Cardinalle arrived this day. They bring the melancholy news that there are no buffalo near the Rocky Mountain House; they have come to the conclusion that a large war-party of Crees have driven all the buffalo away by their setting the plains on fire. We have had the pleasure of seeing the river fast this morning; in fact so strong that Cameron crossed his horses safely.

"*Jan. 22nd,* 1855. The women employed in making printed cotton shirts for the trade with the Blackfeet during the summer.

"*Jan. 29th,* 1855. The meat men arrived with thirty-six trains loaded with fresh buffalo-meat.

"*Feb. 5th,* 1855. The freemen traded a few rats and a grey bear. The bear is the largest that has ever been seen here, for when killed, it took a horse and four men to drag it out of its hole.

"*Sept. 29th,* 1855. This afternoon the Piegan Indians took their departure, having traded nine horses and some meat. Previous to their departure a compact of peace was agreed upon between them and the Crees, when each went through the usual ceremony of smoking the 'calumet.' It is to be hoped this may continue long.

"*Oct. 15th,* 1855. The wife of Antoine Godin delivered of a boy last night.

"*Oct. 25th,* 1855. This afternoon Mr. John and party arrived home bringing the carcasses of twenty buffalo, which they report to be numerous towards the Battle River. They met with a party of Crees, who dogged the Piegan Indians, who were here lately, towards the Rocky Mountain House, and ran away with some of their horses.

"*Nov. 26th,* 1855. Cloudy weather; wind south, blowing a strong breeze. The blacksmith making boat-irons. Flett and Geo. Hodgson building a boat. Boyrgard making sled trams. Olivier, Gallarneau, Munro and St. Amour preparing the couples for the store. Five men with oxen brought some logs from the Pine Hammock. Calder and Short weather-boarding the sawing-shed. Graham and Dumais thrashing the wheat. Two men sawing, Raymond hauling cordwood. Fishermen, cooks and cattle-keeper as usual. This evening Chief Maskeepitoon and party arrived; says they had narrow escape of being burnt by the fire which raged through the plains; two of their number, an old wife and child, perished in the conflagration, together with two horses, some dogs and a quantity of dried provisions.

"*March 27th,* 1856. Married by the Rev. Mr. Lacombe, James Richards, one of the Company's servants, to the widow of Antoine Auger. The evening was spent with great hilarity.

"*May 8th,* 1856. No change in the weather. This morning seven more boats were dispatched towards Fort Pitt on their way to the coast. A large party of the Fort Pitt Crees arrived. John Cunningham arrived from Lake St. Anne's; brought three martens, seven minks, 1300 musquash, two lynx, three beaver, one wolf and two buffalo robes, being the first proceeds of that establishment."

THE HOOP-BOAT

John McDougall

"The next move was to cross this wide and swiftly-flowing river (the North Saskatchewan). No raft or canoe or boat was to be seen. 'How are we to cross?' I asked Peter. 'Never you mind,' said he, 'do as I tell you.' I was told to go and cut two straight, long, green willows about one and a half inches in diameter. I did so, and Peter took them and with them made a hoop. While he was making this he told me to bring the oil-cloth we were carrying with us and to spread it on the beach. Then he placed the hoop in the centre of the oil-cloth, and we folded it in on the hoop from every side. Then we carried our saddles and blankets and tent and kettle and axe—in short everything we had, and put them in the hoop. Then William came and helped us carry this strange thing into the water. When we lifted by the hoop or rim our stuff sagged down in the centre, and when we placed the affair in the water, to my great astonishment, it floated nicely, and I was told to hold it in the current. 'Take off your shoes, gentlemen,' said Peter to the missionaries, 'wade out and step into the boat.' The gentlemen did as they were bidden, and very soon were sitting in the hoop, and still, to my wonder, it floated.

"Peter in the meantime took a 'chawed' line. This is made of buffalo-hide and is, literally, what its name signifies, having been made by cutting green hide into a strand, about an inch or more wide, and stretching it as it dried, scraping the hair and flesh from it. When thoroughly dry, the manufacturer began at one end, and chewed it through to the other, and then back again, and continued this until the line was soft and pliable and thoroughly tanned. These lines were in great demand for lassoes, packing-horses, lashing dog-sleighs, and as bridles.

"Peter tied one end of this securely to the rim of the hoop and then brought a horse close and tied the other end of the line to the horse's tail; then fastening a leather hobble to the under-jaw of the horse, he vaulted on its back and rode out into the stream, saying to me, 'Let go, John, when the line comes tight.' I did as I was told and gently and majestically, like a huge nest, with the two missionaries sitting as eagles in it, this strange craft floated restfully upon the current."

MOVING CAMP

John McDougall

"On Saturday the whole camp moved some twelve or fifteen miles farther east into a still more picturesque and beautiful country, rich in its changing variety of landscape and scenery. No wonder these aboriginal men were proud of their birthright, for it was a goodly heritage.

"To witness this large camp moving was an object of great interest. The taking down of the tents, the saddling and packing of the horses and dogs was accomplished with the greatest expedition. Both horses and dogs pulled a sort of vehicle made of poles and termed in this country a 'travois'; thus they both packed and pulled. To these travois the lodge-poles were fastened by the small end and drawn along the ground. The aged, the sick, and many of the children were carried on the travois. Indeed, the carrying capacity of an Indian pony seems to be unlimited. Two or three children, a lot of lodge-poles on the travois, the mother and two other children on his back, yet the staunch little fellow ambled along at a quick pace without any trouble or fuss.

"When the camp moved, parallel columns were formed and all kept together, the riders and hunters keeping on either side, in front and in the rear. In an incredibly short space of time the whole camp was in motion, and, after we came to the new camp, in an equally short time tents were up, stages standing, meat drying, and work going on as usual."

Dr. Allan, University of Alberta
SUNDIAL, FORT CHIPEWYAN
Erected by Franklin.

John Franklin was born in 1786. When he was ten he went with a school friend to pass a holiday by the sea. That one look was enough; he came home vowed to a sailor's life. His father did not approve of this, and thinking to cure his son of a passing fancy sent him on a voyage to Lisbon. John returned more than ever determined to be a sailor, so his father gave way and procured a post for him aboard a warship.

Within a few days of his joining in the spring of 1801, the fleet was ordered to the Baltic, and young John was present at the famous Battle of the Baltic. He returned safely and took service under his uncle, Captain Flinders, on the *Investigator*, a ship engaged in surveying the south coast of Australia. Captain Flinders, a fine seaman and an enthusiastic traveller, taught Franklin navigation and fired his ambition to explore.

Not until 1819 did opportunity offer. In that year Franklin was appointed to lead a party overland from Hudson's Bay to survey the Arctic coast of Canada and to effect a junction with Sir Edward Parry, who was seeking the North-West Passage by sea. Parry, as you remember, never reached Canada, turning back from Winter Harbour. Franklin crossed to York Factory and ascended the Saskatchewan to Cumberland House. The jealousies of the two fur companies prevented his getting the supplies he needed, so in the spring of 1820 the party hunted

and fished its way north toward the head-waters of the Coppermine, where they built Fort Enterprise and wintered. In December the reindeer upon which they depended shifted their quarters, and Mr. Back made an eleven hundred mile snowshoe trip to Fort Chipewyan for provisions.

The dreary winter passed, and in June 1821 the explorers set out for the sea. Dragging canoes on sledges, they toiled over the barren hills to the Coppermine and so down to the ocean. Then they paddled eastward, surveying the coast as far as Point Turnagain (110° W.). Here their food being almost exhausted, they turned back toward Fort Enterprise. On this trip Franklin found a strip of free water between the Canadian coast and the Arctic ice; he felt sure that if a ship from the east could once get into this coast strip it would be able to make the North-West Passage.

To save time Franklin resolved to return to Fort Enterprise overland from Hood's River. They had now only a few mouthfuls of pemmican a day for each person. On September 4 they finished their meat. From that date they had to depend upon what they could find; and they found very little. A violent storm beset them; the tents and bed-clothes froze; often they had nothing with which to make a fire. As they stumbled through the snow, the voyageurs let the canoe fall; it was so badly damaged that they abandoned it. Saved at one time by a few partridges, at another by a musk-ox, living chiefly on boiled lichen, they reached the Coppermine. A raft of willows was constructed, and Dr. Richardson offered to swim across the river carrying a line to haul the raft over. The cold benumbed his arms, but swimming on his back he had almost reached the shore when he began to sink. The anxious watchers drew him back barely able to speak. When they undressed him they found his poor body so thin as to bring tears to their eyes. They wrapped him in blankets and placed him beside the fire; in a few hours he was able to converse.

The party now made a small canoe out of the canvas in which they had wrapped their bedding; in this they managed to cross the river one at a time. They pushed on for a day or two. Then the voyageurs became too weak to carry the goods.

Soon Mr. Hood was found too feeble to go on. Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hepburn remained with him in a little pine wood while Franklin and the voyageurs pressed on to Fort Enterprise. The distance was not great, but the men were so weak that they could travel only a few miles a day. One by one the voyageurs gave up and returned to Dr. Richardson, until only four remained with Franklin. Living upon herb tea and a few strips of fried leather, these indomitable men reached the fort.

They crawled in only to find the place empty and bare—no food, no Indians. Mr. Back, who had been left in charge, had gone in search of natives and provisions. The disappointment was so great that the men broke down and cried. For eleven days the party now lived upon bones, lichen and rotting deer-skins. At the end of that time Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hepburn arrived. They had endured other horrors besides those of famine. Crazed by hunger one of the men had killed young Hood and had been shot by Dr. Richardson to prevent his killing Hepburn.

On November 2 two of the voyageurs died. By the sixth the three Englishmen were so exhausted that it required an hour to cut one log of wood and another hour to drag it to the house. On the seventh some Indians arrived with food. Back, suffering scarcely less than Franklin and his men, had reached these people and sent them to save his comrades. The Indians fed the starving men carefully, a little at a time, and they slowly recovered their strength. The survivors reached England in October 1822, where their self-sacrificing heroism received the honour it deserved.

Undaunted by this terrible experience, Franklin set out again in 1825. This time the expedition wintered on Great Bear Lake and started down the Mackenzie River in June 1826. At the mouth of the Mackenzie the party divided, Dr. Richardson leading one group east, while Franklin led the other west. Franklin's party advanced very slowly, being hindered more by fog than by ice. They made 374 miles by August 18, when the leader decided they ought to turn back. Had they but known it, Captain Beechey, whom Franklin hoped to meet on his way east from Bering Strait, was even then at Icy Cape. A boat

which he sent eastward along the coast to look for the overland party reached a point within 160 miles of Franklin's farthest west. On their return to Fort Franklin on Great Bear Lake they found Dr. Richardson and his men. They had completed the survey of the coast from the mouth of the Mackenzie to that of the Coppermine. The two parties wintered together, and Franklin returned to England in 1827.

Nearly twenty years passed before Franklin had another opportunity to explore the Arctic seas. Meantime the 160-mile gap left between his survey and Beechey's had been filled in by Dease and Simpson, two Hudson's Bay Company men. They had carried the survey east as far as the mouth of the Great Fish River. Farther north, Parry had reached Winter Harbour. It remained only to find a passage, less than three hundred miles long, which should connect the two lines of survey. When, in 1844, the Government decided to send out an expedition to make this connection, Franklin begged to go. He was now fifty-nine years old, and the Ministers hesitated, but his eagerness won and he was appointed to the command.

Two ships, *Erebus* and *Terror*, were fitted out and provisioned for three years. The expedition sailed in June 1845. Passing up Davis Strait, they visited Disko Bay in Greenland. Twelve days later they were spoken by a whaler crossing Baffin Bay. Then they sailed out into the west and were seen no more.

During 1846 no news of the expedition was expected. When none arrived in 1847 the Government offered rewards and arranged with the Hudson's Bay Company to store provisions at their northern posts in case the explorers should arrive starving. During nine years expedition after expedition was despatched by ship and sledge; they examined thousands of miles of Arctic coast-line without finding a single trace of the lost men. When Government interest waned, private funds continued the search. Lady Franklin poured out her fortune, refusing to give up hope.

At last, in April 1854, a sledge party under Dr. Rae met with some Eskimos, who told him that a number of white men had died for want of food near a large river with many falls (Great Fish). Dr. Rae returned to England at once with this

news. Lady Franklin again fitted out a ship which sailed under Captain McClintock. During 1858–59 McClintock patiently followed the *Erebus* and the *Terror* to their grave in the ice-pack of Victoria Strait. King William's Land was examined and many relics of the lost collected. The tragic tale was completed by the discovery of a record under a cairn, which told what had happened up to the time that the crews abandoned the ships.

Franklin must have met disappointing conditions in Lancaster Sound when he entered it in 1845, for he pushed north through Wellington Channel instead of sailing south as he had intended. The doomed expedition rounded Cornwallis Island and wintered on Beechey Island near the mouth of Wellington Channel. In July 1846 they found Peel Sound, and sailing through Franklin Strait entered Victoria Strait. On September 12, near the shore of King William's Land, the terrible "pack" closed immovably round them. They wintered there, hoping that the summer would release them.

In May of the next year the ice still showed no signs of relaxing its grip. Captain Gore crossed King William's Land by sledge to see if they really were within the calculated distance of the Canadian coast and the free water which they knew washed it. Gore must have returned with the news that he had seen the shore, that they were within a few days' journey of open sea. It is probable that he arrived a few days before Franklin died on June 11. We may hope that the great leader knew before his death that his life-long ambition had been achieved, that the North-West Passage had been seen.

Still hoping that the ice would release them, or that the "pack" would drift them south to open water, the survivors passed the remainder of 1847. In the spring, much reduced in numbers and in strength, they left the ships and set out overland for Great Fish River and a Hudson's Bay post. None of them ever reached help. One by one they "fell down and died as they walked along"; so said the Eskimo woman who told Dr. Rae what she had seen.

Franklin died almost within sight of the achievement of his dream; but death is sometimes kinder than life; what the

explorer just failed to do in life his death accomplished. The many search-parties which went out year after year returned without news of Franklin, but they brought home maps, charts, surveys and records of many new lands and new channels. It was Captain McClure leading the search-party of 1850 who discovered Prince of Wales Strait. Sailing up this avenue he connected the surveys of Beechey and Franklin with Parry's farthest west, and completed the discovery of the North-West Passage, which men had sought since the time of Cabot.

McClure had been mate of the *Terror* under Captain (Sir) George Back and was familiar with the Arctic field of exploration. In 1850 he was appointed to command the *Investigator*, detailed to enter the Arctic through Bering Strait to explore and to search for Franklin and his men.

On July 4 the *Investigator* approached the strait. McClure said that he meant to keep in the open water between the Canadian coast and the main pack until he should see a favourable opening leading towards Banks Island. He did so, and pushed north through Prince of Wales Strait until stopped by firm ice in Melville Sound.

By October 10 McClure had his ship and men in winter quarters, and set out upon a sledge journey along the coast of Banks Island, reaching its extreme north-east point on October 26. From a hill-top they looked across the ice to Melville Island, Parry's farthest west. No land lay between; the North-West Passage had been discovered.

In the spring of 1851 McClure tried to cross Melville Sound, but found it impassable. He then tried to circumnavigate Banks Island, but without success. The *Investigator* was laid up in the Bay of Mercy, which proved to be her grave.

In 1852 McClure and his men reached Winter Harbour by sledge. They found no stores there and their own were all but exhausted. They were just about to abandon the ship and make a dash for it when Lieutenant Bedford of the *Resolute* reached them with supplies. McClure and his party reached England in September 1854. McClure was knighted and the sum of £10,000 was granted to the officers and men of the *Investigator* in recognition of their brilliant exploit.

CAPTAIN PALLISER'S EXPEDITION

In 1857 the British Government sent Captain Palliser with a small party of scientists to explore Western Canada. The expedition was instructed to find, if possible, a practicable road connecting the Canadas with the west; to collect information about the then little-known country now included in the Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, and to find a pass through the mountains suitable for horse traffic.

People had long believed that Western Canada was a country fit only for Indians and wild animals. Captain Palliser spent two years in the west; he and his assistants examined the country very carefully, and on their return for ever banished the thought that the country was an Arctic barren. "On the contrary," says Palliser, "almost all the west is suitable for agricultural settlement." The famous report which he presented to the Government, and which was afterwards printed, changed everyone's idea and marked the birth year of the modern west.

Palliser reported that the Lake Superior and Lake Winnipeg route was too difficult and too expensive ever to be used successfully by emigrants and stock. He thought the best entrance into the west was by St. Paul, Pembina and the Red River.

"The Assiniboine," writes the explorer, "during its whole course of nearly three hundred miles lies wholly within fertile and partially wooded country; for seventy miles before it joins the Red its valley affords lands of surpassing richness. The richness of the pastures along the North Saskatchewan can hardly be exaggerated. Its value does not consist in its being rank or in great quantity, but from its fine quality; it remains throughout the winter sound, juicy and fit for the nourishment of stock. The quantity of fish obtained from some of the lakes

is enormous. In the upper part of the Saskatchewan country coal of fair quality occurs abundantly."

The expedition found a strip of fertile land twenty or more miles wide lying along the east base of the Rockies. The whole of this region, Palliser said, would be fit for agriculture and also for mixed purposes of settlement.

Four passes through the Rockies were examined, the Kananaskis, the Vermilion, the British Kootenay and the Kicking Horse; the Vermilion was reported to be the most convenient. In Palliser's opinion, however, a through route from the prairies to British Columbia was impossible on the British side of the boundary.

"The South Saskatchewan," says the report, "traverses a very different kind of country. After leaving the influence of the mountains, it flows in a deep and narrow valley through a region of arid plains devoid of timber or pasture of good quality. Below the elbow the banks of the river and the adjacent plains begin to improve rapidly; in the Cypress Hills there is abundance of water and pasture."

Captain Palliser reported the Indians generally friendly and the country offering many facilities for settlers. Of these he mentions three particularly: the abundant fish in river and lake which would help the settler through the difficult year or two before he could hope to harvest; the rich prairie grass upon which cattle could feed all winter except, perhaps, for a few weeks in the spring when frost following a thaw formed a crust on the snow too thick for animals to break through; and lastly, ages of fire had cleared the land of timber, and the fortunate settler had nothing to do but strike his plough into the furrow.

SOFTLY sinister, slimy, slow,
South Saskatchewan's waters flow;
Trust a woman spurned and thrawn,
Never trust Saskatchewan.

CLARA HOPPER.

Valentine, Winnipeg

PANNING GOLD

THE TREASURE HUNTERS

It was dim in the woods, dim with a silent, moving dimness like that which surrounds one at the bottom of the sea. Great trees spread their huge leaves, and tall underbrush its feathery branches; the light which filtered through to the ground was softly green. The Eagle-Eyed One stood close to the trunk of a hemlock. His brown body and earth-coloured rags were hardly to be distinguished from the trunk, so still he was, listening. The noontime hush lay upon the earth; only the river could be heard fretting about a great rock in the current. The Eagle-Eyed One relaxed and peered longingly through the fringe of leaves, across the belt of hot sand to the water. He had stolen a gun from the white hunter over the mountain and been fleeing since before dawn. He was very thirsty.

Sure at last that there was no one about, the Eagle-Eyed One parted the underbrush and stepped out on the sand. Three long strides and he knelt by the stream edge. Knelt, then supporting himself upon hands and one knee, put his lips to the water and drank deep. How good it was! Without lifting his lips the Indian drank on; hand and knee sank deeper into the damp sand; still he drank. The sun moved majestically out

from behind a fragment of cloud and something glittering caught the corner of the Indian's eye. He raised his face an inch or two from the water and looked. There by his outflung hand his incredibly dirty index finger pointed to it. What was it? Eagle-Eye drew his other knee under him and took it up. A pebble it seemed, as large as a green cherry, and glittering. Eagle-Eye turned it this way and that in his brown fingers. In any position it glittered like—like the buttons on the chief factor's coat. Gold! Eagle-Eye stood up suddenly. "Huh!" he said aloud and, tying the nugget into a rag of his shirt, he disappeared in the woods.[1]

News of the gold which Eagle-Eye had found in the sand by the edge of the Thompson spread first among his own tribe, and then among the white men. McLean, in charge at Kamloops, went up the river to see the place. He found several of Eagle-Eye's tribe upon the ground turning over the sand and searching in the crannies of the rocks. Other nuggets had already been found; the Indians showed the white trader how deeply embedded in the earth they were. McLean went home and ordered from Victoria iron spoons with which to dig. They came, and the Indians were urged to dig industriously and to bring to the Company whatever gold they found.

Soon afterward an American miner began to wash for gold on the Fraser River. He collected a small bag of dust which he showed to his friends about Puget Sound. In January 1858 Governor Douglas announced, "There is reason to believe that the gold region is extensive and I entertain sanguine hopes that future researches will develop stores of wealth perhaps equal to the gold-fields of California." By the spring eight hundred ounces had been collected and exported. Gold! Gold! Gold on the Fraser! Up and down the coast rang the thrilling cry. Crews left their ships, clerks the Company. "Forty-niners" who, nine years before, had left all to follow the gold trail to California, got out their pans; business men left their affairs, farmers their land, to crowd the steamers sailing from San

[1] No one knows the name of the Indian who discovered gold on the Thompson, or in just what way he found it. This part of the story is imaginary. All the rest is historically true.

Francisco for Victoria. Hundreds who could not secure an early passage by ship, bought horses and rode overland by the Okanagan. Governor Douglas had proclaimed that no one should dig for gold without a licence from the Government, so all ships called at Victoria. Three thousand treasure hunters are said to have landed there in one day, camping about the town in tents.

The first party which left Victoria crossed the gulf in skiffs, whale-boats and canoes. A number of these were drowned from their crazy craft. Soon, however, steamers began to run between Victoria and the mines, all American-owned boats being required by the wily Governor to pay a royalty on each trip made. The miners swarmed along the rocky ways carrying their supplies on their backs; they crowded all the bars of the Fraser up as far as the mouth of the Thompson. Then the Indians, angry that the white men should dare to dig their gold, gathered a war-party and drove the prospectors down-river to Yale. The miners organised in retaliation; but before serious fighting began, Governor Douglas arrived with the soldiers and made peace between the two parties.

Meantime eager treasure hunters were pouring into the country. Governor Douglas raised his licence fee to five dollars; every boat entering the Fraser paid toll; in Victoria a ten per cent. duty was charged upon miners' supplies. Still they came, some twenty thousand of them in 1858. Gaunt, bearded men they were; carefully shod in huge, hobnailed, knee-high boots. Each man wore a small leather bag under his belt, and every man went armed. Trappers carried their packs by a band round the head, but the miners fastened theirs by a strap passed under the arms. They distributed themselves along the Fraser from Maria Bar, just above Fort Langley, to the canyon above Yale, the majority working between Hope and Yale.

In the Hope district the men used "rockers" to collect the precious dust. A rocker was a kind of cradle. It was about four feet long, two feet across and two feet deep, the width narrowing toward the bottom. At the head was a perforated sheet-iron bottom like a housewife's colander. Into this box the gravel was shovelled by one miner, while his "pardner" poured in water

and rocked the cradle. The water ran through the perforated bottom to a second floor of quicksilver or copperplate or woolly blanket which caught the gold.

Shelter was easily arranged and plenty of fuel at hand, but meals of bacon, salmon, bread and coffee cost a dollar each. At meal-time the miners stood in long rows at the counters of the eating-houses waiting to be served with their dinner on a tin plate. As autumn drew on, many who had found no gold were forced to leave. All who could, stayed, however; Yale housed eight hundred people that winter, most of whom lived in tents or in log shacks roofed with canvas.

As the miners pushed farther and farther north, it became increasingly difficult to get supplies in to them. It was thought that a road might be cut through from Port Douglas by Harrison Lake, Lillooet Lake and River to Lillooet on the Fraser. The Governor, shrewd as usual, thought of a plan by which it was soon done. There were, in Victoria, five hundred gold hunters eager to reach the mines. "Now," said Douglas, "if each one of you men will deposit twenty-five dollars and agree to work upon the road till it is finished, the Hudson's Bay Company will transport you to Harrison River, feed you, and when the work is finished, give you either supplies or your money back." Most of the miners jumped at this chance. The deposits were made and work on the seventy-mile road begun.

When it was finished, trouble arose between the men and the Company over the point of delivery of the promised supplies. The Company declared they had agreed to deliver the supplies at Port Douglas, the lower end of the trail; the men said their goods should be handed over at the upper end. Finally a compromise was agreed upon and the men accepted their supplies in the middle. The point of delivery meant a considerable difference in price. Beans were one and a half cents a pound at Victoria, five cents a pound at Port Douglas, and a dollar a pound at the upper end of the trail. The opening of the road soon reduced food prices on the Upper Fraser to a much more reasonable level.

When the river bars and banks had all been staked out as claims, the miners began "dry-digging." They moved back

from the edges of the river up the banks and terraces on either side. They had then either to carry the earth down to the river to be washed or to dig ditches to lead the water through their claims. Sluicing, as this was called, was much more difficult and costly than rocking, but it brought in twice as much gold, the yield being as high as twenty-five dollars a day per man.

Then the bars on the lower reaches of the river began to show signs of exhaustion. Many of those who had come in hopes went away in despair. Towns lately busy and prosperous became huddles of roofless shacks, and a period of reaction set in.

THE ROYAL ENGINEERS

As soon as news of the gold rush reached England, Lord Lytton wrote to James Douglas, Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay post at Victoria, asking him to act as Governor of the country and promising to send out some companies of the Royal Engineers to survey the land, lay out roads, and maintain order.

The Royal Engineers were chosen because they were known to be a very superior corps, and it was hoped that they would not desert to go prospecting as soon as they reached the gold country. The main body of the force reached Victoria in the spring of 1859.

Fort Langley had been chosen as the capital of the new gold colony, and as soon as Captain Parsons arrived with the first party of Engineers he was sent over to lay out the city. The surveyors had done their work and the carpenters were advancing rapidly with the public buildings when Colonel Moody, the commanding officer, arrived. The Colonel did not like the site and chose instead New Westminster as the seat of the Government. In spite of the complaints of the real-estate men who had already bought Fort Langley property, the capital was moved. The Engineers spent the summer of 1859 in laying out the new city and in building barracks.

The Royal Engineers played an important part in the development of early British Columbia. While part of the corps

founded New Westminster, others explored, surveying roads and pushing trails through the wilderness in all directions. In 1860 land for agriculture began to be in demand, and the Engineers were kept busy surveying farms. One party deepened the channel through the shoals of Harrison Lake; another located the trail from Hope to Similkameen, along which Moberly and Dewdney afterwards built a road. In 1861 the Engineers surveyed the road from Yale to Lytton and located the Suspension Bridge; in 1862 the Cariboo road was begun.

When the corps was finally disbanded, the men were given their choice of going home and finishing their term in the army or remaining in the colony. Each of those who remained was given 160 acres of land; most of the married men stayed.

CARIBOO

Not all the miners left the Fraser when the first flush of promise began to fade. Already thoughtful men were saying to themselves, "This fine gold is carried down by rivers from the mountains; in the mountains we shall find the mother-lode." One and another left the crowd and went off by himself. Peter Dunlevy, disregarding the rumours of Indian threats, went up to the mouth of the Chilcotin River. There he fell in with a chief's son who led him to what became the famous Horsefly Mines. In 1859 there were a thousand men at Quesnel Lake, while Hope and Yale were almost deserted. On Snyder's Bar three men took out in one day a thousand dollars' worth of gold.

In the autumn of the following year Dr. Keithley arrived with three companions to explore Keithley Creek which flows into Lake Cariboo. They tramped up the creek for five miles; then seven miles farther up a dry ravine, coming out upon a "park-like ridge." They slept under the stars and, breakfasting, discussed whether or not it was worth while to go farther. In order to look about, the party climbed the shoulder of a mountain near. Beyond the ridge they could see another creek rippling downward in the sunshine. They climbed down to it and wandered along. Presently one shouted, then another. "The

gravel was pitted with little yellow stones." Excitedly they began washing. The first pan gave an ounce of gold, the second a quarter of a pound. Forgetting everything they worked till darkness fell.

They had no shelter but their blankets and it snowed heavily in the night; they were out of food too. In the morning two of the party began to build a log cabin, while the others hurried off to get provisions at the store on Cariboo Lake. They had planned to keep their find secret, but somehow it leaked out among the group of ragged men hanging around the store. The Keithley men were trailed back to "Antler Creek," and claims were staked faster than they could be recorded. The doctor and his men had their log shack, but the others spent the winter in holes dug in the earth of their claims.

"Antler Creek" was the first of many rich finds in Cariboo: Harvey Creek, Goose Creek, Lightning Creek, and at last in 1861 Williams Creek, the richest gold mine in the world. Edward Stout and William Deitz discovered the latter. At first it seemed hardly worth while, the gold panning only about a dollar a wash. "Humbug Creek" the miners called it. Then one of them spent two days digging to see what lay beneath the blue clay. He found a thousand dollars' worth of gold. The crowd rushed back. Its claims yielded twenty to sixty thousand dollars a year, and a certain Cameron secured a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gold dust before he left the country. "Lightning Creek" yielded a hundred thousand dollars in three weeks. Two and a half million dollars' worth of gold was exported from Cariboo in one year.

The stories of Cariboo set the whole world by the ears. People poured in from all directions. Working men, business men, professional men, by pack-train, by canoe, on foot, they crowded in. Flour was three hundred dollars a barrel, dried apples two dollars and a half a pound; potatoes ninety dollars a hundredweight. Boots sold for fifty dollars a pair. By 1862 there were six thousand people in Cariboo, and Barkerville had become the centre of the district.

Too often the men who made the richest strikes did not profit by them. One wild fellow, having made thirty thousand

dollars, spent the whole sum in treating the neighbours to champagne at thirty dollars a bottle, finishing "by smashing with twenty-dollar gold pieces a costly mirror hanging in the bar-room." Cariboo Cameron lost his money in poor investments. William Deitz died poor in Victoria.

The gold rush to Cariboo opened up new country. To carry in people and supplies a road was needed. To the bold task of building one, Governor Douglas set himself. A company of Royal Engineers had been sent from England. In 1862 they began blasting and bridge-building. The road was built on a kind of honeycomb of logs. It was eighteen feet wide and four hundred and eighty miles long, being carried from Yale to Lytton, then to Ashcroft on the Thompson, then to Soda Creek on the Upper Fraser, and finally from Quesnel into Barkerville, the heart of the Cariboo. A thoroughly good road, it cost the country only two thousand dollars a mile.

The Cariboo road was finished in 1865. Thereafter passengers for the gold fields went in, fashionably, by stage-coach and six horses; freight was transported by bull-team. There were road-houses at intervals along the way where fresh horses were kept for the stage and the passengers slept. Before dawn passengers rose from their bunks and sat down on hewn logs to a breakfast of "ham, eggs, soggy potatoes and slapjacks, called 'Rocky Mountain dead shot,' in maple syrup which had never seen a maple tree." The stage left at dawn. Wiping their mouths with the backs of hands probably unwashed, the passengers jumped and fought for places. The whip cracked: the horses sprang forward at a gallop. The journey was made regularly in five days, and often in four.

THE CARIBOO TRAIL[1]

The road from Yale to Barkerville, about four hundred miles long and some fourteen feet wide, was constructed by the Imperial Government during the exciting times of the gold rush to Cariboo. It was a gigantic undertaking in those days. The lower part up the Fraser canyons being blasted out of the solid rock is sometimes a mere shelf with an overhanging roof. The grades were steep to avoid extra heavy cuttings, and at one place the narrow path of the wagon road hung on the edge of a precipice thirteen hundred feet above the roaring waters of the Fraser.

The road in the most dangerous places was very narrow and there was scarcely room for two teams to pass. "The Royal Mail" always had the right of way, although we frequently met bull-teams and mule-teams. The former consisted of twelve to sixteen yoke of oxen; the latter of ten or twelve pairs of mules guided by one Mexican riding the leading nigh mule. The teams were always made to take the *outside* overlooking the scenery below. One enterprising firm tried a string of camels as pack animals, but the experiment failed, as the feet of the camels were too soft to stand the road.

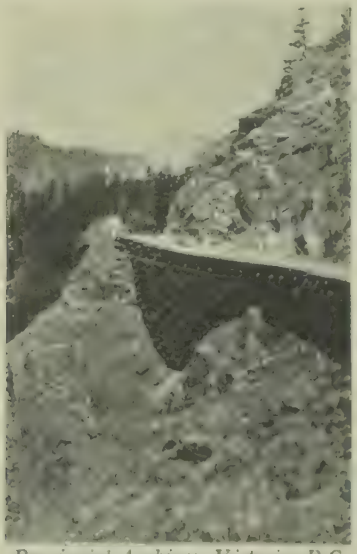
A pack-train of mules is most entertaining. We had seventy-five of them besides a few horses. It took only four men to handle this bunch—a "cargador," who is the boss, three assistants and a cook. No matter how many mules there are, they are all named and they answer to their names. Most of them seemed to have been named after the Apostles and Saints Paul, Peter, Luke, Mark, Anthony, etc. Long before daylight the "matador" rose sleepily and tramped off into the morning mist to round up the band. He returned with them in an hour or two, having

[1] Arranged from *Canada's Great Highway*, by J. H. E. Secretan.

caught the "bell mare," whose tinkling bell the others religiously follow.

The "aparajos" or pack saddles are always formed up into a large circle upon arriving at camp, and the cargo is neatly piled in the centre. When the mule train comes in in the morning, each mule seems to know his own place and solemnly faces his own particular "aparajo" on the outside of the circle, when all are linked together with a "hackamore," a kind of rope halter. Then Saint Paul is led into the centre of the ring, blindfolded with a small board hitched behind his long ears, and loaded with a couple of hundred-pound sacks of flour on either side, topped off perhaps with a chest of tea for luck. The mysteries of the "diamond hitch" are then performed by two packers, and Saint Paul, cinched till his stomach looks like an hour-glass, grunts and is dismissed with a kick, while the next mule takes his place.

When all are "packed," the bell mare, generally ridden by the cook, jingles gaily away in the lead and the whole train follows, flanked on either side by the Mexicans well mounted on pet mules. The lordly "cargador" smoking a cigarette brings up the rear.



Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.

THE CARIBOO TRAIL

Provincial Library, Edmonton
MRS. SCHUBERT

"GOLD in Cariboo," the magic words came winging over the mountains and down the long prairie trails to Eastern Canada. At once several parties were made up in Ontario and Quebec to go overland to British Columbia, treasure hunting. That was indeed a desperate venture, though the people, knowing little of the way, set out with light hearts. The different parties gathered at St. Paul, a village now and much too dignified to remember that it had lately been known as Pig's Eye. From there the treasure hunters took the stage to Georgetown on the Red River. The steamer *International,* which the Hudson's Bay Company was building to carry goods up and down the Red, lay at Georgetown almost finished. The travellers camped for a week waiting for her.

One pleasant May morning the *International* pulled out into the stream with a hundred and fifty men aboard. Soon it was found that she would not answer her helm. She veered and yawed about, colliding with trees on the bank and knocking down her smoke stacks. At last they learned how to manage her and she proceeded down-stream, the crew standing constantly by to push off shore at every bend in the river. Progress was slow and the captain put everyone on rations of two meals a day. It was a tired and hungry party which reached Fort Garry.

In Red River everyone hastened to buy himself a cart, oxen or horses, pemmican and flour for the journey. Ox carts and harness complete cost eight to ten pounds apiece, and pemmican sixteen cents a pound. The *Nor'-Wester* published a notice purporting to be from certain chiefs, saying that they intended to impose a tax on these strangers who would cross their lands; the suggestion worried the treasure hunters, but it turned out to have been only a joke.

On June 2, 1862, the various parties drew out of Fort Garry, each man proudly driving his new cart. They gathered at Long Lake and there held a council to organise their order of march. Mr. Thomas McMicking of Kingston was elected leader, and a committee appointed to assist him. The Indians hovered about waiting to steal. The camp was, therefore, arranged in the form of a triangle, with the carts placed on each side, the animals tethered within and the tents pitched without. Six men stood guard, two pacing up and down each side of the triangle. At half-past two every morning the camp was aroused; by three it was on the march. They halted for breakfast; then sharply at seven the order rang out, "Every man to his ox!" and the long line creaked on.

Two and a half miles an hour, ten hours a day, they wound along over the prairies of Saskatchewan, around little lakes blue as the skies above, over the long meadows gorgeous with flowers of every hue, among clumps of poplars, their fresh leaves dancing in the perfumed breeze, to the silver horizon. The vastness and indescribable beauty of the prairies astounded these men from the east. At six o'clock "Camp ahead" was shouted down the line. Carts were placed, fires built, pots slung, and the men fell hungrily upon their meal. For an hour, in the rainbow-hued twilight, a song was heard here, the sweet note of a violin there; Mrs. Schubert, the one woman in the party, hushed her babies to sleep; then the camp slept.

They had their troubles even on that fairyland of prairie. For days mosquitoes tortured them. At other times only brackish water could be found. At Fort Pitt, on the North Saskatchewan, they found the streams much swollen from eleven days' steady rain. Between July 18 and 21 they built eight bridges,

besides wading frequently up to their necks when fording was possible. They built the bridges of tree trunks. "The trees were felled as near the margin of the river as possible; then several men swam across the river, one carrying a cord attached to a rope attached in turn to a tree. By hauling on this rope they pulled the tree across and fastened it to the bank." Tree after tree was hauled across until the two banks of the stream were firmly connected; then small trees were cut and laid across the supports. On these bridges, horses, oxen and carts crossed safely.

The party reached Fort Edmonton on July 21, and camped for several days on the Strathcona side waiting for a boat to ferry them over. They traded at St. Albert and discussed long and earnestly with traders by which pass they had best attempt the Rockies. It was finally decided to take the Leather Head Pass, and André Cardinal, who had been over the road twenty-nine times, was hired as guide; the treasure hunters paid him fifty dollars in money, an ox and cart, one hundred pounds of flour, and some groceries.

The Rocky Mountains were sighted on August 13, and, weary now of the endless plains, the travellers shouted with joy at the glorious sight. As autumn came on, the days shortened; they could make only ten miles a day. Their provisions gave out and game seemed very scarce. The mountain valleys were piled high with fallen logs; the rivers wound back and forth endlessly. In one morning the adventurers crossed the Maquette eight times. They reached the Fraser at a point where it could be forded at a single stride. They had crossed the divide, but had still a long way to go. Having no food for the animals, they abandoned two or three each day. The men were reduced to horse-meat; one young man was discovered toasting a piece of lariat rope.

At Tête Jaune Cache they found a camp of Shushwaps and traded ammunition and clothing for dried salmon and berry cakes. André, the guide, had so far led them faithfully, but he knew the road no farther. The Shushwaps had never heard of Cariboo. The expedition now divided, some going overland, some down the Fraser, and still others, the Schuberts among them, crossing to the head-waters of the Thompson.

The different parties had varied fortunes, but all suffered terribly, and many lives were lost in the turbulent streams. Some of the men reached Fort George; others Alexandria; and Mrs. Schubert with her children, Kamloops. They had reached the end of the rainbow, but the pot of gold was not there. A few of the adventurers reached the gold fields, others took work upon the Cariboo road. In the end most of them settled down to farming.

THE FRASER

The River of Flowers comes down to the sea,
Purple its waters and gray;
From the heart of the mountains, shouting with glee,
Purple its waters and gray.

Foaming with silver the river comes down,
Purple its waters and gray;
Gleaming and golden the salmon go up,
Through waters purple and gray.

Now on its bosom the fishermen float,
Out on the purple and gray;
Over its silver and gold they float,
Forgotten the purple and gray.

BUILDING A MISSION

ST. ALBERT

FATHER LACOMBE, a young French-Canadian priest, came up to Edmonton from Fort Garry in 1852. He had a dash of Indian blood in his veins and the life of the plains had called to him from childhood. Father Thibault, who had had a mission among the Crees for nine years, was utterly worn out, and Bishop Provencher at Red River sent the young man to take his place. His strong body was built for the work, his soul keyed to it; never did knight of old ride forth more joyously to his adventure; never did paladin more gloriously achieve it than did Father Lacombe his mission.

He came up to Edmonton with the autumn brigade and spent the winter in the fort. But when spring came striding over the hills, the young man was up and away. Up the river, down the river, north and south through the woods he tramped and, at last, decided to make his headquarters at Lac Ste. Anne, fifty miles north-west of the fort. Father Thibault had chosen it ten years before as a mission because of the fishing and fuel; besides it was distant from the Blackfoot trail to Edmonton and therefore safe.

Father Lacombe remained at Lac Ste. Anne for some years. He ministered specially to the Métis, but the Indians loved him, and more and more came to be guided by him. They were peaceful years. The Father divided his days between work in the fields and attending to his mission. The simple-hearted Crees received his religion gladly, but were not quite so willing to dig and hoe in the barley-, turnip- and potato-fields. Still, led by the good priest, they planted and tended and soon had comfortable little farms.

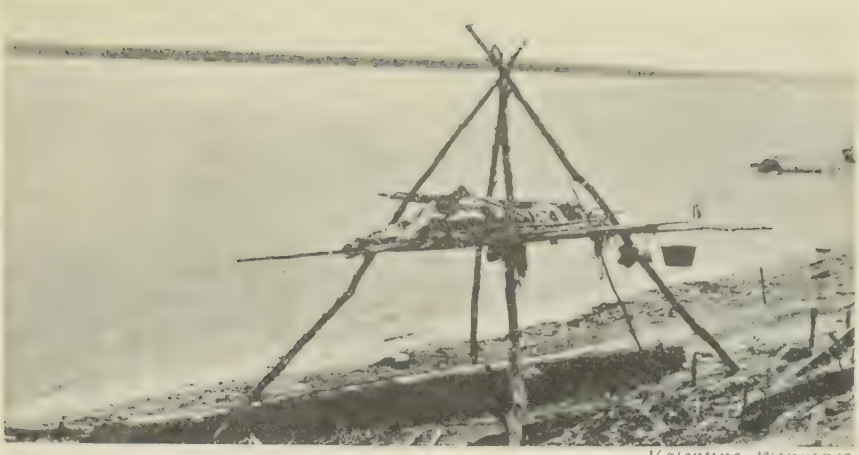
One day, while Bishop Taché of Red River was paying his

second visit to Ste. Anne, Father Lacombe was startled by the sudden appearance of a huge Blackfoot chief who, arrayed in his most gorgeous attire, had come to see the bishop. The chief asked Bishop Taché if he would not send a priest to preach to the Blackfeet. He promised that they would treat one respectfully and while he was with them would not make war upon the Crees. The priest was asked to carry a white flag with a red cross, so that the Blackfeet should know him. Father Lacombe had been urging that a mission to which the Blackfeet might come should be established near the fort. Bishop Taché now commanded it to be done, and the two chose St. Albert as the site.

"Here you will build the chapel!" exclaimed the young bishop, striking his staff into the snow on the hill-top where they stood looking down over the broad and lovely valley of the River Sturgeon. It was the spring of 1861. Life at Lac Ste. Anne was already too settled for the eager heart of Father Lacombe; he turned with delight to the building of the new mission. As soon as the snow was off the ground he collected ponies, oxen and farm implements, and with Michel and Rose, his two Métis servants, set out for the Sturgeon. They pitched their buffalo-hide tents on the hillside where the bishop had stood, and after prayers next morning began their work.

With two other Métis helpers they crossed the river to the spruce woods beyond and got out logs for the building; it took them ten days. One of the oxen then drew the logs across to the chosen site. The Métis dug a saw-pit and the logs were sawed in half lengthwise. Meantime two of the men cleared and broke the ground for the little farm that was to be. They had only one plough so Father Lacombe arranged that one man should break part of the day with one yoke of oxen; then the other man brought out a fresh yoke and ploughed as long as the late northern twilight permitted. In this way they managed to break up a considerable acreage.

Presently some of the Ste. Anne folk arrived. Loving Father Lacombe as they did, they preferred to come and work for him than to go on the summer hunt; the men got out wood for a number of houses; the women worked in the community



INDIAN BURIAL

garden, where they planted carrots, onions, beets, cabbage and turnips, as well as a good-sized field of potatoes. Father Lacombe was in his element. His energetic spirit had now full scope. Now in the saw-pit; next among the builders; showing the women how to weed the young onions; superintending the work of the men in the field; he was never still. By the end of July the fields began to glow with the gold of harvest, the houses were nearly ready for occupation, and everyone was feasting on the fresh vegetables from the garden.

Autumn brought a plentiful harvest. The good grain was threshed and taken to the Company's grist-mill at Fort Edmonton. The partly-ripened oats were cut for food; the vegetables were stored in root-cellars on the hillside. Alexis, Father Lacombe's famous guide, led the hunters to the plains on the autumn hunt for buffalo. Those who remained brought in each night huge bags of wild duck shot among the reed fringes of Big Lake. "It is the Golden Age," wrote Father Lacombe, uplifted by the success of his labours.

The next spring the good Father determined to build a bridge across the Sturgeon at the foot of the hill. Twenty Métis families had now settled at St. Albert. Every second Sunday the priest crossed to hold service at Fort Edmonton, nine miles away. They had been using a raft, but it was both

inconvenient and unsafe. One Sunday after Mass Father Lacombe stepped outside and said, "My friends, I'm finished to cross that way in the water, walking in the mud on the bank and pushing the raft. I'll build me a bridge, and if any of you do not help me—that man shall not cross on the bridge; he shall go through the water. Yes, I will have a man there to watch."

Next morning the settlement to the last man, woman and child came out to help build the bridge. They brought axes and ropes. An old French Canadian supervised the building. Father Lacombe fed the workers on pemmican and tea and, in three days, it was finished; they had a solid bridge. To the Métis, who had never seen the like, it was a marvel. Grown-ups and children alike ran back and forth across it, laughing and clapping their hands. For years it was the only one in the country and was known far and wide simply as "The Bridge."

Father Lacombe now needed many things for the new mission at St. Albert. In those days goods were brought into the country only by the Hudson's Bay Company when the fur brigade returned in the autumn. The charges were high; Father Lacombe felt that he could not afford them. After some thought he organised a brigade of Red River carts and set out overland for the settlements. They were a month going and another returning; this is said to have been the first cart brigade to carry freight between the Red River and Edmonton.

Brother Scollen came back with Father Lacombe to open a school at Fort Edmonton. This, the first school in Alberta, was held in a low log building just within the fort walls. There were twenty pupils of all ages and sizes, boys and girls alike dressed in deerskin. They were but little accustomed to staying within doors, much less to sitting still, and the good Brother had his hands full. Few could read, fewer still write or spell. None of them was very anxious to learn; but patient Brother Scollen won their hearts and soon tamed his "Wild West."

THE SARCEE MAID

On a calm summer evening in 1867 Father Lacombe sat smoking his pipe with the chiefs in a small encampment of Crees. Suddenly the quiet was broken by the war-chant of the tribe; the young warriors returning from the hunt galloped wildly into camp. They had had a brush with a party of Sarcees and had brought home a prisoner, a young woman whose husband they had killed.

Proudly she sat her pony, alone in the hostile camp. She wore a robe of white deer-skin; her dusky hair fell loose about her; her great dark eyes blazed defiance at her foes. Then she saw the good priest sitting among the chiefs. Slipping from her horse she knelt at his feet claiming a sanctuary she felt rather than knew. Father Lacombe laid his hand upon her head.

"Who owns this woman?" he said.

"I do," answered one of the young men, stepping forward.

"Sell her to me," said the priest.

"But no, I do not want to sell," replied the young man. "I have no wife and I have nothing with which to buy one. I want the woman myself."

"I will give you a horse for her," bargained Father Lacombe, "a horse, a new coat, leggings, tea, tobacco."

"Ha!" said the Indian, "you offer much for her. You may have her."

"Now," said the priest to the maid, "you belong to me. You must go where I wish and do as I tell you." The maid nodded submissively.

A scheme had already flashed into Father Lacombe's mind. He would Christianise the captive maiden and then take her back to her people. She should make his welcome sure among the southern tribes where he longed to build a mission. The

Sarcee maid was sent to the Sisters at St. Albert where, during the winter, she learned English and the ways of the paleface.

Next spring when Father Lacombe called at the convent for his maid, the Sisters did not wish to let her go. "Leave Marguerite with us," they begged. "No! No!" said the priest, "she is gold—gold to me. Her people of the Blackfoot nation are fierce and proud. They are my friends, though they do not love my teaching as the Crees do. But when I bring Marguerite back to them—Ah! that is my day."

So Father Lacombe rode south with Alexis, his man; Suzanne, an old Blackfoot squaw; and Marguerite. Presently they saw a large camp on the slope of a neighbouring coulée. "That may be my people," said Marguerite. "Good!" said Father Lacombe. "Raise the Red Cross flag, Alexis; go into the tent, Marguerite, and stay there till I tell you to come out." In a few minutes Indians from the encampment rode up to welcome Father Lacombe. Several of them were in mourning, having their faces streaked with black paint.

"For whom are you in mourning?" asked the cunning Father.

"Six months ago," replied the Indians, "your friends, the Crees, attacked one of our camps. They killed some of our young men and carried off one of our young women."

"Did you not find her?" asked the priest.

"Her brothers rode out but they did not get her. She has been carried far into the Cree country. She may be dead. We shall never see her again."

"Marguerite," called Father Lacombe.

Out sprang the lost maiden, well and happy, delighted at being again among her own people. One glance about, then, with a glad cry, she flew straight into the arms of her mother. What shouts of surprise! What cries of joy! The women pressed round Marguerite; the men about Father Lacombe. They brought him in procession to their camp where there were songs of triumph and orations by the chiefs. Sure enough the story of Marguerite gave the good priest more influence among the southern tribes than many sermons would have done.

THE TRANSFER OF THE GREAT WEST

From the time of William Sayer's trial the authority of the Hudson's Bay Company in Red River grew steadily weaker. The Company fought this growing weakness by increasingly strict rules and became only the more unpopular. Letters, complaints and petitions against the Company followed each other to England with every mail.[1]

The case against the Company was hotly taken up by Alexander Isbister, a clever young lawyer, born in Rupert's Land, and having a strain of Indian blood. For some years Isbister and the Company in turn bombarded the British Government with question and answer, accusation and defence.

Now the Company held its lands in different ways; Rupert's Land, the region whose rivers flowed into Hudson's Bay, belonged to it by charter from King Charles II.; outside departments, Athabasca, Saskatchewan and Pacific, were held by licence from the Government. The licensed lands were much the most valuable, and the licence terminated and had to be renewed every twenty-one years. The old licence expired in 1859; in the midst of all these troubles the Company was forced to ask for a new one.

Meantime the people of Canada had begun to be interested in the west. The eastern provinces were filling up; it would

[1] During the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century, the Hudson's Bay Company ruled in Red River. The community was a small and isolated one and, as most of the white settlers were connected in some way with the Company, they remained happy and contented under a paternal rule which from time to time spent both time and money for the improvement of their condition. After the publication of Palliser's report, however, the fame of the land's fertility spread abroad and new settlers began to appear. These people were unaccustomed to Company government and they disliked its restrictions. They resented the Company's monopoly of the fur trade. They complained that the Company hindered settlement; that they could not get supplies at a reasonable rate; that the Company charged excessive duties on imports; that the governor and council were not elective; in short, the new settlers sought representative government for Red River.

not be long before the prairies would be needed for settlement. Canadians claimed that all the land westward to the Pacific Ocean should belong to Canada. The British Government then appointed a committee to look into the whole matter. This committee sat, took a great deal of evidence, heard a great many witnesses, and arrived at a very sensible decision. They advised that Red River and Saskatchewan, land needed for settlement, should be given to Canada; that Vancouver Island be taken over as a colony by the British Government; and that as to the great northern territory, where no one wished to settle, the Company should keep it, trade in it, and take care of it lest it go back to barbarism.

Meantime Mr. Watkins, a clever business man, gathered together a group of capitalists, who arranged to buy out the old Company. Representatives of the old and new Companies met in the board-room of Hudson's Bay House in Fenchurch Street, London, on February 1, 1862. Several of the old stockholders were strongly opposed to the sale, and hot words were flung across the green-covered table. The majority of the Hudson's Bay men, however, thought it best to sell. Just two hundred years before the "Adventurers" had begun business with a capital stock of fifty thousand dollars; the capital stock was now seven and a half millions.

When the "wintering partners," the chief factors and chief traders heard of the sale they were very angry. The new Company had intended to give them salaries instead of partnerships, but they protested so strongly that the change was not made at that time.

In 1867 the provinces of Canada united, becoming the Dominion of Canada. Canadians felt that the new Dominion Government should have control of Rupert's Land. Some thought it ought to be taken from the Company; but the Government more honourably arranged to buy it. Canada agreed to pay for it three hundred thousand pounds and one-twentieth of the land. Thus in 1869, after two centuries of power, the "Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" ceded their sovereign rights in Rupert's Land to the Imperial Government, which handed them over to Canada.

DANGEROUS DAYS

Grant, Calgary

WILLIAM MCDOUGALL

While Canada was still treating with the Hudson's Bay Company for the north-west lands, Mr. McDougall, Canadian Minister of Public Works, sent Mr. John Snow to Red River. Mr. Snow was instructed to build a road from Fort Garry to the Lake of the Woods. With the permission of the Company some surveys had already been made; but Mr. McDougall does not seem to have asked permission to build the road.

The coming of the road builders alarmed the half-breeds of Red River. They had, in the past, often complained of the Company's rule; they now saw themselves likely to be taken over by Canada, and they were not at all sure that they would like the new master better than the old. Canadians in Mr. Snow's party wrote letters to the newspapers in Canada describing the Métis in such a way that these hot-tempered fellows took offence. The road builders probably boasted about Canada and what she would do when she took possession of Red River. The Americans among them may have whispered that it would be wiser to join the United States than Canada. Whatever the causes, the six thousand French half-breeds in the settlement became very restless.

In the following July (1869) Mr. McDougall appointed Colonel Dennis to go to Red River, lay out townships and make a general survey of the country. It was scarcely polite, for the

Company had not yet transferred the west to Canada. When the surveyors arrived, the half-breeds became convinced that their lands were to be taken from them and given to strangers. They grew more and more angry. Colonel Dennis and his men had hardly begun their work when a party of Métis led by Louis Riel came down upon them and forced them to stop. The officers in Red River, the priests also, tried to persuade the half-breeds to let the survey go on, but they would not. Surveyors and road builders had to withdraw.

It had been agreed that the Hudson's Bay Company should formally make the west over to the Dominion of Canada on October 1, 1869. The Dominion Government appointed Mr. McDougall Lieutenant-Governor of the north-west, and he set out for Fort Garry. He travelled through the United States and reached Pembina on October 30. Hearing of his coming the Métis had resolved to keep him out. Led by the fiery Riel, they sent the new Governor a message warning him not to enter the country, and building a barrier across the road between Fort Garry and Pembina they prepared to resist him by force of arms.

For once Mr. McDougall behaved wisely; he stayed at Pembina. Colonel Dennis went up to Red River to get the Scotch and English settlers to escort the Governor in; but they, while willing to receive McDougall, refused to take part against the half-breeds, with whom they had always been friends. Had they done so, they might have brought down upon their unprotected heads the whole Indian population of the west.

Riel now began to carry things with a high hand in the settlement. His men stopped travellers at the barrier and detained the mails. On November 2 he and his band seized Fort Garry. The fatal weakness of the Company's government was now seen. When Riel appeared at the gates, Governor McTavish was ill. Dr. Cowan, the officer in charge, protested against the seizure of the fort, but, naturally, Riel paid little attention to that. He set guards and proceeded to make himself and his men comfortable. They seized Mr. McDougall's furniture, which had been sent forward from Pembina, and with it furnished their own quarters.

There were at this time four groups of people in Red River: the French half-breeds; the Selkirk settlers, Scotch and English; the Canadians, mainly settled in the new village of Winnipeg; and a little band of Company officials. Hitherto they had worked together well, but now differences of opinion divided them. The Canadians were all for admitting Mr. McDougall and joining Canada at once; the hot-headed French wished to keep him out altogether and to form a Provisional Government in the colony; the canny Selkirk men advised a compromise, "Let the Company's government continue to act," they said, "until we come to an arrangement with Canada." Riel at first agreed to this, but afterwards he changed his mind, saying that the Company government was too weak to maintain order.

The British group now held a meeting to decide what to do. While it was going on, Colonel Dennis arrived with a proclamation announcing that the country had now been transferred to Canada. This simplified matters. The French and British delegates met together and drew up a "Bill of Rights," intending, should Canada grant these rights, to join her, admit Mr. McDougall, and settle down peaceably. Unfortunately a number of Canadians had armed themselves and gone out to join Colonel Dennis. It was rumoured that they meant to attack Fort Garry. This angered the French group, and when the Canadians gathered at Dr. Schultz' house in Winnipeg, Riel went down with three hundred men, carried them to the fort and locked them up.

To make matters worse, it now became known that the proclamation about the transfer of the country to Canada had been sent out by Mr. McDougall upon his own authority and was not legal. The money had not yet been paid over to the Hudson's Bay Company nor had the north-west been transferred to Canada. Everything was again thrown into confusion. The settlers went to Riel to beg him to let the Canadian prisoners go. He would not; on the contrary he kept quietly arresting others whom he suspected of sympathising with Canada. Soon no one knew how many prisoners he had in Fort Garry.

Mr. McDougall now returned to Canada, and Donald Smith was sent out by the Canadian Government to try to bring about

a settlement with the people of Red River. Mr. Smith was quiet and tactful. He read to the people the Queen's proclamation announcing the legal transfer of the country to Canada. Another convention assembled, another "List of Rights" was drawn up. Smith read the list aloud and assured the people that the Canadian Government would grant them all their demands and more besides. He then invited them to name two delegates to go to Ottawa to arrange the matter.

Stanton, Toronto

THOMAS SCOTT

Meantime Riel, not wishing to lose his power, urged that the English and French unite to form a Provisional Government to take charge in Red River until Ottawa should have instituted a permanent one. The English members of the convention did not wish to do this, but rather than offend the French members, they agreed. A Provisional Government, the "Pemmican Government," as it was nicknamed, was formed and Riel elected president.

Riel had promised to liberate the prisoners he held, but he still delayed to do so. Angry at this a body of Portage la Prairie men came down to liberate their friends, but they were captured by Riel's men and the whole party marched off to Fort Garry. Riel held a court-martial upon these men and sentenced Major Boulton, their leader, and three others to be shot. The greatest excitement spread through the settlement and people hurried to Riel to plead for the lives of the condemned men. He agreed to release the three; but not until Mr. Smith himself begged for Major Boulton was he saved.

Apparently, however, Riel could not be content without

showing his power by taking someone's life. Before anyone could stay his hand he condemned and shot young Scott, a man whom, for some reason, he hated. All Canada gasped with horror when the dreadful deed became known.

From that hour Riel's power waned. The Canadian Government at once ordered troops to Red River. The force, which consisted of seven hundred non-commissioned officers and men, assembled at Toronto, proceeded to Collingwood by rail, and sailed for Fort William in the steamers *Chicora* and *Algoma*. The Americans, who owned the canal at the Sault, allowed the *Algoma* to pass through, but refused permission to the *Chicora*, so that her stores had to be landed on the British side of the river, portaged three miles, and re-shipped for Fort William in the *Algoma*.

The troops disembarked at Prince Arthur's Landing on June 21, and began the task of transporting the stores over the difficult forty-eight miles between Fort William and Lake Shebandowan. Rain rendering the roads almost impassable, Colonel Wolseley had the voyageurs drag the boats up the bed of the Kaministikuia River, which they did with great difficulty.

The men quickly became expert in cutting wood, lighting fires, and cooking. The sun burnt them a deep bronze; carrying loads tore their shirts; rowing wore holes in their trousers, which, being patched with canvas from the bean-sacks, won for them the nickname "Canvas-back ducks." From Lake Shebandowan they pushed cheerfully up the lakes and rivers and over the forty-seven portages of the "Dawson Route" to Fort Garry, having covered the 1146 miles in ninety-five days.

When they arrived they found that Riel and his men had fled. Colonel Wolseley did not try to capture Riel, who escaped from the country. The Manitoba Act had already been passed at Ottawa. By it Red River became part of the great new Province of Manitoba. One million four hundred thousand acres of land were set aside for the half-breeds who settled down very peaceably.

CHARLES MAIR'S ESCAPE FROM FORT GARRY

As told to ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE *by* CHARLES MAIR

CHARLES MAIR, author and poet, had been sent to Fort Garry as paymaster of the emigrant road-makers. While there he met and married Elizabeth McKinney, niece of Dr. and Mrs. Schultz. In September 1869 they went to St. Paul on their wedding trip. Returning with Mr. McDougall in October, the newly-married couple were allowed to proceed, while the Governor and his party were detained at Pembina by the half-breeds. Soon after their arrival at Fort Garry, Mr. Mair and his wife were imprisoned. During some weeks they were allowed to see each other only twice; then Mrs. Mair was permitted to leave the fort and stay with friends, the Drevers.

. . . . . .

"After having been in prison several months," says Charles Mair, "Riel one evening ordered me out of my cell and told me that I was to be shot. Upon my return I called my fellow-prisoners together and told them that my murder would not be the only one. We decided then and there to escape if possible.

"At first we had all been confined to Fort Garry, but owing to lack of accommodation, a considerable number of the prisoners had been removed to the old Assiniboine gaol and courthouse, which consisted of eight cells, four on each side, lit by narrow windows, each with an iron bar in the centre. I occupied the first cell with Mr. Lewis Archibald, Mr. Miller and the unfortunate Thomas Scott. The cell immediately opposite was occupied by Peter McArthur and three others. As this cell faced the eastern stockade in which a pivot was missing, leaving a gap through which a man could pass, it was decided to make the escape through it.

"A file had been conveyed in, and Mr. McArthur had secretly cut his bar from its holdings so that it could be taken out when required. Even then the opening was so narrow that probably one prisoner would have to remain, as those who escaped would have to be shoved through by main force and would fall on their heads in the snow.

"The night chosen was a dark and bitterly cold one in January 1870; and the time was the change of guards at midnight. Those who had been on sentry duty were warming themselves by the guardroom fire, while the relief reluctantly dressed to go out. One by one we were thrust through the little opening. On getting out of the stockade each prisoner took the direction that pleased him, numbers heading for the wood on the Assiniboine River. Very soon, owing to the excitement and noise in the prison, the guards discovered the escape; Riel's whole force was soon in pursuit. The poor fellows blundering in the dark were nearly all recaptured, most of them badly frost-bitten, as they had neither coats nor mittens.

"I was the third to get out. After an instant's reflection, I started down what is now Main Street; it led from the fort to the little village of Winnipeg. My objective was the home of my Loyalist friend, William Drever. Favoured by the dark and cold I reached this haven. After a brief interview with my wife, I was supplied with a half-breed capote, a cap, and mittens, a horse and sled. I then set off for the loyal settlement of Portage la Prairie, sixty miles away.

"At the Portage, in conjunction with the people of High Bluff and Poplar Point, secret meetings were held and a force organised, with Major Boulton in command, to take Fort Garry by surprise, release the prisoners, and restore the Queen's authority. Our party, which was well armed and furnished with ladders and torches, would, in all likelihood, have captured the fort without much bloodshed as all within were celebrating Riel's election as president, and nearly all were drunk. We were frustrated, however, by one of the most frightful blizzards of the winter, and stumbling upon Headingly Mission Church, the party was storm-stayed there for three days.

"During the storm two or three intrepid men were

dispatched to visit the parishes below Fort Garry and to sound the people there as to their intentions. A messenger returned with word that the people of these parishes would join the Portage men in a demand for the release of the prisoners, failing which they would unite in an attack upon the fort. Instantly the whole party got under way, and marching past Fort Garry in the night, reached Kildonan in the morning. Here they were joined by several Loyalists with a cannon. Led by Dr. Schultz, an instant demand was made upon Riel for the release of the prisoners, which was acceded to with very little delay, for Riel was now thoroughly alarmed and his men were reported to be insubordinate.

"The 'Portage party,' as it was called, now decided upon attacking the fort and restoring British authority and the British flag. There was a difference of opinion about this, however, particularly in Kildonan, where the force was quartered. Just at this juncture the spy Parisien was captured and, endeavouring to escape, shot young Sutherland of Kildonan. This brought matters to a crisis and by nightfall, mainly through the entreaties of terrified women, the Red River force disbanded, leaving the Portage party alone, over sixty miles from home. At dusk they found their way to Redwood, the residence of William Inkster, and were soon joined by Setter, Ogletree, William Hall and myself.

"At Redwood we found that the party had been negotiating through 'Flatboat McLane' for an unmolested passage by Fort Garry to the Portage. McLane reported this to have been promised by Riel. Rightly mistrusting any such promise, I urged the party, of whom Thomas Scott was one, to strike out at once and follow us. They were done up, however, and said they would have a nap and follow our trail. Setter, Ogletree, Hall, McDonald and I then left and travelled several miles out on the prairie north of the fort; each in turn breaking the path, for we had no snowshoes. After a narrow escape at Headingly we struck ten miles back on the prairie and at last reached the Portage in safety.

"I then secured the fastest team possible and sent for my wife, who was in hiding in Winnipeg. Disguised as a man in

half-breed capote, cap and sash, she ran the gauntlet of Riel's guard, and joined me at the Portage.

"The party at Redwood, instead of waking at midnight, slept until morning. Following our broken trail they were intercepted by an armed band led by the Fenian O'Donohue, who said they had been sent to invite them over to the fort for a quiet talk. This ruse succeeded; the party entered the fort, and was immediately disarmed. Boulton was condemned to death and reprieved; then Scott was condemned. On March 14, 1870, he was shot, but not killed. He lay for hours in a bastion of the fort, suffering mortal agony and begging them to put him to death. This barbarous murder is an indelible stain upon the character of Riel and of his associates."

Grant, Calgary

LOUIS RIEL

HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL MAIL [1]

Sir William Butler

"It was late in the afternoon of August 15 when I left for the last time the Lake of the Woods. Next night our camp was made below the Eagle's Nest, seventy miles from the Portage-du-Rat. A wild storm burst upon us at nightfall, and our bivouac was a damp and dreary one. The Indians lay under the canoe; I sheltered as best I could under a huge pine-tree. My oil-cloth was only four feet in length—a shortcoming on the part of its feet, which caused mine to suffer much discomfort. Besides I had Her Majesty's royal mail to keep dry, and with the limited liability of my oil-cloth in the matter of length, that became no easy task—two bags of letters and papers, home letters and papers, too, for the expedition. They had been flung into my canoe when leaving Rat Portage, and I had spent the first day in sorting them as we swept along, and now they were getting wet in spite of every effort to the contrary. I made one bag into a pillow, but the rain came through the big pine-tree, putting out my fire and drenching mail-bags and blankets.

"On the night of August 17 we made our camp on a little island close to Otter Falls. Again it came on a night of ceaseless rain, and again the mail-bags underwent a drenching. The old Indian cleared a space in the dripping vegetation, and made me a rude shelter with branches woven together; but the rain beat through and drenched body, bag and baggage. And yet how easy it all was and how sound one slept! Upon examining the letters in the morning the interior of the bags presented such a pulpy appearance that I was obliged to stop at one of the

[1] From *The Great Lone Land.*

seven portages for the purpose of drying Her Majesty's mail. We made a large fire and placing cross-sticks above proceeded to toast and grill the dripping papers. The Indians sat around, turning the letters with little sticks as if they had been baking cakes or frying sturgeon. Under their skilful treatment the pulpy mass soon attained the consistency, and in many instances the legibility of a smoked herring."

THE DOG SLED

Sir William Butler

"A dog sled is simply two thin oak or birchwood boards lashed together with deer-skin thongs. Turned up in front like a Norwegian snowshoe it runs, when light, over the snow with great ease. Its length is about nine feet; its breadth sixteen inches. Along its outer edges runs a leather lashing, through the hoops of which a long leather line is passed to hold in its place whatever may be placed upon the sled. From the front, close to the turned-up portion, the traces for draught are attached. The dogs, usually four in number, stand in tandem fashion, one before the other. The best dog is usually placed first as 'foregoer'; the next best at the rear as 'steer dog.' It is the business of the 'foregoer' to keep the track however faint it may be on lake or river. The 'steer dog' guides the sled and prevents it from striking or catching in root or tree. An ordinary load for four dogs weighs from two to four hundred pounds. Laden with two hundred pounds, dogs will travel on anything like a good track or hard snow about thirty to thirty-five miles a day. In deep or soft snow the pace is of necessity slow, and twenty to twenty-five miles a day will form a fair day's work."

TREATY DAY

As soon as the new Government was well established in Manitoba, Lieutenant-Governor Archibald arranged a council with the Indians. So many new people were coming into the country that the natives had become very uneasy. They had already asked the Governor to make a treaty with them and he had promised to do so. Accordingly, in 1871, the Dominion Government appointed Mr. Simpson Indian commissioner, giving him power to treat with the Indians for their lands. Mr. Simpson first held a council with the Ojibways between Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods; then he went on to Fort Garry.

On July 27 a thousand braves gathered at Lower Fort Garry to meet Governor Archibald, Mr. Simpson and Mr. McKay, whom they had brought with them because the Indians loved and trusted him. When the Indians had drawn near, Governor Archibald made a long speech to them.

After Mr. Simpson had spoken to them, the Indians retired to choose chiefs to represent and speak for them. When they returned to the conference next day the chiefs said they did not wish to treat because four Swampy Crees were in prison. They begged Governor Archibald to set their friends free, which he did. The chiefs thanked him and promised that they would never again raise their voices against the law being enforced. The Indians were then asked to say how much land they wished reserved for them. As it seemed they wished for about two-thirds of the Province of Manitoba, the commissioner told them that they could not have more than a hundred and sixty acres for each family of five, but promised that they might choose their land in whatever part of the province they wished. An annuity of twelve dollars for each

family of five was also promised, and they were given till the following Monday to think over the matter. On that day the Indians agreed to accept the conditions offered and, on August 3, their chiefs signed away their right to the lands of the Province of Manitoba.

On August 21, Governor Archibald, Mr. Simpson and their party met the Northern Indians at Manitoba Post on Lake Manitoba. With these Indians they treated for the lands lying west and north of Manitoba. The Northern Indians had heard of the conditions offered at Lower Fort Garry. They had already discussed them about their own council fires, and were ready to give their assent. Thus Treaty Number 2 was concluded very quickly and the Government saved a good deal of money. While the councils were being held, the Government fed the whole body of Indians gathered at the council post. In accordance with Indian custom many presents were given; the conferences, therefore, cost the Government a good deal, though the amount was nothing in comparison with the rich lands they were taking over. In all, seven treaties were made with the Indians for the lands of Western Canada.

Oliver, Calgary

INDIAN BED

NED McGOWAN'S WAR[1]

ONE of the first exploits in which the Royal Engineers were engaged was Ned McGowan's war. Ned was an American, reputed a "bad" man. Attended by a few kindred spirits, he went up the Fraser to Murderer's Bar looking for a good location. They found a promising claim on the bar being worked by an Irishman named Dooley, whom they at once approached.

"You have far too much land here," said the new-comers, "we will help you to dig and wash."

"I don't want any help," said Dooley.

"Oh yes, you do," laughed the McGowan party, and proceeded to edge the Irishman off his claim.

"This is my claim," shouted Dooley. "You get out of here or I'll . . ."

"Push him off; he's a beastly Britisher," said McGowan.

"I'll not stir a step, and God save the Quane!" answered Dooley sturdily.

"Bury the beggar," ordered McGowan, turning contemptuously away. And his men prepared to do it. In a few minutes they dug a hole several feet deep. Dooley was seized, thrown into it, and held down while partly covered with gravel.

"What do you say now?" asked the men.

"God save the Quane!" replied Dooley.

More gravel was thrown in, and question and answer were repeated. Bit by bit the hole was filled up. At last only Dooley's eyes and mouth remained visible. "What do you say now?" asked the leader.

"God save the Quane," whispered Dooley.

"Dig him up," ordered McGowan, and they did so.

McGowan's exploits were not all so innocent. Yale and

[1] The evidence for this account of Ned is not very trustworthy, but the story is amusing and has been allowed to stand in the meantime.

Hill's Bar were rival communities. On one occasion the Hill's Bar magistrate claimed jurisdiction over a certain criminal. Ned McGowan was one of a group of special constables sent down to Yale to arrest the man. They brought him back to Hill's Bar, where he was tried and fined. The Yale magistrate felt himself to have been insulted, and word went down the river to the effect that the miners were in revolt, with McGowan at their head; Yale begged that the army and the navy might be rushed to its assistance.

Colonel Moody, with a party of Engineers, hurried up to Hill's Bar, but found the town quiet. After church, however, Moody met McGowan on the street and some words passed between them. Then Chief Justice Begbie arrived with Captain Mayne, who reported that the bluejackets from the warship were on their way up the river. They were preparing to send men to arrest Ned when the man himself appeared, smartly dressed, polite, plausible. He apologised to the authorities and then, inviting them to make a tour of inspection, coolly showed them about the camp. The "war" was over.

Later, Ned killed a man at Hill's Bar. He realised that in British territory this would be regarded as a much more serious offence than calling up the army and the navy without cause; apologies were not likely to be asked for. Remembering the grim face of Chief Justice Begbie, Mr. McGowan made good his escape to the United States, where he remained.

WOMEN'S WORK IN EARLY DAYS [1]

The houses in Red River were usually of logs boarded within and without. When you went in at the front door you were in the dining-room; the kitchen was at the back of it. The other rooms in the house were bedrooms. The fire-place was made with mud and so was the chimney; whole logs of white poplar were used in it. The people made nearly all their own furniture.

The women were up at five attending to the milk, which

[1] Arranged from *Women of Red River*, by W. J. Healy.

had been left overnight standing in the milk-coolers. These were wooden pans made of oak each with two handles. Every morning they were washed first with cold water and then with warm, a strong home-made willow brush being used to scrub them. They were then scalded and set to air ready for the evening. In 1860 the Company began to make tin pans at York Factory; these were much easier to keep clean. Each family had a milk house with a thatched roof and a deep cellar in which to keep the milk while the cream was rising.

Breakfast was at six and when it was cleared away the womenfolk began the day's cleaning and baking. Bread was baked in a large outside mud oven. Flour when scarce was mixed with fish, making fish rolls. Meat was preserved by drying instead of salting. There was a salt spring near Lake Manitoba from which the French people used to make and sell salt; but it was very scarce in the settlement. Sugar was also scarce. They had no pies or cakes in those days. Fruit, like meat, was preserved by drying. The women dried the raspberries, saskatoons and blueberries in cakes. When fruit was wanted for the table, they broke a little from the cake and put sugar with it. Choke-cherries were pounded and used as jelly with the pemmican. When mother had finished baking she would brown some flour and mix it with molasses. This was all the candy the children had.

Before the windmills came to be used, and often afterwards, the women ground the wheat into flour in a quern. A quern is a handmill. It consists of two round stones, the lower one fixed, the upper movable. The upper stone is bound round with a wooden band like the casing of a cheese. To this casing is fastened a short but stout wooden handle by which the top stone may be moved upon the under one. The grain is poured through a hole in the middle of the top stone and falling upon the fixed lower stone is gradually crushed and ground outward till it falls over the edge of the lower stone. When there was no wind to move the windmills, the querns came in very handy. Sometimes there was breeze enough to make the mill grind, but not enough for bolting; then the people had to do their own bolting. It was done with a sieve of brass wire which was hung

from a beam. A white cloth was spread upon the table under it; then the unbolted grist brought from the mill was poured into the sieve which was shaken to make the flour fall through.

Often there was soap to be boiled or blankets to be washed. New blankets took a great deal of washing, for the women used sturgeon oil upon the wool to make it work more easily when they were teasing and carding it. They used an enormous tub to wash the blankets. The hot water and home-made soap were put into the tub with the blankets, and then the girls took off their shoes and stockings and got into the tub, treading the dirt out of the blankets with their bare feet. When they were ready to wring out, the men had to be called, for the blankets were so heavy that few women could manage them when wet.

After dinner one of the girls must iron. They used sad irons for ordinary cloths and Italian irons for the frills of their own caps and the ruffles of their brothers' shirts. The Italian iron was long, round, and about as large as a good thick poker. It had a wooden handle and fitted into an iron case, which kept it clean while it was being heated in the fire. The cap or shirt frill was properly dampened, and then a width of it was drawn tightly over the hot Italian iron. The girls were often very skilful at it, moving the hot iron quickly from width to width around the frill until it stood out in pretty flutings. They made their own starch from potatoes. The potatoes were ground up and then pressed through a straining-cloth over a tub half-filled with water in which the starch settled. Indigo was put into the starch which was to be used for the clothes; that used for puddings was made separately.

Always there was sewing to be done, wool to be teased, carded or spun, or shoes to be made. The shoes were cut out of buffalo-hide and sewed up with sinew. Shoes made from the tanned hide of cattle were called "beef shoes." The leather was tanned with willow-bark in a tanning-tub which was usually an old dug-out canoe. Occasionally someone had to go to the store to do the shopping. The store was a wonderful place to the children. There was everything in it. Paper and string were not used. When anyone bought tea or sugar, he bought also a cotton handkerchief in which to carry it away.

The women helped with the chores every day and the haying, harvest and wood-getting in their season. The wheat sown was English white wheat, a variety with a larger berry than that now grown in the west. It made good flour, but shelled very easily. Because of this and because of the danger of frost it was important that it should be cut as soon as it was ready. When the farmer came in to say that the wheat was ripe, every member of the family prepared himself to help harvest the precious grain. The men used scythes, the women sickles. The young folks bound the sheaves with willow withes. Every stalk was carried carefully home.

Board of Trade, Portage la Prairie

A MANITOBA HOUSE OF 1872

Courtesy of Miss Bushnell.

CHIEF EAGLE TAIL OF THE SARCEES.

THE WHISKY TRADERS

The trading ground of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Indian territories lay north of a line drawn roughly from Fort Garry through the Qu'Appelle country to Edmonton and Rocky Mountain House. Fort Edmonton was for many years the Company's chief trading-post upon the prairies. They had built, about 1859, a post upon the Bow River. Old Bow Fort, as it is called, stood near the site of the city of Calgary. The Company traded at this point for a short time, but the Blackfeet and Bloods were so hostile that the "Adventurers" presently withdrew, leaving the post to fall into ruins. Thus, while Manitoba and the country north of the North Saskatchewan were well known and constantly travelled by traders and missionaries, white men for a long time did not venture into the regions now forming Southern Saskatchewan and Alberta.

As the Hudson's Bay Company kept out of this territory, free traders began to drift into it. Settlers were pushing west in the United States much faster than they were in Canada; stray Americans crossed the line to do business with the Blackfeet and their allies. In 1864 a party of prospectors seeking gold worked north along the base of the mountains into the Peace River country. About the same time a party of white men camped on the Bow, east of what is now the town of High River. A band of Bloods found them and, shooting through the tent walls, killed them all but one. The Piegans did the same to another party prospecting for gold in the Porcupine Hills in 1869.

In spite of these facts traders from Fort Benton on the Missouri crossed into Canada late in the 'sixties, and built Fort Whoop-Up at the junction of the St. Mary's and Belly Rivers. It was a strong fort with a good stockade and several watch-towers. The buildings faced the inner three sides of

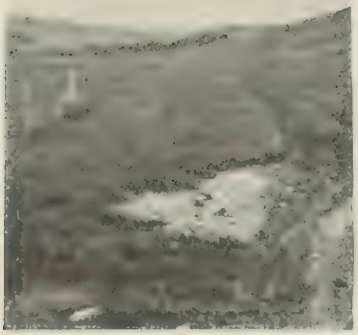
the enclosed square, the fourth being the stockaded wall with its wide gate. Strong doors shut the interior of the buildings from the open space. The store-rooms, stables and living-quarters of the whites were all connected, so that they could live for days within the structure while the open inside space was crowded with trading Indians. Loopholes commanded the interior of the fort, as well as the outside, and small openings allowed for the exchange of hides and merchandise. Often the place was filled with drunken, fighting Indians, while the traders waited placidly within the buildings for the riot to die out.

The traders christened their post "Fort Hamilton." Soon after its completion, however, one of them went back to Fort Benton for supplies. "How are you getting on in Canada?" asked a friend. "We're just a-whoopin' on 'em up," he replied. When he had loaded his wagons and returned, the people of Benton said, "Wye's gone back to Whoop-Up again," and the trading-post was ever afterwards known as "Whoop-Up." A little group of smugglers were chased by two American policemen to the boundary. Having crossed it, the smugglers presented their rifles and warned the officers to stand off. The American policemen did as they were bid, and the smugglers built a little post which they called "Stand-off." "Slide-out," another fort, was so named because two of the party which had planned to build a store there stole a march upon the others, escaped at night and built the post for themselves.

Whoop-Up almost at once became the headquarters of the whisky traders, who built other posts at Blackfoot Crossing, Calgary, High River and Kootenay Lakes. The whisky traders were a bad lot; a good many of them were men wanted by the police in the United States. They went about swearing strange oaths and armed to the teeth. They drank wildly, holding carousals as shocking as those of the natives. If it seemed necessary, in the interests of trade, to shoot a few Indians, they did so; indeed, they did not hesitate to shoot one another when in their cups.

Whisky was the chief, almost the only article of trade they used. Having made the Indians drunk, it was easy to rob them

of their furs, a method which the worst of the whisky men commonly used. Drinking and brawling led naturally to murder and other major crimes. The young men and women of the Blackfeet and Bloods were being rapidly debauched; their chiefs, who could do nothing with them, were in despair.



IN THE CYPRESS HILLS
Another haunt of the whisky traders.

McDermid, Calgary

THE BOW NEAR BANFF

IN SOUTHERN ALBERTA

In 1873 two Methodist missionaries, George McDougall and his son John, went down into Southern Alberta to look over the ground with a view to establishing a mission there. At that time the country from the Red Deer River to the boundary was untouched by white men except for the whisky traders, who were doing their best to ruin the Indians. The McDougalls left their mission on Pigeon Lake in April and rode south on the Rocky Mountain House Trail. Leaving the pack-trail at Weed Creek, they struck across the Battle, Blind Man's and Red Deer Rivers, and entered the south country.

Ascending the beautiful valley of the Bow they came upon the camp of Bear's Paw, where they were welcomed. It was a glorious country. In the west towered the Rockies, their glittering peaks pink and silver in the dawn, blue or amethyst by day, mauve and gold at twilight. About them rolled the smooth-

breasted foothills running off eastward into the long flower-strewn prairies. The clean sky lifted itself proudly over the beautiful earth; the sun shone more goldenly than it does in other lands; the wine-like air sang in their veins. "You and I are alone to-day, but we are the forerunners of millions who are coming," said Mr. McDougall as they rode, awed and inspired by the beauty of the land.

The two "Praying-Men" spent several days in the camp of Bear's Paw, preaching, talking, hunting with the braves. Then, determined to build a mission in the foothill country, they rode home to Pigeon Lake.

It was decided that John McDougall should take charge of the south-country mission. By the first of November he had his family ready. David McDougall, the missionary's brother, went along intending to trade; and several half-breed families joined the party. Donald, Mr. McDougall's faithful half-breed, drove the lead cart; Mrs. McDougall drove the buckboard with the younger children. Flora, the eldest daughter, rode, herding the loose stock. The men rode in advance, on the flanks, and at the rear of the little party. They spent a pleasant Sabbath among the Peace Hills where, in years gone by, Crees and Blackfeet met while running the buffalo. Needing food, the enemy tribes made temporary peace, and so named the hills Wetaskiwin, "Having Peace." On the sunny southern slope of them stands to-day the city of Wetaskiwin.

Travelling, hunting, visiting the Indian families they met, the party came on Saturday to the point where the Ghost River flows into the Bow. With some difficulty they got the carts down the steep bank and across the Ghost, where they camped. To them here came a band of Mountain Stoneys welcoming them to the country. For thirty years the more intelligent chiefs had been asking for missionaries, hoping that "Praying-Men" might limit the influence of the whisky traders who were debauching as well as robbing the tribes. At last a "Praying-Man" had come; a mission was to be built. The Mountain Stoneys were glad. For days the missionary was busy preaching, teaching, advising, baptising and marrying, attending councils, consulting with chiefs. He was anxious to make allies of the

Stoneys, that through them he might win the friendship of the other tribes.

November was advancing and it was time to build. After riding about in all directions, Mr. McDougall chose the bank of a little spring lake among the hills north of the river as the site of his mission. He moved his family to it and all hands went to work. The fort was laid out and the work portioned out. John McDougall and his men took two sides of it, David a third side and the half-breed families began on the fourth.

The first day they laid the foundations. The next, saw-pits were built and the men took turns in making lumber by whip-saw and in building. The McDougalls had a cook-stove, the only one in the country. All her married life Mrs. McDougall had cooked over a fire-place; how proud she must have been of this new stove. Mr. McDougall built the chimney himself. They levelled the ground in the kitchen end of the house and set up the stove. The other half of the room was floored with new-sawn lumber and partitioned off. Just a week after they began, Mrs. John McDougall, the first white woman in all the south country, moved her little family into her new house.

After Christmas the two McDougalls went to Edmonton, John to make his report, David to meet his wife and baby. They bought and loaded flat sleds and snowshoes. With a little grain and a few bundles of hay for the horses they set out on their return, the thermometer standing at forty degrees below zero. When they camped that night and David removed the robes and blankets in which his little daughter was rolled, he found her white-faced and still—smothered, it seemed. At his terrified call the others came running. They moved the little arms up and down and fanned the breath back to the baby lips; in a few moments the child lay safe and breathing easily in her mother's arms. On this trip the provisions failed, and it was a very hungry party which at last sat down to Mrs. McDougall's stove-cooked meal.

That winter Mr. McDougall built his church and got out a good supply of extra lumber. Riding through the country, hunting and trading, the missionary met many evidences of the cruel work of the whisky traders. Whisky mills worked

steadily, and within a few miles of the new church forty men were killed during the winter in drunken fights. Most of the victims were Blackfeet, but white men also were shot down or died of injuries received. The preaching and counsel of the missionary, and the well-stocked trading outfit of David McDougall, kept the Stoneys out of it.

In the spring of 1874 the two McDougalls left their wives and families in the charge of friendly Indians and made a trip to Fort Benton for supplies. The Montana cow-town was, in those days, the market for all southern Alberta and south-western Saskatchewan. Carts, horses, wagons, harness and provisions were collected. The winter's trade of furs was packed to pay for the needed supplies. Ammunition, guns, tents, kitchen outfits and tools were prepared and, on April 6, the long procession rolled out of the mission. They drove to the Highwood River and, crossing it, made as straight a trail as they could for the south. Fording the Old Man's River near what is now MacLeod, they avoided Fort Whoop-Up, and in a short drive crossed the low rise which forms the watershed between Hudson's Bay and the Gulf of Mexico.

Benton was a typical far-western town in the 'seventies. Here was a small garrison of United States troops, living in an adobe fort. The use of these troops was to "chase Injuns." You might kill an Indian; so much the better. White men might kill one another; it was often done, and very little fuss made about it. Drinking and gambling and wild life were here rampant and bold. This was the centre of the import trade for all the country west and north; mining, ranching, fur trading. Bull-whackers and mule-punchers and cowboys and general roustabouts were here in strong evidence. The big firms who controlled the trade of Montana were I. G. Baker and T. C. Power and Company.

The United States it will be seen used a method very different from the Canadian in handling the Indians whose lands they took. The Canadian Government in return for the land undertook the care and education of the Indian. In those early days the "Long Knives," as the Indians called the Americans, thought only of wiping the tribes out root and branch. Along

the frontier a white man might commit any crime, but let an Indian turn and the troops were called out to punish not the guilty man but his whole tribe. In early days the Indians hated the "Long Knives" and massacres were common; for a long time the American Government was forced to keep an army on the frontier.

The Canadians spent a busy week in the riotous little frontier town. Glad indeed they were at the end of it to load up their carts and drive out of the blasphemy, drunkenness and vice into the clean north.

VANCOUVER ISLAND IN 1869

Lieutenant Eardley-Wilmot was a young officer aboard the British warship *Zealous*, which steamed into Esquimalt Harbour on April 23, 1869. He has left us an interesting description of the place as it was in those days.

"Esquimalt," writes Lieutenant Wilmot, "is completely landlocked, surrounded on all sides by dense forests. There are a few houses outside the diminutive dockyard, and through the trees appears a larger building which serves as a naval hospital. At the head of a shaky pier is another building, the naval club.

"Victoria, the capital, is some three miles off and has little that is imposing about it. It bade fair to become a thriving colony during the gold rush of 1858, but that rapidly subsided and nearly all left who could. The only remedy appears to be a good Government scheme of immigration that the resources of the country may be opened up.

"The Flying Squadron had been expected for some time, and arrived from Japan on May 15. There were six ships, and they anchored just in time to take part in the festivities held in celebration of the Queen's birthday. Here it is the occasion of a general holiday and horse-racing.

"The race-course is at Beacon Hill, near Victoria. To this spot on May 24 could be seen all descriptions of persons and

vehicles wending their way, farmers, Indians, and last, though not least, 'Jack' with his shoes in his hand and his pipe in his mouth.

"The chief event of the day was the naval flat race; there was also a naval hurdle race over six flights of hurdles. That evening, according to custom, Governor Musgrave gave a ball at Government House, the band of the *Zealous* being in attendance. The next day a naval regatta took place at Esquimalt, to which point there was a migration from Victoria in steamers and boats of all descriptions. The presence of the Flying Squadron, all dressed with flags, combined with other craft also displaying bunting, gave the harbour a gayer appearance than it had, perhaps, ever assumed within present memory.

"Our first cricket match was played against the *Charybdis*, but we were beaten by nine wickets. Nothing daunted, after a little practice we essayed again, and this time were successful, winning by ten wickets. These matches were played at Colwood, about half an hour's walk through the woods on the other side of the harbour. The ground is small but pleasantly situated in an exceedingly picturesque spot."

THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE

HAVING taken over the west from the Hudson's Bay Company it behoved Canada to see that the laws were obeyed there. In the summer of 1872 Colonel Robertson-Ross was sent west to find out what was going on and, if possible, what it would be best to do. He reported that numbers of American traders had established themselves in the south country. These men brought their goods over from the United States without paying any duty; they sold these smuggled goods to the Indians at outrageous prices; and, worse than all, they supplied the tribes freely with fire-water.

"Of late years," wrote the Colonel, "no attempt has been made to enforce the law, and the most serious crimes have been allowed to pass unpunished. In 1871 it is said that eighty-

eight Blackfeet were murdered in drunken brawls. Murderers walk about fearlessly. At Edmonton, during the past summer, whisky was openly sold to Blackfeet and other Indians trading at the fort by some smugglers from the United States who, when remonstrated with, said coolly that they knew they were breaking the law of both countries, but did not care as there was no one to prevent them." Under such conditions the warrior tribes of the foothills grew more and more dangerous.

The rapid disappearance of the buffalo was leaving the Indians without any means of making a living. They faced starvation. True the land still remained to them; the hunters might become farmers; but this the proud tribes of the south despised. Besides, one must learn to farm, and they had no traditions, no teachers, no tools. Further, the settlements were marching steadily across the plains. Each year the white men seized more and more of the Indian lands. Without hunting, without home, maddened and degraded by liquor, it is little wonder the tribes rioted, threatened, despaired.

In concluding his report Colonel Robertson-Ross suggested that the Government should establish a chain of military posts from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains; appoint a magistrate for the Saskatchewan to reside at Edmonton, and to be accompanied by a small military force to patrol the country and enforce the law. In May of the following year, Sir John Macdonald brought down to the House a bill "respecting the administration of justice and the establishment of a police force in the North-West Territories."

It was provided that the new force should number not more than three hundred men—commissioner, superintendent, paymaster, veterinary surgeon, sergeants, constables and sub-constables. They were to be mounted and efficiently equipped. Though a civil force, they were to be drilled in simple cavalry movements. Each man appointed to the force must be active and able-bodied, able to ride, able to read and write, of good character and between the ages of eighteen and forty. Salaries ranged from 75 cents per day (the sub-constable) to $2000 per year (the commissioner). Recruiting for the new force began in the autumn of 1873.

THE GREAT MARCH

On June 6, 1874, three divisions of the newly-formed North-West Mounted Police left Toronto for the west. There were 16 officers, 201 men and 244 horses. They went by train via Chicago and St. Paul to Fargo, where their goods were emptied from the cars and strewn upon the ground. Wagons, saddlery and guns were quickly sorted out and put together. At five o'clock the next afternoon D Division drove out with twenty-nine loaded wagons; two hours later E Division took the road; and the next day F Division followed. At Dufferin they joined A, B and C, the Western Divisions.

The march to the west began on July 10. The train when closed up was one and a half miles; when opened out, from four to five miles long. Each division was mounted on horses of a particular colour: A Division had dark bays; D, greys; E, black, and so on. Following the troops came long lines of ox-carts, wagons, cattle for slaughter; cows, calves, mowing-machines and other implements trundled in the rear, for the new force intended to build posts.

The men wore white helmets with brass spikes, the officers' being decorated with long plumes. The coats were scarlet, the breeches grey. Brown leather belts, haversacks and jack-boots completed the costume. For winter, fur caps, buffalo-coats, buck-skin mittens, moose-hide moccasins and long woollen stockings were provided. Each man carried a Snider carbine and a revolver; the officers wore swords.

The train followed the Boundary Commission Road and, grass and water being plentiful, the 270 miles to Roche Percée were covered in good time and in good order. Here the commissioner detailed a dozen men with horses and stores to proceed to Fort Ellice. At Roche Percée the boundary road turned

south into the United States; from this point the force made their own road west. On August 24 they sighted the Cypress Hills. They now began to meet small parties of Indians and half-breeds, who told many stories of the doings of the whisky traders. They said the smugglers were building great underground galleries, into which they meant to retire when the police came down upon them.

Early in September the train reached the forks of the Bow and the Belly Rivers. The buffalo had eaten off all the grass and there was no fuel in the country except buffalo chips, which the snow would soon hide. While Commissioner French with a few guides went to Benton for supplies, the main force struck south to the Sweet Grass Hills, where the pasture was good.

Meantime the Bow and Belly Rivers were explored and not a whisky trader was to be found. Their posts were closed or destroyed. The Indians reported, however, that they meant to return as soon as the police had gone. When Commissioner French returned he ordered Inspector Walsh to lead a detachment to Edmonton, where he was to be stationed among the Assiniboines and Wood Crees. Colonel Macleod was detailed to establish a post on the spot, in the heart of the Blackfoot country.

Having made these arrangements the force prepared to return to its base. The return journey was made by way of the plains northward to Qu'Appelle, and the column reached Dufferin safely early in November. They had travelled some 1959 miles. Though without experience of the country, scant of food and fodder, often forced to drink water the colour of ink, not a man grumbled. Day after day they marched or worked from dawn till long after dark, ever pushing forward. Through herds of buffalo, over rivers, down the long trails they pressed. Through a strange land where painted red men might lurk for them in any coulée, or outlawed white men dash out upon them from the shelter of any cut-bank, they marched doggedly on. The great march of the North-West Mounted Police struck the first blow for law and order in the lawless west.

Courtesy of McAra & Nichol—Calgary.

A ROYAL NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICEMAN.

FORT MACLEOD IN 1878

FORT MACLEOD

COLONEL MACLEOD with his detachment of a hundred men cheered the force as it marched away, and then, without losing an hour, betook themselves to their task. It was no light one. The little camp over which flew the British flag stood in a dangerous spot. It was the hunting-ground of white desperadoes, the battle-ground of warring tribes. The mounted police had come to teach these people the law and to see that they obeyed it.

The first thing needed was a post, for it was already October. Colonel Macleod explored for a location and chose one on the bank of the Old Man's River. Wood, water and a fairly good crop of food for the horses were at hand, and the site commanded the route of the whisky traders.

In a short time a fort was erected and named after Colonel Macleod himself. It was in the approved form of a square. The buildings, which were of timber, included living-quarters for the men, stables, workshops, stores, a hospital, a forge and a magazine. Two nine-pounder field-guns were mounted near the magazine; the British flag was run up and the North-West Mounted Police was ready for business.

WHOOP-UP

As soon as he had established himself, Colonel Macleod and his men began to patrol the district. The first step was to find out the location of the whisky posts and to reconnoitre them. Of all the tales of drunkenness and crime Whoop-Up was the centre. The mounted police had been told that it was a strongly-fortified post, manned by desperate sharp-shooters. Colonel Macleod felt that until Whoop-Up was captured, there was little chance of stopping the whisky smuggling.

When the police at last approached the famous whisky post they halted in the hills overlooking it. All was silent, the gates were closed, not so much as a gopher stirred. In the brush the men came upon the dried bodies of four Indians done to death in some brawl. The field-guns were hauled into place, and a party detailed to ride down and demand the surrender of the post.

Horses prancing, scarlet uniforms gleaming, guns loaded and ready, the troopers rode down the hill; no one appeared. They thundered at the gates; no one answered. By and by came a shuffling step, the bar was raised, the gate partly opened and an ancient half-breed peered out. Terrified at the sight of the soldiers, he ducked under their rifles and ran for his life.

The surprised police now pressed into the fort, where they were heartily welcomed by the lame caretaker. The whisky traders had all gone on a trading tour, he said, but the gentlemen were to walk right in and make themselves at home. They did so. Whoop-Up was captured.

Grant, Calgary

MOUNTED POLICE IN 1875

RIDERS OF THE PLAINS

COLONEL MACLEOD attacked the liquor traffic without loss of time. One day towards the end of October "Three Bulls" drifted into Fort Macleod. He admitted that he had bartered two of his horses for two gallons of whisky, which had come from Pine Coulée, where a coloured man named Bond and three other Americans had a trading-post.

Jerry Potts, the Colonel's faithful guide and interpreter, was sent out to get information from "Three Bulls" as to the vendor of the whisky. Mr. Crozier and ten mounted policemen made ready, and as soon as Potts returned with the information the little troop rode out. Guided by Potts they came down upon Bond and his partners and, after a forty-mile chase, captured and arrested the party. Two wagons, each containing cases of alcohol, some rifles, revolvers and buffalo robes were seized. At the trial the two principals and Bond, their interpreter and guide, were fined two hundred dollars each for having intoxi-

cating liquors in their possession. The other prisoners were fined fifty dollars each. A Fort Benton trader paid the fines.

In spite of the loud boasts of the whisky traders, the mounted police made short work of them. Patrols quickly combed the country, locating every suspicious post and trader. The police followed up each case of drunkenness they found or heard of; the trail, though sometimes roundabout, led them to the trader, who was arrested and tried. Prompt arrest, large fines, sentences of imprisonment, the confiscation of their furs, proved more than the bold outlaws had bargained for. They were brave enough before Indians armed with broken shot-guns, but they could not face a red-coat's revolver. Incredible as it may seem, at the end of the year Colonel Macleod reported that the whisky trade had been completely stopped throughout the whole of that section of the country, and the drunken riots which in former years were of almost daily occurrence, were entirely at an end.

Next to the suppression of the whisky trade the most important duty of the mounted police was to gain the confidence of and afford protection to the Indians. Colonel Macleod early interviewed all the neighbouring chiefs. Crowfoot, the famous head of the Blackfeet, was introduced to the Colonel in December 1874. The force felt it to be very important to win over the Blackfeet, a large and warlike tribe.

The chief, with two or three of his warriors, was introduced by the interpreter. They all shook hands, expressed their delight at meeting him, and all sat down. The interpreter lit a pipe and handed it to the chief, who smoked for a few seconds, then passed it to the others. All sat in silence. At last Colonel Macleod rose and spoke. He gave them a general idea of the laws to be enforced, explaining that white men as well as Indians would be punished for breaking them. He said that the Government felt nothing but friendship for the Indians. The white men had not come to take their lands from them, giving nothing in return, but that presently great men would be sent to bargain with them for their country. The Indians would then be able to make what demands they wished.

The chief then rose and shook hands with everyone. He made

an eloquent speech, telling how they had been robbed and ruined by the whisky traders, their horses, robes and women being taken from them, and their young men made drunkards. "Before you came," said the old chief to Macleod, "the Indian crept along; now he is not afraid to walk erect."

When the chief finished, the Colonel made him a present of clothing and tobacco, and a further quantity of tobacco was sent out to his followers. Many friendly conferences like this were held.

From the first the police were careful to be scrupulously honest in all their dealings with the Indians, and invariably to back up words with deeds. The tribes knew that a mounted policeman would do exactly what he said he would, whether in kindness or severity. Thus the force won the respect and confidence of the tribes; whenever a crisis arose this prestige of the police carried them through.

Prairie Chicken Old Man and a friend, both of them members of Red Crow's band, were wanted at Macleod for cattle killing. They were reported to be in the Indian camp near Fort Stand Off, and a sergeant and constable were sent to arrest them. They rode straight to the camp, secured the prisoners and were leading them away when their howls brought a number of squaws and young braves to the spot. There was a scuffle and the crowd wrested the captives from the police. The troopers retired to the fort and the superintendent sent out an inspector with twenty men to bring in the culprits. With them went the guide Jerry Potts.

The company halted about a mile from the camp and Jerry went forward to tell Red Crow that the police had come for the men. Red Crow sent back word that "he was smoking his pipe and would think it over." The inspector replied curtly that if Red Crow did not in person bring out the guilty men within one hour's time, the police would ride in and take them.

When Jerry returned to Red Crow's camp with this ultimatum there was a tremendous uproar. The young men had been sun-dancing and were in fighting humour. The minutes slipped by; it was an exciting wait for the police. The hour expired and not a soul had appeared. The inspector gave the

word to mount and just at that moment a lone Indian came over the hill. Others followed, Red Crow in their midst. The whole band were marched into Macleod, where those who had helped to take the prisoners from the police were well scolded. The commandant then lectured Red Crow. Next Prairie Chicken Old Man was brought in, handcuffed, sentenced, and led off to the guardroom, not an Indian daring to lift a finger. Red Crow's band went back to their camp duly impressed and chastened.

In 1882 the mounted police entered on a new phase of their work. The Canadian Pacific Railway was projected and the Great West began to welcome settlers. Ranchers from the Northern States and Eastern Canada bought and leased the southern plains. Soon herds of cattle replaced the lost buffalo. The police were kept busy protecting the Indians against the newcomers, guarding the cattlemen and their stock against the Indians, watching prairie fires, rounding up the horse thieves and cattle smugglers with whom the country swarmed. The force helped the surveyors and guarded the railway builders as they advanced. When the North-West Rebellion broke out the police played their splendid part, both in the fighting and in settling the Indians again when peace had been declared. After the rebellion settlers flocked into the great wheat-growing plains of Saskatchewan and the ranching country of Southern Alberta. Across the prairies from farm to lonely farm the "Mountie" rode, his scarlet jacket seen afar, a warning to the guilty, a guarantee to the honest. In 1904 the King in acknowledgment of the magnificent thirty years' work of the force, conferred upon it the title of "Royal." When this well-deserved honour was announced, every honest citizen of Canada proudly congratulated "The Royal North-West Mounted Police."

Grant, Calgary

BLACKFOOT CROSSING

TREATY NUMBER SEVEN

Elizabeth Bailey Price

"Treaty Number Seven, the Blackfoot Treaty, was the last of the treaties between Canada and the Plains Indians. It was concluded at Blackfoot Crossing on September 22, 1877, by Crowfoot and his chiefs with David Laird, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, and Colonel Macleod, commissioners for the Canadian Government.

"Blackfoot Crossing, or 'Ridge under the Water,' was a favourite camping-ground of the Blackfeet and a place of unusual beauty. A natural clearing on the river flat extended one mile south and three or four miles east and west. To the north the green waters of the Bow rippled swiftly over the shallow ford. The last golden leaves clung to the cotton-woods and willows as if loath to leave the scene; the coulées glowed with the bronze and russet browns of the wild rose and buffalo berry bushes; the smoke curled up lazily from hundreds of teepees. At the head of the clearing were pitched the bell-

shaped tents of the mounted police. The commissioners arrived on Sunday, September 16, bringing with them rations of tea, sugar and tobacco for those in need of provisions. Crowfoot, however, refused to accept anything until he had heard the terms of the treaty.

"Then began five days of negotiations, colourful episodes in the history of the west. The Indians asked many questions, and matters were delayed for a day or two until representatives of all the tribes arrived. On Wednesday the commissioners called all the Indians together at the Council House, a gun being fired an hour before the time as the signal of meeting. The guard numbered fifty mounted men, their red coats and stripes, their gold buttons, helmet spikes and steel spurs flashing in the sunlight. They escorted the commissioners to the Council House, while the band played 'The Maple Leaf.' In front, squatted in a semicircle on the ground, were the head chiefs, each dressed in full regalia of feathers, paint, bead and porcupine work. Behind sat the lesser men, still farther back, the squaws and children. Lieutenant-Governor Laird spoke first, the interpreter making the terms of the treaty known to the Indians.

"'Many years ago,' said Mr. Laird, 'our Great Mother, the Queen, made a treaty with the Indians far away by the great waters of the east. Last year a treaty was made with the Crees along the Saskatchewan, and now we are come to ask you to make a treaty. In a few years the buffalo will probably all be destroyed, and the Queen wishes to help you to live comfortably when that has happened. She wishes you to allow her white children to come and live on your land and raise cattle. Should you agree to this she will help you to raise cattle and grain so that you may live when the buffalo are no more.

"'She will pay you and your children money every year which you can spend as you please. If you sign this treaty every man, woman and child will receive twelve dollars. The money will be paid to the head of each family for himself, his women and children; and every year you, your women and children will receive five dollars each. This year chiefs and councillors will be paid a larger sum. The chiefs will also get a suit of clothes, a silver medal, a flag, and every third year a

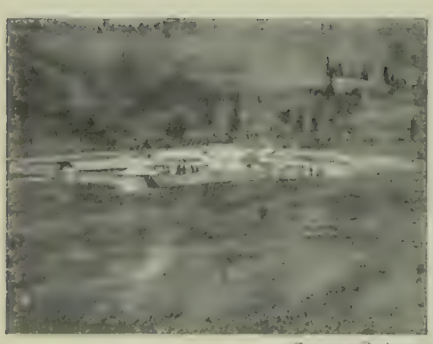
second suit. A reserve of land will be set apart for yourselves and your cattle, upon which none will be permitted to encroach. For every five persons one square mile of reserve will be allotted on which to live, cut trees and brush for firewood. The Queen's officers will permit no white man or half-breed to build or cut the timber on your reserves. If required, roads will be cut through them. Cattle will be given you and potatoes, the same as grown at Fort Macleod. The commissioners would strongly advise you to take cattle as you understand cattle better than you do farming. Ammunition will be issued to you each year; as soon as you sign the treaty two thousand dollars' worth will be distributed among the tribes. As soon as you settle, teachers will be sent to instruct your children. You may wish for time to talk these matters over in council and in your lodges. Go, therefore, to them and consider; I hope you will be able to give me an answer to-morrow.'

"Three days later the last council was held, and the chiefs signified their willingness to sign the treaty. Crowfoot was the first to speak:

"'While I speak, be kind and patient. I have to speak for my people who are numerous and rely upon me to follow that course which, in future, will tend to their good. The plains are large and wide. We are the children of the plains. They are our home and the buffalo has been our food always. I hope you will look upon the Blackfeet, Bloods and Sarcees as your children, and that you will be indulgent and charitable to them. The advice given me and my people has been good. If the police had not come to the country, where would we all have been now? Bad men and whisky were killing us so fast that very few of us would have been left to-day. The police have protected us as the feathers protect the bird from the frosts of winter. I wish them all good, and trust that our hearts will increase in goodness from this time. I will sign.'

"Governor Laird and Colonel Macleod expressed their satisfaction, after which there was a great shaking of hands, the band playing 'God Save the Queen.' The payments of treaty money were made immediately, the chiefs received their presents and the commissioners left that night."

SITTING BULL



Grant, Calgary

OLD FORT WALSH

THE kindness with which the Dominion Government treated the Canadian Indians tempted many United States Indians to escape the harsh methods of the American troops by fleeing over the "Medicine Line," their name for the international boundary. As early as 1862 a large band of Sioux crossed over and settled in the Red River district. They called themselves British subjects and, though the authorities tried to get them to go home, they would not. Allowed to remain they settled down quietly, farming, trapping and obeying the laws decorously.

A few years later, prospectors having entered the Yellowstone district, the Sioux quarrelled with them. As usual the Americans called for troops to settle the dispute. Learning of this, Sitting Bull, the Sioux chief, declared war on the United States Government. While seeking the enemy General Custer with 1200 men came unexpectedly upon the Sioux camp in the valley of the Little Big Horn, a great battle was fought, and the Americans were slain almost to a man. Triumphant, but having had enough fighting for the time being, Sitting Bull and his warriors evaded the avenging American troops and escaped into Canada.

Fearing the anger of the Americans, large bands of Sioux now trooped across the border. In the spring of 1877 the Canadian Government found itself with over five thousand

alien Indians on its hands. The Sioux invited the Blackfeet to join them in a raid upon the Americans but, influenced by the mounted police, the western tribe refused to stir.

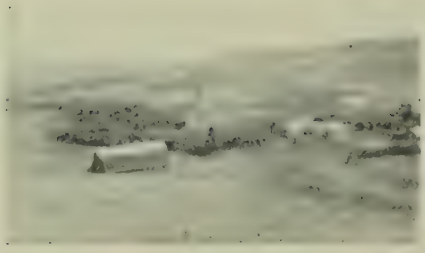
Sitting Bull had pitched his camp near Fort Walsh, and the police now tried to persuade him to go home. The American Government sent delegates to treat with him, but the chief would have nothing to do with them. Supported by his sub-chiefs, Sweet Bird and Spotted Eagle, he threw himself upon the mercy of the White Mother (the Queen), and asked protection for his people. Colonel Irvine assured him that the mounted police would protect them as long as they remained in Canada, but, he said, they could not stay permanently.

A conference between the American commissioners and the Sioux was arranged at Fort Walsh. The American generals arrived, but Sitting Bull refused to see them. At last, persuaded by Inspector Walsh and under guard of the police, he consented to go to the fort. A long conference ensued. General Terry offered to take the Sioux back to their reservation and to give them cattle in exchange for their horses and arms. Sitting Bull replied curtly that he did not trust the "Long Knives." He knew he was safe where he was and he would not budge.

For four years the mounted police at Fort Walsh and Wood Mountain had their hands full with Sitting Bull and his warriors. It did not take them long, however, to teach the famous chief to respect the law. One day, near the Wood Mountain post, the police found half a dozen Salteaux Indians dead and scalped. Witnesses said the Sioux had committed the crime. Soon Sitting Bull himself appeared at the police post demanding the surrender of the surviving Salteaux. The chief leaped from his horse and hurled himself upon Sergeant McDonald. The sergeant pushed the Indian's gun quietly to one side and invited him into the post for a pow-wow. Sitting Bull and four of his chiefs stacked their arms in the square and entered the barracks. McDonald then ordered the chiefs to disperse the howling mob of Sioux outside. This was done. The sergeant then explained the law to the chief and said he was going to send men to the Sioux camp to arrest the murderers. Three constables went. They had a lively time, but they got their men. Sitting Bull

had another lesson in law when these prisoners were tried for murder and hanged.

At last, after much persuasion on the part of the police, Sitting Bull consented to lead his band back to American territory. They recrossed the "Medicine Line" in December 1880.



Gilchrest Ranch

NEAR FORT WALSH

THE QUEEN'S SCARLET [1]

A. L. Haydon

"Sometime in the 'eighties a band of Canadian Indians, mostly Crees, who feared punishment for their share in the half-breeds' rebellion, invited themselves to sojourn across the border where, on United States soil, they met with scanty welcome. 'Uncle Sam,' they were told, 'had enough Indians of his own to keep him busy.' As the party showed no inclination to leave their new home, the official wires were set in motion, and much correspondence passed between Washington and Ottawa. It was decided that Canada would be responsible for her own Indians if America would kindly escort them to the border.

"In due course two hundred very dissatisfied and wild-eyed Crees with 450 horses were rounded up and started northwards with a strong force of United States cavalry in attendance. They were met at the boundary line by four mounted policemen, one corporal and three troopers. The American commanding officer looked at them with a surprised air.

"'Where's your escort for these Indians?' he asked.

"'We're here,' said the corporal.

"'Yes, yes, I see. But where's your regiment?'

"'It's here all right,' said the corporal. 'The other fellow's looking after the breakfast things.'

"'But are there only FOUR of you, then?'

"'That's so, colonel, but you see we wear the Queen's Scarlet.'

"And the four red-coats proved sufficient. The corporal and his three men took over the Indians without any difficulty, and escorted the band a hundred miles up into the north-west, where they would fret Uncle Sam no more."

[1] From *Riders of the Plains*. Andrew Melrose Ltd., London (5s. net).

Oliver, Calgary

THE COCHRANE RANGE

THE RANGE MEN

WHILE the farmers were filling up the eastern and northern prairies, the ranchers were taking possession of the south and west. Here there were millions of acres of rich grass to feed the cattle, splendid rivers to water them, shady bluffs and snug coulées to protect them from sun and storm. The tawny plains of what is now Southern Saskatchewan and Alberta were, in those days, the paradise of the range man.

In 1871 David and John McDougall brought fifty head of horses and cattle from Edmonton to Morley in the foothills west of Calgary. These were the first cattle in the range country. The next year the minister and his brother went to Fort Benton and bought another hundred head, which they drove back with them. They lost some on the way, but a friendly trader found them and drove them north till they joined the main herd.

After the police had made the country safe in 1874–5, ranchers took up the land rapidly. While the police were building Fort Macleod, Shaw, a drover, from British Columbia, drove five hundred head of beef stock through the Kootenay Pass, intending them for the Edmonton market. Winter was upon him as he reached Morley, and John McDougall persuaded him to stay there till spring, which he did. I. G. Baker and

Company, of Fort Benton, now opened a branch in Macleod. They handled the police contracts for supplies, and killed beef for whites and Indians, shipping out a wealth of prime buffalo- and wolf-hides.

New men continued to drive herds into Southern Saskatchewan and Southern Alberta, settling on the choice ranges now available. Having chosen his location, preferably astride some pleasant little stream, the intending rancher drove his little herd to it. Low log houses were built snugly into the tree-shaded coulée banks, a cook-house, a bunk-house, a sod-stable, perhaps. A few rods of fence were thrown around the corral by the creek. Clean, honest men they were for the most part, these stockmen and cowboys. They might occasionally ride a wild broncho into the village and "shoot up" the bar-room by way of livening things up a little; but when cattle were to be handled they were sensible, self-forgetful, and brave.

As the buffalo disappeared, the Indians fell more and more into want. Many of the young braves followed the buffalo south; those who remained fell into the habit of killing the white man's cattle in their need. Cattle had been promised in Treaty Number Seven as treaty payment. The Government, hoping to make ranchers of the Indians, sent breeding stock. The herds did not arrive till late in the autumn; by this time the Indians were starving. Colonel Macleod, knowing the Indians would kill them at once, hired a man to herd them through the winter. Mr. Dewdney, the Indian agent, came out and, to feed the famishing Indians, gave out a hundred sacks of flour and bought for them from the Baker people 219 head of cattle. More flour and beef was provided later.

The Government, to encourage development, now began giving twenty-one-year leases, renting huge tracts of country at one cent per acre per year. Senator Cochrane, Dr. McEachren, the Allan family and other eastern financiers secured leases and began stocking them with great herds. The Cochrane lease was on the Bow just west of Calgary. The Cochrane Company in 1880–81 bought six or seven thousand head of cattle in Montana. They cost sixteen dollars each delivered at the boundary. Frank Strong, foreman for I. G. Baker

and Company, with thirty cowboys and three hundred horses, drove the huge herd north to the Bow.

To make a rapid trip Strong divided the herd, sending the steers, the dry herd as it was called, first, and letting the cows and calves follow. The steers did fifteen miles a day; the cows fourteen. Such a pace was very hard on the cattle. Wagons rumbled along in the rear to pick up lagging calves, but they could not carry all. Many were left to die by the road; or the cowboys traded them for a pound of tea, a cup of tea, a drink of milk. The stock, worn out by hard driving and little feeding, was thrust across the Bow at Mewata Park, Calgary, where Major Walker and his men were waiting for them. Winter came on before the cattle recovered and hundreds died.

In the fall of 1882 the Cochrane Ranch bought another large herd, between four and five thousand head, and brought them up from Montana. Hard driven as before, the exhausted cattle reached Fish Creek in September, only to be met by a blinding snowstorm which blocked their path. Poindexter, the Montana rancher, from whom they had been bought, offered to let his cowboys herd the stock on Fish Creek for a month that they might recover their strength. But Major Walker, obeying his orders from the east, said they must be delivered at the "Big Hill," the ranch headquarters.

"I'll deliver them, if you say so," said Poindexter. Securing some scores of big native steers he jammed them through the drifts to the "Big Hill" and back again to Fish Creek. Turning the herd into the trail the steers had made, he forced them up to the "Hill." "Here they are," he said to Major Walker. "I have carried out my contract and delivered at the 'Big Hill.' Count them now, because this time to-morrow half of them will be dead."

A thaw followed the snowstorm, and then it froze hard, forming a crust on the snow which the cattle, their hoofs worn to the quick by the cruel journey, could not break. There was fine grazing no farther off than Blackfoot Crossing, but the eastern owners insisted that the stock should be held on their own range. It was a gigantic task. The starving animals drifted persistently in the direction of the feed. Camps of cowboys at

Calgary, Fish Creek and the mouth of the Highwood River, worked night and day all winter turning them back. Spring came reluctantly in 1883; not till the snow disappeared was it seen how terrible the loss had been. Dead bodies were heaped in every coulée; thousands of head had perished. Out of twelve thousand head placed on the range, hardly four thousand remained.

Other ranchers had not, however, suffered such misfortunes as the Cochrane people. The Allan Ranch, the Bar U, brought up three thousand head and were met by the same September snowstorm. When it had passed, the Bar U men rounded up their stock, some of which had drifted as far south as Macleod. Having collected their herd, they turned it out to rustle for itself, only leaving two cowboys to ride the Old Man's River and turn back all the Bar U stock that came south so far. Left free, the cattle found food and the Bar U loss was small.

Privately-owned ranches also increased and prospered. Small herds were easier to take care of in bad winters. A few stockmen began to put up hay against an emergency. Dry summers when the range was poor, stormy winters when the stock could not break through to the grass, alternated with fine rainy seasons and open winters. Big timber wolves from the hills worried the cattle, rustlers stole calves. The range stock deteriorating in quality, the Bar U and Cochrane Companies brought in a hundred and thirty-six registered Hereford and Polled Angus bulls to improve it. Markets went up and down; men made fortunes and lost them; "Old-timers" sold out and "tenderfoot owners" came in. There were good times and bad; through both the range country grew until it occupied an important place in the commercial life of the Dominion.

Oliver, Calgary

HERD IN THE CYPRESS HILLS

IN THE CYPRESS HILLS

No other place possesses so many advantages for stock-raising as the Cypress Hills. The hills form a plateau about a hundred miles from east to west. At the east end they rise abruptly some four hundred feet; but at the north-western extremity they mount two thousand feet above the plain. Wood is abundant in all the coulées on the east, north and west sides. Water issuing from the hillsides in the form of brooks or springs is very abundant and of the best quality. The grasses and other forage plants of the hills are highly nutritious. In all the valleys and on the rich soil of the high grounds the grass is tall enough for hay. No better pasture is to be found in all the wide north-west than exists on these hills.

The Cypress Hills, which have continued longer than any other part of the south country to be used exclusively for ranching, were early the haunt of the whisky trader. In 1873, before the mounted police came to the west, a party of American traders led by Philander Vogel rode up into the hills. At dusk one evening they came upon an Indian camp. The older men

lay about the fires smoking and talking, the young braves had been drinking and were dancing and singing; the squaws and children were seeking their rest. The white men had probably been drinking too. What other evil spirit animated them we do not know. Creeping down the creek bed they fell upon the defenceless Indians and slew thirty of them. Police and courts there were none; the criminals were never caught. This shocking crime roused the Government at Ottawa to the pressing need of policing the west.

As the years passed, the members of the famous force were increased and new posts were opened in all directions. Fort Walsh in the Cypress Hills was, for some years, police headquarters on the plains. It was founded by Inspector Walsh in the spring of 1875. The hills were a favourite haunt of Crees, Assiniboines and Sioux. Many a stirring little drama was enacted at Old Fort Walsh. On one occasion Sitting Bull with a large band skulked in the underbrush waiting for an excuse to open fire on the troopers. Walsh rode out wearing a short blue jacket, his troopers following in overcoats. At the sight of the hated blue, the "American colour," every brave lifted his rifle to his shoulder. A trooper had the presence of mind to tear open his greatcoat and show the scarlet underneath. Instantly the rifles fell. The danger was averted.

Fort Walsh was not well situated and, in 1882, a site for new headquarters was sought. The Wascana, "Pile-o'-Bones," Creek was chosen and fine new barracks with recreation-rooms, canteens and all modern improvements were built. The new post was named Fort Regina and became the permanent headquarters of the police. A general reorganisation took place, a new drill was instituted, and the whole force brought up to a yet higher standard of efficiency.

Having reduced the whisky traders of the south to order, the mounted police extended their influence northward; a year after their arrival in the west they established Fort Calgary. Its site, the junction of the Bow and the Elbow, had been a rendezvous for centuries. It is believed that Verendrye's sons may have penetrated so far west; that Fort Lajonquière, built in 1751, was situated at this point. In 1859 the Hudson's Bay

Pollard, Calgary

CALGARY IN 1883

Company established Old Bow Fort some miles up the Bow; but the Blackfeet proving hostile, they soon abandoned it.

In 1875 a troop of mounted police under Captain Briseboise was sent to locate a post near the junction of the two rivers. The troop had been at the Red Deer and they arrived, one August morning, on the high north bank of the Bow. Below them lay the lovely valley soon to be the inspiration of poet and of painter. Eastward spread the tawny prairies, golden, fragrant beneath the August sun; southward the silver line of the Elbow laughed on the way to its marriage with the Bow; in the west the mountains lifted their blue ramparts.

But the troop were not there to admire the scenery. They made haste to ride down to the river bank. The bottom lands were crowded with large cotton-wood trees, but the men pushed through to the river edge. Making a raft of a wagon-box, some of them set out to cross with part of the dunnage. As the raft neared the south bank the current caught it and swept it down toward the mouth of the Elbow; Mr. King seized a piece of rope, jumped into the water, and quickly drew the wagon-box ashore. The troop pitched their tents in the angle between the two rivers and settled down. Before the end of the month the outfit of I. G. Baker Company, to whom the building contracts

Courtesy of Oliver & Nichol—Calgary

COWBOY ON BUCKING BRONCHO.

had been let, arrived, and mess-rooms, store-houses and officers' quarters were quickly put up. The police themselves erected the palisade. The new fort was at first called Fort Briseboise, but a year later Colonel Macleod rechristened it, giving it the musical name of his own birthplace in Scotland, Calgary.

Its strategic position promised the new town great things. I. G. Baker and the Hudson's Bay Company opened stores and Calgary became the trading-post of the ranching country about it. Writing nine years later Barneby says: "After a long and uninteresting drive we arrived at the ferry on the Bow. The charges for crossing were high: single vehicles with one horse, 1 dollar; double vehicles with two horses, 1 dollar 50 cents; horse and rider, 50 cents; horse, mule or cow, 25 cents; sheep, hog, calf or colt, 25 cents; goods, 15 cents a cwt.; individuals, not in charge of teams, 25 cents; the charges were doubled after sunset."

Mr. Barneby and his party went to the Royal Hotel, which was a tent thirty feet long and eighteen broad. They had supper and passed a rather chilly night, though they added their overcoats to the blankets provided. The place was then laid out in wide streets running two miles each way; trade was brisk; flour sold at 8 dollars a cwt.; beef at 20 cents a pound; bread, three loaves for 25 cents; milk, 50 cents a gallon; salt butter, 50 cents a pound; sugar, 20 cents a pound. Until this time supplies had been brought by bull team from Fort Benton; but 1885 brought the railway, and Fort Calgary became Calgary.

BUT half a hundred years have passed
  Since first the white man trod
Beside the winding Bow and turned
  The fertile prairie sod.
Now where the plain was black with herds
  Of buffalo and of deer,
Green avenues of leafy trees
  And busy streets appear.

ELAINE CATLEY.

Canadian Pacific Railway

THE BULL TEAM LEAVING MACLEOD

THE BULL TEAM

CALGARY, which was becoming quite a centre, was kept in supplies by the freight teams of I. G. Baker and Company of Fort Benton. These teams hauled all merchandise north from Fort Benton and Macleod. The freight trains were imposing bodies of great wagons and toiling bulls. Eight yoke made a team, and four teams made a train, a foreman being in charge of each brigade and each train being supplied with cook and mess-wagon. The heavy trains travelled very slowly, the journey from Macleod to Calgary taking three weeks or more.

Groceries, brought thus toilsomely from Montana, were never very abundant. Some of the storekeepers used to corner the market in the fall, knowing that by spring, with no freight arriving through the winter, they would be able to get any price they asked for their goods. Sugar and bacon soared to fifty cents a pound; and flour to twenty-five dollars a sack.

One day a Blackfoot brave, his treaty money in his hand, came riding into the town and demanded whisky. No one would either sell or give him any. After pondering for a time, he went

quietly from store to store and bought every ounce of sugar in the place, paying twenty-five cents a pound for it. He kept it till spring when he sold it for fifty cents a pound; the extra twenty-five cents was his revenge upon the people who had refused him fire-water.

THE MAVERICK

The Spaniards were the first to bring range cattle into America. In the fifteenth century the great Mexican landowners began importing cattle from Spain and turning them loose to rustle feed for themselves. The climate was favourable, grass abundant, the Mexican herds increased rapidly. Cattle-raising proved profitable, and the industry soon spread north into Texas, where there was much good range land.

There were then no fences; summer and winter the herds roamed over the plains where food and water called them. Calves were born, grew up, and had calves of their own without ever having been corralled or counted. The owners knew only very roughly how many head of stock they had. At the rodeos each stockman claimed the calves which ran with his cows, but it was very difficult to tell to whom the yearlings and two-year-olds belonged.

An Irishman named Maverick invented branding. He suggested that the cattle should be marked with a hot iron, each owner having a particular mark or brand of his own. In this way the owner and his cowboys would know each his own cattle at a glance. The ranchers thought this an excellent plan and all adopted it. All but Mr. Maverick. He was, so the story says, a very kind-hearted man. He did not like to hurt his cattle with the hot iron, and said if all the other owners branded their cattle he would not need to do so. At the round-up all the unbranded stock would be his. This seemed reasonable; the other ranchers agreed to it.

The stockmen chose and recorded their brands; the cowboys rode out over the ranges branding their masters' cattle; Maverick herded the unbranded stock. At the end of the year, when the

round-up was held, the riders cut out each his master's stock; Maverick claimed all the unbranded cattle. His herd had increased miraculously; he had his own, and all the calves the cowboys had missed as well. The ranchers agreed to it for that year, but insisted that, in future, Mr. Maverick must brand his cattle as the others did. From that time unbranded cattle have been known on the ranges as "MAVERICKS."

Oliver, Calgary

THE CHUCK-WAGON

THE FIRST ROUND-UP

THE first round-up on the Canadian ranges was held near Macleod in August 1879. It was a small affair. There were only about a dozen ranchers in the country then and times had been hard. Sixteen men with W. F. Parker as captain formed the round-up party. They had only one chuck-wagon and one mount apiece. They rounded-up between five and six hundred head of stock, and realised the discouraging truth that there were fewer cattle alive then than there had been the autumn before.

Maunsell had only fifty-nine head left of the hundred and three he had brought in. Parker had lost all his; and each of the other owners had suffered serious loss. The ranchers felt sure that the Indians who were starving since the departure of the buffalo had killed their cattle. They could not blame the Indians, but complained to the Indian agent, Mr. Dewdney. They told him they had driven stock into the country trusting the Government and police to protect them. They said they did not wish to leave Canada, but they could not continue under such losses. As Dewdney was buying cattle to feed the Indians, they offered to sell him what was left of their herds, and to wait a year or two before restocking. The agent refused either to buy their stock or to promise them protection, so most of the ranchers drove their herds over the boundary into Montana, where they remained until food was more plentiful with the Indians.

In later years the round-ups were sometimes very large, twelve or even fifteen "outfits" combining for the purpose. Each large ranch sent its own "outfit," made up of tents for cooking and sleeping, chuck-wagons, with cowboys and horses in proportion to the number of cattle owned by the ranch. Each cowboy was allowed six or seven horses, which he called his "string." To take care of the two hundred or more horses used at the round-up, the captain appointed two herders, one for the day and another for the night.

Breakfast was at sunrise. While the men ate, the night herder brought in the horses. Then each cowboy chose from his "string" the horse he wished to use for the first ride of the day.

The captain sent the cowboys out in twos, each pair collecting the cattle from a certain part of the country round about the camp and driving them to the "holding" place. When all the cattle of the district had been gathered into one herd, each foreman "cut out" all the cows bearing the brand of his ranch and arranged to brand the calves which were found running with them.

CHIEF JUSTICE BEGBIE

Chief Justice Begbie was a famous character in British Columbia during colonial days. He was born in Edinburgh, but took his degree in St. Peter's College, Cambridge. He was called to the Bar, and practised law in England until he was nearly forty. Then Lord Lytton, always keenly interested in British Columbia, sent him out as judge to the newly-established mainland colony. He was sworn in at Fort Langley on November 19, 1858, the day upon which the country was proclaimed a colony.

Begbie was an arresting figure, very tall and thin, with a face like Scotch granite and a voice at the sound of which prisoners shivered. He was strictly just, he heard evidence patiently, and gave every man a fair trial, but he had no mercy upon the guilty. When he came to British Columbia the first gold rush was in progress; there was a great deal of legal business to be done, and the country was full of rough characters. The Scotch judge was afraid of no man. When a criminal had been convicted he punished him without fear or favour. The miners hated him for his frequent annulment of the decisions of mining recorders and gold commissioners, but their anger had not the slightest influence upon Begbie. He made up his mind as to what was right and did it in spite of everyone. His fame soon spread good behaviour throughout the gold country.

Many stories are told of Judge Begbie's remarks to his juries. A miner called Gilchrist sat at a faro table in Williams Creek. Another miner, Turner, came in. Turner threw down an ounce of gold, betting with Gilchrist, and won; Turner wagered two ounces and again he won. As he gathered up his winnings, Turner inquired laughingly of Gilchrist, "Any game you play better than this?" Gilchrist flew into a rage and drawing his pistol, levelled it at Turner. Someone struck it up, but the gun went off and killed a man who happened to be sitting near.

The case came up before Begbie, who listened carefully to all the evidence and charged the jury solemnly before sending

them out. They brought in a verdict of manslaughter. Begbie heard the foreman with a face of angry contempt. Slowly he reared his six feet four inches of height till he towered over the court-room, and thus addressed the prisoner:

"Prisoner—it is far from a pleasant duty for me to have to sentence you to imprisonment for life. Your crime was unmitigated, diabolical murder; you deserve to be hanged. Had the jury performed their duty I might now have had the painful satisfaction of condemning you to death. And you, gentlemen of the jury, are a pack of horse-thieves, and permit me to say it would give me great pleasure to see you hanged, each and every one of you, for declaring a murderer guilty only of manslaughter."

Gilchrist was sentenced to a penitentiary for life. As there was no penitentiary in the colony, he was confined with other criminals in the jail at New Westminster. Some time afterwards a number of the prisoners plotted to kill the guard and escape. They invited Gilchrist to join them; he refused and threatened to reveal their plan if they persisted in attempting to escape at the expense of the guard's life. He had, he said, one life upon his conscience and that was enough. The men would not give up their plan, and Gilchrist reported them. In return, Governor Seymour pardoned him. He went to San Francisco, where he changed his name, secured a position, and lived respectably during the rest of his life.

In spite of his severity, Judge Begbie could enjoy a joke even at his own expense. On one occasion some of his friends "salted" with gold a little creek which ran into the Fraser near New Westminster. The news that there was gold in the creek was then conveyed to the judge. He took off his shoes and socks, rolled up his trousers and, pan in hand, waded into the water. He washed gravel until he had half a glass of gold. The news flew about the town; there was almost a stampede. The owner asked the judge $500 for the claim. He was about to pay it when Mrs. Lewis, who was in the secret and thought the joke had gone far enough, advised the judge to try to cut his gold with a knife. He saw at once that he had been duped, laughed heartily, and often afterwards told the story against himself.

CROWFOOT, CHIEF OF CHIEFS

ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE

Grant, Calgary

CROWFOOT
His railway pass hangs on a chain round his neck.

"WHITE men and red men claimed him chief of chiefs in the days of the 'seventies and 'eighties. The few white children who lived in the little village of Gleichen near the Blackfoot reserve often saw him in the village trading-post, where he bought coloured beads, opalescent shells, paint-powders of red, green and yellow, or bright-coloured Hudson's Bay blankets. They remember still the awe with which they regarded his striking figure—that of the man who prevented the Blackfeet from rising in the rebellion of 1885 and destroying not only Gleichen, but the larger towns of Calgary and Medicine Hat.

"Once having seen him, few could forget the tall gaunt figure, an umbrella over his head, forever riding over the wide sun-drenched prairie. His clear-cut profile, the long straight hair that hung about his face, the piercing eyes that burned you through, marked the king among men that he was. He wore a deer-skin jacket, painted with many black lines, each the mark of a victory; and a head totem, the spirit that protected him through a hundred battles when he led his braves against the Plains Indians.

"As nearly as can be learned, Crowfoot was born in 1821, the

second son of a Blackfoot chief. His elder brother was named Crowfoot, because of his many successful expeditions against the Crow Indians. The younger brother was then called Kaiosta, 'the Bear Ghost.' The original Crowfoot was killed while on an expedition to conclude a treaty with the Snake Indians who ignored all laws relating to bearers of the Peace Pipe. Enraged at this, the Blackfeet went on the war-path, and Kaiosta displayed such courage that he was given the name of Crowfoot. Contemporary chiefs, Old Sun of the North Blackfeet, Heavy Shield of the Middle Blackfeet, Red Crow of the South Bloods, Rainy Chief of the North Bloods, and Eagle Tail of the Piegans, proclaimed him 'chief among equals,' showing their deference by allowing him to speak for them at the signing of the Blackfoot Treaty, and according him the honour of being the first to sign with his mark. 'Crowfoot has spoken well. We agree with him and will sign,' they said.

"In dealing with his people and with the Government, Crowfoot proved himself a natural diplomat. He seems to have been gifted with clear reasoning powers, wise judgment, and a passionate love for his race. He showed his superior intelligence in that he was never suspicious of the railroad, the 'iron horse' that puffed itself into the very heart of his country. He was a born orator. His speeches in council and on official occasions were expressed in terms of classic simplicity.

"He ruled his tribe with an absolute sway. His nod of assent or grunt of dissent was law unto his people; they gave to him their truest homage and loyalty. When steel was being laid near the reserve in 1883, Crowfoot became ill with a very sore throat. The Indians blamed the smoke from the 'fire-wagon.' They declared if Crowfoot did not get better they would tear up the rails and drive every white man out of the country. The interpeter L'Hereux notified the mounted police, and an officer with three or four men and some simple remedies was dispatched at once. The officer explained that the Great White Mother was grieved for the illness of her great chief, and wished her white children to stay with him until he was better. He soon recovered.

"Crowfoot resented the approach of civilisation only in its

relation to his people. Perhaps he saw the futility of a savage race trying to adopt the settled ways of the white men; perhaps he saw the greatness of former days departing; sometimes his proud spirit chafed against the inevitable mastery of the stronger race. Yet he was never unfriendly to his white neighbours. With remarkable astuteness he recognised the safety and justice of their laws as administered by Colonel Macleod. He admired their self-sacrifice and unselfishness as he saw them displayed by the missionaries whom he urged his people to imitate. At the same time he saw the white man's vices, especially the evil effects of 'fire-water,' and warned his braves against them.

"Crowfoot's friendliness was of the utmost importance in the development of the west. One of its results was the Blackfoot Treaty of 1877, in which the Blackfeet relinquished their rights in the country from Fort Macleod north to the Red Deer River 'as long as the sun shines and the rivers run.' Another effect of Crowfoot's influence was the Blackfoot refusal to join the rebellion of 1885. 'I am sitting on the fence,' he said. 'I am a friend to white men and to Crees. To rise, there must be an object. To rebel, there must be a wrong done. To do either we should know how it would benefit us. Why should we kill you or you kill us? Let the Government know we favour peace. I have done.'

"Later Crowfoot and several of his chiefs were taken to the east, where they were much impressed by the life of the cities. The Canadian Pacific Railway gave Crowfoot a life-pass over its lines. In his acknowledgment he said, 'I thank you for the key of the road. When I go home my young men shall protect the railroad and the fire-wagon.' On his return Crowfoot told his people that it would be quite useless to rise against the white men. 'They are as thick as flies in summer time,' he said.

"In the spring of 1890 the chief was taken ill with congestion of the lungs. White men and red men did their best to save him, but neither medicine nor medicine-man could bring relief. The Government sent Dr. Henry George with orders to remain until Crowfoot was either better or dead. Seventeen medicine-men, stripped to the loins, used all their powers, the head-man

going over the chief's body with odd movements of his hands, while from a hollow bone in his mouth he ejected a thick white juice. This was done with weird incantations and to the noise of eight tomtoms. For a few days the doctor's medicine, linseed poultice and some sleeping-powders, gave him a little rest. He would not take egg-nog and brandy, fearing that he would become drunk and shame his people.

"At last he felt that he was dying. He thanked the Government and the doctor, and asked Father Doucet, the missionary who was with him, to tell his people to be quiet and not to make a noise and to be good. Instantly a great hush fell over the camp; even in death the old chief's word was law.

"Crowfoot's grave is on the crest of an imposing bluff, a favourite look-out place in his lifetime. He asked to be buried there where the hills look down on the wide river valley, the chosen spot to which he had led his people years before and which he had not signed away to the white man. His grave is enclosed with a rude fence; wild rose and thistle adorn it; around it are strewed the bleaching bones and the last possessions of his tribesmen. A bronze cross marks the grave of the chief. On one side is inscribed:

CHIEF CROWFOOT,

Aged 69.

Died April 25, 1890.

On the other the simple words:

Father of His People."

PRAIRIE SCHOONER

COMES THE SETTLER

THE Dawson route from Lake Superior to Red River had been found unsuitable for immigrants, and all immigration into Western Canada had to pass through the United States. The routes were roundabout and expensive. The charges for freight were enormous. From Duluth or St. Paul to Winnipeg they ranged from 1 dollar 25 cents to 2 dollars 25 cents per hundred pounds. It cost 370 dollars to take a car-load of goods from Toronto to Winnipeg. Every train through the United States carried American agents, who did their best to persuade the traveller to settle south of the line. He was offered free transportation, free land, free anything, if only he would stay in the United States. If the Canadian settler resisted these temptations and reached Winnipeg, he found the convenient land locked up in half-breed and railway reserves; he had to push on by cart or wagon to some distant location before he could choose his farm.

In spite of these obstacles settlers poured into the Canadian prairies. Between 1871 and 1878 the population of the country doubled. The settlers occupied Manitoba and spread rapidly into the North-West Territories. Gladstone, Rapid City, Turtle

COQUAHALLA VALLEY.

Mountain, Fort Ellice, Prince Albert, Battleford and Edmonton became prosperous settlements. In the south, villages sprang up about the mounted police posts. Breaking went on apace. Harvests, though often reduced by frost or drought or hail or grasshoppers, were, between times, excellent. In 1879 there were four threshing-machines in the Prince Albert district, and it took them six months to thresh the crop of that year. Wheat sold from 1 dollar 50 cents to 2 dollars a bushel. Over a million acres were homesteaded and pre-empted in 1879.

Having no railway Winnipeg suffered many disadvantages; yet grow she did in spite of them. Her loyal citizens doggedly attacked every obstacle in their path. She made the most of her river trade; she built, at her own expense, a bridge to draw the Canadian Pacific to her; each year she increased her schools, churches, public buildings and private residences. In 1879 she stood ninth on the list of Canadian cities in regard to the amount of duty collected. This sound and steady growth prepared the way so that when the railway did come in 1879 the young city rose and strode forward gloriously to the splendid position which she occupies to-day.

Hudson's Bay Company ships now steamed regularly between Lower Fort Garry and Grand Rapids, where the Saskatchewan entered Lake Winnipeg. A little railway now crossed the portage where Robertson and his men had lain in wait for the Nor'-Westers. Goods were transferred quickly and reloaded on other steamers, which carried them up the Saskatchewan to Edmonton. A traveller from Grand Rapids to Edmonton paid 70 dollars for a cabin and 35 dollars to sleep on deck. Returning down-river did not take quite so long and the fares were 65 dollars and 32 dollars respectively. Meals were 50 cents each and deck passengers carried their own bedding. Each passenger was allowed a hundred pounds of baggage free; for goods above that amount he paid freight at the rate of 5 cents (down) and 6¼ cents (up) per pound.

Edmonton had now a steam saw-mill, and a grist-mill which ground grain for the farmers for 170 miles around. She had (in 1879) a telegraph line and a village of shops and houses was growing up about the fort. Wheat was 2 dollars a bushel and

flour from 8 to 10 dollars a sack. Aside from bread, living was not very expensive. Beef was 10 cents a pound; pork 20 cents; butter 50 cents; potatoes were 75 cents a bushel, and eggs were not to be had.

In every village churches and schools were building. In 1879 the Government of Manitoba passed a new School Act. A Board of Education was appointed and two superintendents named, one for the Protestant and one for the Roman Catholic schools. Two sections of land were reserved in each township for school purposes, and trustees and inspectors were appointed. In 1880 there were already over sixty Protestant schools in Manitoba and five colleges besides the University of Manitoba. A sound beginning had been made; only the railway was needed to make the west grow great and prosperous.

A PRAIRIE CALENDAR

When first the sun withdraws the snow,
The willows gleam
By every stream.

Across the happy land the crocus creeps,
Through mauve and green
The earth is seen.

Then golden buttercups, blue violets
laugh out,
When May's about.

At last, with June, the roses come.
Down trails of rose
June comes, and goes.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

British Columbia having entered the Dominion, Young Canada, long, thin, weedy as an overgrown boy, now sprawled across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. As in the hobbledehoy, the limbs had grown faster than the connecting muscles could learn to control them; hence the body moved awkwardly. The different parts of the young Dominion flourished, but the links between separated rather than united them. The three maritime provinces were cut off from Quebec and Ontario by the long wedge of American territory which thrust itself between them; Quebec and Ontario were separated from Manitoba by the wild lands north of the Great Lakes; miles of, as yet, unsettled prairie and a wall of mountains lay between Manitoba and British Columbia.

These parts of Canada were not more distant from each other on the map than they were in spirit. Each group of provinces needed different treatment to help it to grow strong and large. The great men of the country had led the provinces into confederation, but many ordinary people fought against it for this reason. Long after union had been won and the new Dominion was on its feet, the different provinces were jealous of one another, quarrelling like children because each one wanted all the laws passed to favour him. The quarrels were caused partly by selfishness, but much more by lack of understanding. The provinces were so far apart they hardly knew one another; it is not surprising, therefore, that they had little sympathy for each other.

Sir John Macdonald, whose fine mind imagined a greater Canada, knew that no price was too great to pay for real union. When British Columbia named a railway across the prairies as the condition of her entrance into confederation he promptly

granted it, though few in those days believed it could be built, let alone afforded.

Eastern Canada had already built a number of canals and railways to carry her produce to the sea. Some of these were profitable, others were not. Investors were growing wary of putting their money into projects of doubtful promise. To build a railway three thousand miles long over prairie and mountain range would, it was believed, cost a fabulous sum. And how was it to be made to pay? There were as yet few people living on the prairies to travel on it, or to export and import goods. Yet the Great West must be bound to Canada. If it were not, it would, undoubtedly, slip into the hands of the Americans. The United States had already (1869) a railway across the continent and others were building. Young Canada dared not be behind.

In 1871 Sir John and his Government decided that the railway should be built by a company, not by the State; that it should be aided by liberal subsidies in cash and in land, and, to meet British Columbia's insistent terms, that it should be begun within two, and completed within ten, years.

THE COWBOY MOUNTS

Two whistled notes, a flying leap,
A shout,
The broncho's upward bound,
The great quirt's swift air-cutting sweep;
Dust clouds about,
A long sweet ringing sound,
Coo-ee, Coo-eep,
Then faint and far, Coo-ee, coo-on,
They're gone!

Grant, Calgary

CONSTRUCTION GANG
Building a pile bridge.

MAKING THE SURVEY

THE first thing to do was to survey the vast and almost unknown country between the Ottawa and the Pacific. Captain Palliser, after four years spent in the west, had, in 1863, reported to the British Government that to build a transcontinental line exclusively through British territory was impossible. In 1871 Sandford Fleming was appointed Engineer-in-Chief and began his work quite undaunted by the British captain's report.

Fleming was a Scotsman, handsome, rugged, determined, genial, always a favourite with his men. Without wasting a day he hired a large staff and organised his surveying parties. The parties were christened with the letters from A to Z and strung out along the line from east to west. Under the chief engineer were two district engineers; Mr. Rowan in charge of the eastern

district; Mr. Smith of the western. Next in order were the divisional engineers, each in charge of a surveying party made up of levellers, transit men and workmen. The commissariat was organised to place provisions and other supplies for each party at certain points at certain times. Then the men set out, each to survey his particular division of the line.

In 1872 Mr. Fleming crossed the continent to see the country for himself. He and his friend, Dr. Grant, with a small party, went up from Lake Superior to Fort Garry by the Dawson route. Travelling across the Qu'Appelle Valley to Fort Carlton, they reached Edmonton on August 27, and left for the mountains the next day. They went in by the Yellowhead Pass and following the Fraser to Tête Jaune Cache, portaged to Thompson's old friend the Canoe River. From there they made a quick passage down the North Thompson to Kamloops and thence down the Thompson and Lower Fraser to the sea.

The eastern division in so far as it faced Lake Superior was a jumble of hills and valleys covered with almost impenetrable forests. Behind this rough country lay a wide flat. At first they planned to build the line across this plain from Lake Nipissing to Lake Nipigon and so west to Selkirk on the Red. This meant easy building but necessitated a pretty long branch line to connect with Lake Superior. The central division presented few difficulties, though Mr. Fleming reported the scarcity of wood, both for fuel and building purposes. The line, it was intended, would cross Lake Manitoba at the Narrows, run west to Edmonton, and enter the mountains by the Yellowhead Pass. The mountain division was the most difficult. The Yellowhead Pass pierced the Rockies, but the surveyors were then faced by the high plateau in the centre of British Columbia and the Cascade Range on its western rim. How to get the line down within a comparatively short distance from the elevated plain to sea-level was the puzzle. Seven different routes were surveyed, and that roughly following Mr. Fleming's own line of march was chosen.

At this time Victoria was extremely anxious to have the main line of the new railway reach tide-water at the head of Bute Inlet, from which it was then believed it could be extended

across Seymour Narrows by the Valdes Islands to Vancouver Island. This last project was abandoned as being both too expensive and too difficult.

The original route was greatly modified by later surveys and by business conditions which cropped up even after building began. The route of the branch connecting the main line with Lake Superior was thought to be too long and it was decided to make the main line skirt the lake to Fort William. Winnipeg was already too important a centre of population to pass by, and the route north of Lake Manitoba was abandoned in favour of one through the heart of the Red River Settlement. When Sir William Van Horne took charge he demanded of his engineers "The shortest possible commercial line between Winnipeg and Vancouver."

"But," they objected, "it will run through an unfertile country; and there is no feasible pass through the mountains in the direct line."

"I don't care where it runs," replied Van Horne, "I want the shortest possible line."

Sir William brought Major Rogers from Minneapolis to explore over again the southern passes through the Rocky Mountains and Selkirk Ranges. The Kicking Horse Pass through the Rockies had been well known since Captain Palliser's time; Eagle Pass through the Selkirks had been explored by Walter Moberly; both of them had been considered too difficult and too expensive. But Major Rogers seized upon them and advised pushing the line through them. The advice pleased Van Horne, who wanted a short line. The name "Kicking Horse" tickled the fancy of the financiers on the Stock Exchange in London; and, in spite of the enormously greater expense, the southern route was settled upon.

ON SURVEY [1]

J. H. E. Secretan

"The repellent rocky shore of Lake Superior was not considered at first in the search for a practicable route for the great overland highway, but a more northerly line was to be explored with lighter work and easier gradients. Thus it was that I found myself, one bright spring day, *en route* from Collingwood to Red Rock, Nipigon Bay, on board one of the old-time side-wheelers, a grand new little English Dumpy level on my shoulder, a full-fledged leveller of Division H under a nice old gentleman named Johnson. We had orders to run from some point about twenty miles north of the north end of Lake Nipigon in an easterly direction to meet Division G, under an engineer named Armstrong, who was running west. We were to link up our line with his and return home unless otherwise ordered.

"I remember we had a splendid time at Red Rock on the Nipigon River. We camped there for several days waiting for the boats to take us to Nipigon Lake. Ottawa River lumbermen's bateaux were sent. They were forty or fifty feet long and heavy enough when we commenced to drag them over the numerous portages. Arrived at the lake, we transhipped into a big sailing boat, thirty-eight men and a dog, and set out for the head of the lake seventy miles away.

"On survey we turned out very early in the grey morn, worked hard all day in all weathers, ate three times a day when we had anything to eat, and then slept the dreamless sleep of the weary. Every day was precisely like the last, and the routine was the same for months on end. The country was most uninteresting, consisting of muskegs, rocky ridges,

[1] From *Canada's Great Highway*. John Lane, London, Publisher.

scrub spruce—no birds, no beasts, no fish, no life, no nothing! Millions of poisonous black flies by day and mosquitoes by night. It seemed to me that a convention of all the flies in the world was being held there.

"We were no doubt the first human bipeds that had ever traversed that God-forsaken country. Wading knee-deep through muskegs all day and fighting mosquitoes all night; living on salt pork of the Crimean period and beans, with dried apples for dessert, was our portion until early morning frosts warned us that October had arrived. We were nearly a hundred miles from our starting-point and supplies were almost exhausted. Our packers now returned from the base announcing that no fresh supplies had arrived there. We were thirty-eight men and a dog and two hundred miles from Flat Rock Portage where we knew there was plenty.

"We decided to divide the party. Schurman took a compass, a few pounds of split peas and an Indian boy and went east to find Armstrong of Division G; I took the men, the dog, and half a day's rations of flour and set out over our line hoping to meet supplies on the way. Without tents, blankets, or grub we started on our long tramp back over the hated muskegs. The only luck we had was finding any amount of the little buds that grow on rose-bushes which, washed down with plenty of swamp water, kept life in us and enabled us to do nearly thirty miles a day.

"After four days and nights we arrived at our starting-point and found NOTHING. At noon a band of Cree Indians stole softly down the river in their canoes. They had white fish and we had shirts of a gorgeous scarlet hue which appealed to them as much as their fish appealed to us. Exchanges were made in no time. After much haggling we also secured a few birch-bark canoes, and paddled down-stream to the head of the lake. Here we had expected to find hoards of provisions, the much despised iron-bound barrels of Crimean pork in the front row, flanked by barrels of flour and other luxuries. We found hundreds of barrels of SUGAR and nothing else.

"I volunteered to go on to Flat Rock and left that night in a bark canoe with a half-breed boy in the bow. After a couple of

nights and days we landed on a rocky shore and my 'crew' felled a tree to make a fire. Some thirty feet of the stately old pine fell across our canoe and tore the bottom out of it. This looked like disaster, if not death, but we had escaped so many times that we simply looked at each other and then began to collect gum birch-bark and cedar for ribs. We were ship-building busily at noon the next day when a squaw came within hailing distance who, when we had coaxed her near, told us we were within six miles of Flat Rock. It did not take long to paddle our little patchwork round to the Portage where we found the depôt full of supplies and all our party. One of the commissariat boats busily transporting barrels of sugar about had stumbled upon them and they were already full fed and happy.

"Schurman and his boy had travelled for three days without finding Division G. When they were almost exhausted from lack of food they too met an old squaw fishing. After some difficulty they made her understand, and she led them to Armstrong and his party with whom they reached civilisation soon after the first party."

THE ANNUAL MIRACLE

THE spirit of the living God doth breathe
Upon the face of Nature lying cold
And still, its pallid shroud of snow beneath.
Yet in her gentle bosom she doth hold
In sacred trust lives rare and manifold,
Which rise again beneath the airs of Spring,
When wild birds, music mad, in forests old
Perch on the budding limbs and sweetly sing
Of summer days to be and all the joys they bring.

DR. W. A. CREELMAN.

B. R. McKay

A GORGE ON THE FRASER

Between Quesnel and Fort George, Cariboo.

THE THREE PASSES

THE mountain ranges presented to the surveyors and engineers their chief problem; they struggled with it from the beginning of work on the railway—and before. Captain Palliser said it could not be solved; Sandford Fleming thought it might be; Sir William Van Horne said it MUST be. In the end, after years of exploring and discussing, of hoping and fearing, victory fell to the bold; the path was found to be "straight ahead," the line crossed the ranges almost directly.

The mountains which separate Alberta and British Columbia lie in three ranges, parallel and quite close together; the Rockies, the Selkirks and the Gold Range. It was Dr. Hector, one of Captain Palliser's party, who discovered the pass through the Rockies finally chosen for the railway. Dr. Hector with a small party was in the mountains seeking a pass. Wishing to travel light and expecting to find plenty of game, they had left camp scantily supplied with food. Unfortunately the hunters shot

little and the explorers were soon suffering severely from lack of food. Near the junction of two rivers with valleys which looked promising, Dr. Hector was kicked in the chest by one of the pack-horses; the wounded man was still in severe pain the next day, but starvation threatened and they were forced to proceed. Following the river, which they called the Kicking Horse, they discovered the Kicking Horse Pass. Dr. Hector reported it to Captain Palliser as different from the other passes which they had examined in that there was no abrupt descent toward the west. For this reason he thought it particularly well suited to carry a wagon road or even a railway line.

On August 29, 1859, Hector wrote: "For the last few days the horses have fared badly; there has been no fine grass in the valley and their legs have been cut while leaping over the fallen timber. . . . Came to a flat, wide valley terminating in two valleys running north-west and south-west; here we met a large stream equal to the Bow where we crossed it. This river descends the valley from the north-west and, on entering the valley of the Beaverfoot River, turns back on its course at a sharp angle, receives that river as a tributary, and flows off to the south-west through the other valley. Just above the angle is a fall."

For a day or two after Hector's accident he suffered much pain in riding, and they were obliged to travel slowly. On August 31 they crossed the Kicking Horse River and followed it by a well-marked trail through a narrow defile. Crossing a wide, swampy valley and mounting a slope covered with blueberries, they rode on September 2 eight hours till they came to fine level ground and a small stream whose current told them that they were "again on the Saskatchewan side of the Mountains."

In Victoria, Captain Palliser met Walter Moberly, the young engineer, who was destined to take the next step in finding the path for the railway. Palliser told Moberly that he thought a railway from Canada to the Pacific in British territory impracticable; he believed the Gold Range to be impassable. Moberly had his own opinion about that. He was a British Columbian with the future of his province to think of; he did not mean to give up easily.

In 1865 he organised a small party to explore the three ranges. From the south arm of Shushwap Lake he saw a valley running eastward apparently into the Gold Range.

"I arrived at the Eagle River," he says, "and on top of a tree near its mouth I saw a nest full of eaglets, and the two old birds on a limb of the same tree. I had nothing but a small revolver in the shape of fire-arms; this I discharged eight or ten times at the nest, but could not knock it down. The two birds after circling round the nest flew up the valley of the river. It struck me then, if I followed them, I might find the much-wished-for pass."

He followed the valley for a short distance and then returned to conduct his party down the Columbia to the head of the Arrow Lakes. On his return, Moberly ascended the Gold Range, meaning to reach its ridge and follow it to the boundary, if need be, in search of a pass. From a summit he saw a long valley running west to Shushwap Lake and east toward the Columbia. Was it the Pass? Moberly slept little that night and long before the others were astir he was off to the bottom where he found the water running west and a low valley running east. Remembering the eagles he named it Eagle Pass. Twenty years later, rails from the east met rails from the west, and the last spike of the transcontinental railway was driven home at Craigellachie in the Eagle Pass.

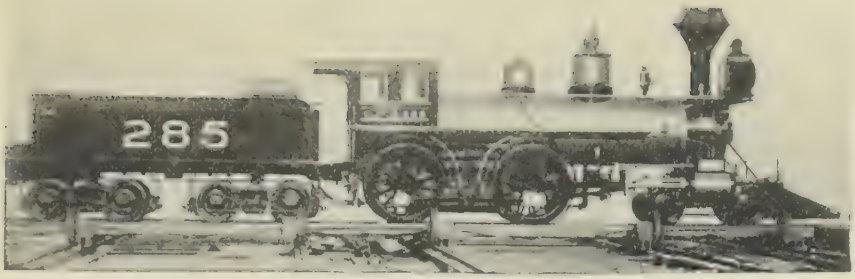
His heart beating high with hope, Moberly faced the Selkirks. Immediately opposite the mouth of the Eagle Pass he found the deep gorge of a river. Entering, he forced his way upward over rocks and fallen trees through the ceaseless autumn rain to a point where his river divided, one branch coming from the north, the other from the east. The latter Moberly named the Illecillewaet, and thought it likely to offer a pass in the right direction. But here his Indians rebelled. Winter was upon them; they refused to cross the Selkirks. Bitterly disappointed, Moberly returned to report to the British Columbia Government that in his opinion a pass through the Selkirks would be found in that region.

The line swept across the plains making for the Kicking Horse. Dr. Hector's pass would carry the railway into the

mountains; Walter Moberly's would carry it out; how it was to be driven across the Selkirks as yet no man knew. Then Major Rogers was appointed chief engineer in the mountain division. With Moberly's report in mind he set out to find a pass by the Illecillewaet.

He gathered his outfit at Kamloops; his nephew Albert was his lieutenant. Aided by the Indian chief and the parish priest he secured ten strapping Indians as packers. If they returned with a letter of credit from Rogers they were to be paid by the priest; if they returned without, they were to receive a hundred lashes from the chief. Major Rogers was taking no chance of being deserted at a critical moment. The party steamed up to the mouth of the Eagle, and then canoed as far up the river as they could. The packs were as light as they dared to make them, but they could not carry all. Caching and returning, they crossed the Gold Range and reached the Columbia; it took them fourteen days. They crossed the Columbia on a raft and landed about a mile above the mouth of the Illecillewaet.

Making twenty-five-minute runs and five-minute rests, they pushed up the terrible trail, taking five days to travel sixteen miles. At the first fork they entered Walter Moberly's valley. A mile and a half up they came upon the magnificent gorge now called Albert Canyon for Major Rogers's nephew. At the end of another five days they reached a second fork. They decided to cache everything but immediate necessaries and make a forced march up the north fork. Taking all the Indians with them, for they dared not leave the Shushwaps with the provisions, they set out over the crusted snow. Travelling in the shadow of Mount Sir Donald, they came at last to a large space, level and open. Upon it the water divided, running west and east. They had reached the watershed; behind them the trail descended to the west; before them it descended to the east. Through Rogers Pass the route for the railway lay open to the sea.



Canadian Pacific Railway

FIRST C.P.R. ENGINE

BUILDING THE ROAD

UNDER the general managership of the masterful Van Horne the slow-going methods of construction used by the Government were laid aside. Work was begun at the east end of the line, from the point where it joined the Canada Central. Beginning in one place did not satisfy the manager, however. Construction from Winnipeg westward across the plains was begun in May 1881, and 161 miles were completed by the end of the year. This pace was still too slow for Van Horne, who vowed he would build five hundred miles the next year.

Construction across the prairies was not difficult, but to keep up the pace demanded by the general manager required very careful organisation. As there were no farms and no woods in the country through which the railway was being pushed, every pound of food and every stick of timber used had to be brought from the east. In 1882 Langdon and Shepherd of St. Paul secured the contract to complete the line to Calgary. They sub-let most of the grading, three hundred sub-contractors being employed, and covered the ground so rapidly that it was difficult for the surveyors to get out of the way of the graders. This firm supplied their sub-contractors with food and material in the most lavish fashion, well knowing that this is the way to get good work from the men. Hundreds of camps were strung along hundreds of miles; long lines of heavily-loaded wagons crawled and creaked from camp to camp; thousands of men, mules and horses worked busily from dawn till dark.

First came the surveyors riding ahead to lay down the line. Close upon their heels came the graders. Sometimes, indeed, the grading outfits passed the engineers in the night and went forward before the line was actually located. Next came Donald Grant with his gang of track-layers. Donald was seven feet high and broad in proportion. He had charge of the hundred and twenty-five men who laid the rails in place and spiked them down. Donald was as keen a record-breaker as Van Horne himself. In 1882 two and a half miles of track were being laid each day, "the next year the average ran three and a half miles a day, and in one record-smashing three days, twenty miles were laid."

Keeping up such a pace meant perfect organisation at Winnipeg, the base. Here construction trains were made up and run on schedule time. Each train carried material for exactly one mile of track, so many cars of rails and fastenings, ties, telegraph poles and bridge material when required.

The trains loaded in the Winnipeg yards and puffed up to the end of steel strictly on time. Here they were swiftly unloaded and the empty train backed out. The ties were pitched on the prairie and loaded upon the wagons waiting for them at the track end; they were then distributed by hand. Rails were handed along by the men with the iron car, and were immediately fastened into place by the spiking gang. In less time than you could possibly imagine, another mile of the great railway was completed.

Meantime, although no decision had yet been reached as to the route through the Selkirks, construction was being pushed in the Mountain Division. A tote road was built through the Kicking Horse Pass to bring in supplies, and contractors began the heavy excavation and tunnel work. By the end of 1883 the track was within four miles of the summit of the Rockies, and still the blank wall of the unconquered Selkirks faced the engineers who had struggled through the Kicking Horse.

The rails were well up in the hills before Major Rogers found a way by Beaver River Valley through Rogers Pass into the valley of the Illecillewaet, and so through Moberly's

Eagle Pass to Kamloops. "In the Kicking Horse and in the Rogers Pass the engineers were forced to use gradients of 116 feet to the mile, but the difficult places were all within one hundred and twenty mile stretch and were overcome by using two heavy engines. Since then by building loops and tunnels the grades have been reduced."

Not until 1884 did the builders attack the Lake Superior wilderness in earnest. Then nine thousand men were turned into this section. Muskegs which swallowed layer after layer of rails added to the difficulties of construction here. The Laurentine rocks of the lake shore are the oldest and toughest in the world. "A dynamite factory was built on the spot to blast a road through. One mile cost 700,000 dollars, and several cost half a million. Expenses were reduced by building timber trestles over the numerous little valleys. It would have cost over two dollars a cubic yard to cut through the hills and fill up the hollows by team-haul; it cost only one-tenth of that to build timber trestles, carrying the line high, and to fill up later by train-haul."

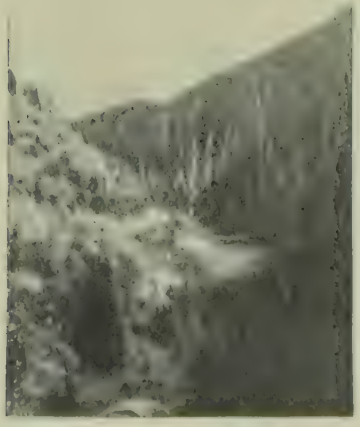
Meantime thousands of Chinese workmen had been pushing forward the road between Port Moody and Kamloops; they finished their work in 1885. On November 7 of that year the eastward and westward track-laying gangs met at Craigellachie in the Eagle Pass.

The American line, the Northern Pacific, had, a year or two before, celebrated its completion by a great excursion and the driving of a golden spike. No celebration concluded the laying of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Van Horne had said that the last spike should be as good an iron one as any on the road. Had not Donald Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona, happened along it would have been driven home by the navvy on the job.

Six months later the first passenger train went through from Montreal to Vancouver. The longest railway in the world was open from coast to coast, five years before the end of the time required by the original contract. The wonder of it was the line paid from the beginning. While settlers trickled in to the prairie country, the Company advertised its scenery and built up a paying tourist traffic. Till there was wheat to haul,

they carried train-loads of buffalo bones to eastern factories. American traffic was cultivated on both coasts; an active immigration campaign was carried on; coal companies, flour-mills, and other industries along the line were encouraged. Thus the Company pulled through the years until immigration and settlement made profits possible.

The Canadian Pacific Railway made possible the Canada we know to-day. It has reaped rich rewards; it has earned them. It is the greatest railroad in the world in magnitude and in unbroken years of success. In 1914 it controlled eighteen thousand men whose pay-roll each month amounted to five million dollars. Its branch lines reach almost every town of size in the Dominion; its hotels cross the continent; its steamships circle the globe. In every market of the world the Canadian Pacific has helped to make Canada known. It was built with Canadian money by Canadians for Canadians, and though they enjoy grumbling at it, Canadians are proud of it.



B. R. McKay

DEVIL'S CANYON, BRITISH COLUMBIA

BRANDON

General Rosser, the chief engineer; John McTavish, the land commissioner; and J. E. Secretan, divisional engineer, drove out one pleasant evening in the spring of 1881 to look for a site for the first railway divisional point west of Winnipeg. They drove on well ahead of the surveyed line until they reached a farmhouse on the north side of the Assiniboine River. The farmer who had settled there some years before had 320 fertile acres. It was just 132 miles from Winnipeg and a very suitable site for the divisional point.

The Canadian Pacific men unhitched and began to bargain with the farmer. They talked nearly all night and at last it was agreed that the railway should buy the farm for fifty thousand dollars. It was three or four times as much as anyone else would have paid for the land and the farmer no doubt felt himself on the way to becoming a millionaire. While the officials slept the hour or two remaining before day the farmer called in his neighbours, and they advised him to ask sixty thousand dollars. When General Rosser woke up, the farmer told him that he had changed his mind and would not sell for less than sixty thousand.

"Hitch up, boys," said General Rosser, and as soon as the horses were ready they drove off. That farmer might have said to himself "Much wants more and loses all." The Canadian Pacific Railway men had their rig ferried across the Assiniboine and drove west along its banks a mile or two till they came to a long green meadow basking in the sun by the placid stream. "This will do!" said Rosser, and Secretan returned to the end of the track to carry the survey forward.

The surveyors arrived within a week or two, and were quickly followed by the graders and track-layers. Soon two or three wooden shacks pushed their way in among the tents. Then

an enterprising store-keeper ran up a wooden shell with a high, false front, and a wonderful assortment of merchandise in the window. A pioneer hotel-keeper built a barn-like place with a dozen almost unfurnished bedrooms and a dining-room. Fifty permanent residents demanded a church and a school. Business promised well and a bank opened its doors. The Canadian Pacific Railway built a neat white station. Streets were graded, board side-walks laid down. Thus Brandon, and many another prosperous western town, was born.

M. J. Hilton

BABY ROBIN

Grant, Calgary

REGINA MOUNTED POLICE

REGINA

As the railway advanced westward and settlers began to appear in Saskatchewan, a larger number of mounted police were needed. In 1882 the force was increased by two hundred men. In the same year, Fort Walsh having been declared indefensible, the authorities began to look about for a site for new headquarters. The Wascana, "Pile o' Bones," Creek was finally chosen; beside it the new barracks began to rise. Log shacks roofed with poles and thatched with sod had served their time; the brave men who brought law and order to the west were now housed in a group of handsome buildings with recreation-rooms, canteens and many other conveniences for both men and horses. The new post was christened Fort Regina in honour of Queen Victoria, and mounted police headquarters were transferred there in December.

The North-West Territories had been grouped together for government as early as 1872. In that year the Dominion Government placed their affairs in the hands of the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba who, with a council of eleven members, was given power "to make laws for the peace, order and good government of the said territories." This council, sitting at Fort Garry,

began its work the next year. A proclamation was published prohibiting the manufacture, importation, or sale of intoxicating liquors in the territories; and several other useful laws were passed.

Settlers were spreading rapidly all over what is now Saskatchewan and Alberta, and it was soon found that even Fort Garry was too far away to permit the council to assist the honest and punish the wrong-doer as promptly as was desirable. In 1876, therefore, the North-West Territories were separated from Manitoba and given a Lieutenant-Governor and council of their own. Mr. Laird was the first Lieutenant-Governor of the new district. He and his council sat first at Swan River and afterwards at Battleford. They passed an ordinance forbidding people to kill buffalo in the old wasteful ways; but it proved to be so displeasing to the Indians and half-breeds that it was repealed. The trend of settlement was southward, and Battleford, it was soon felt, was not central enough to make a suitable capital. In 1882 steps were taken to choose another. Qu'Appelle and several other places contended for the honour; to everyone's surprise Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney chose Fort Regina. The choice was received with a storm of protest. "One thing is sure," said a Winnipeg newspaper, summing up the general feeling, "Regina will never amount to anything."

In a very short time, however, the new capital was a thriving little settlement. Mr. Barneby, who visited it in 1883, says: "This place is the new capital of the North-West Territories; the Government offices, Government House, and the mounted police barracks are all here. A year ago there was not a house in the place, but now Regina possesses one broad street, and there is a plentiful supply of hotels. Saloons are conspicuous by their absence, no liquor being allowed in the territories."

"The town," writes Mr. Barneby further, "is situated on a flat plain, and the surrounding lands are not good; there is a great depth of clay but very little loamy soil on the surface. Grass does not grow well and the farmers say that it is doubtful how far other crops will succeed. But the great drawback is lack of water; at first there was none; but now a well a hundred feet deep has lately been dug and water found. At the station

they have already sunk two hundred feet without result. While so many desirable sites can be obtained, I do not see the object of planting the capital here to contend against so serious a drawback." Obstacles are sometimes as stimulating to places as they are to people. How surprised would the men of those days be to see the solid handsome city which has grown out of "Pile o' Bones."

"THE EMIGRANT SOLDIER'S GAZETTE"

The Royal Engineers sailed from England round Cape Horn to Victoria, the voyage lasting many weeks. To pass the time they acted plays and published a weekly paper, which they called *The Emigrant Soldier's Gazette*. Copies of this paper are still preserved in the Provincial Library in Victoria. The numbers contained many jokes and riddles. Here are two of their riddles:

Question: What comes after raining cats and dogs in London?

Answer: Hailing cabs and omnibuses.

Question: Why are old maids about to be married like troops going abroad?

Answer: Because they go off in transports.

CHIEF PIE-A-POT

PIE-A-POT the Cree and his band had been giving the police a good deal of trouble about this time. He and another chief named Long Lodge had left their reservation and were wandering about the country. This was against the law. At last, fetching up with his braves some little distance ahead of the railway, Pie-a-pot encamped. His teepees were put up, the carts unloaded, the horses sent out on the prairie to feed. It seemed that the wanderers had found a choice spot from which they did not intend to move.

By and by the railway track advanced closer towards them and the contractors looked askance at the Indian settlement. Pie-a-pot paid no attention to the oncoming army of white men. He was there first. Let them shift him if they dared. The railway authorities sent asking him to clear the road ahead. Pie-a-pot laughed at them, while his bucks rode excitedly about on their ponies, fired off their rifles at random and shouted of what they would do if the whites came to a fight. Matters were at a deadlock. The railway men could not go on so long as the Indian camp blocked the way.

The Lieutenant-Governor of the territories was appealed to and before long there came a dispatch from police headquarters at Regina to the little post at Maple Creek, "Please settle trouble. Move on the Indians." Two men were at once detailed for the task. With a written order to Chief Pie-a-pot, an official notice to quit, they rode out quietly to the camp and made known their instructions.

The Indians surrounded the two guardians of law and order, jeering at them, backing their ponies into the police horses, and otherwise trying to discompose them. The sergeant and the constable, in their scarlet tunics, with the smart-looking pill-box

forage caps set at an angle on their heads, meanwhile sat still, the former reading his order, which was that Pie-a-pot must break camp and take the northward trail. To this command the chief insolently refused to listen. The sergeant pulled out his watch.

"I will give you fifteen minutes," he said calmly. "If by the end of that time you haven't begun to comply with the order, we shall make you."

The quarter of an hour passed away without any sign of a move being made. Pie-a-pot sat in front of his tent and smoked. Round him and the policemen had gathered all the rest of the tribe, squaws and children, most of them yelling abuse and urging the bolder spirits among them to still further exhibitions of defiance. The firing of rifles almost in the faces of the "red-coats" was one form of sport indulged in, but it was of no avail.

"Time's up!" said the sergeant, replacing his watch in his pocket. Then this amazing man dismounted, threw the reins of his horse to his companion, and walked over to Pie-a-pot's teepee. One kick of his foot at the key-pole and the painted buffalo-skin cover collapsed. Ignoring the shrieks of the discomfited squaws thereunder, and the threats of the men, the sergeant proceeded through the camp, kicking out key-pole after key-pole until all the tents had been overthrown.

"Now get out!" said he, and they got.

Valentine, Winnipeg

A SQUAW STRIPPING BIRCH BARK FOR CANOE

THE FRONT TRAIN

Elizabeth Bailey Price

"On August 11, 1883, the 'front' train reached the 'eleventh siding,' or what is known to-day as the city of Calgary. Inch by inch it felt its way along the last half-mile of steel laid, for the front train was the construction train, the train that never went back. Cautiously it crept along the newly-laid shining steel road that sultry August day.

"All summer, through the shadeless heat, the work had been pushed with maximum speed, the track-layers following closely on the heels of the graders. When the spikers had driven the last spike into place, the brakeman waved his hand, giving the go-ahead signal. The watchful eye of the engineer saw it at once, and carefully 'Old 81' shoved the long line of boarding cars ahead. Behind her were the empty flat cars that had carried the building material. Then came '126.' Her pilot, too, caught the move-ahead signal, and slowly steamed up, pulling more boarding cars behind her. Thus did the front train of the Canadian Pacific Railway reach the little village of log shacks and tents east of the Elbow River.

"The front train carried a mile of material, a mile of steel, a mile of ties, a mile of telegraph poles and timbers for bridges. It was made up of two engines; several boarding cars, each in charge of a cook who prepared the meals for the road gang; two large sleeping cars (not the standard sleepers of to-day, but with four tiers of berths); six cars of rails; ten cars of ties; generally two cars of bridge material for culverts; and two cars of line material, mostly telegraph poles.

"When the front train arrived at the end of steel, material for one half-mile of railway was unloaded. At once some thirty-

five teams hauled the ties and timber along the grade for half a mile. The steel was then reloaded by the steel gang on a trolley car, that always remained at the end of the line. This was drawn by two horses, especially trained for the work and ridden by two boys. The track-layers, road-gaugers and spikers then took their places. With the aid of two rollers on the ends of the trolley car the track-layers slid the rails into place. The gaugers tested them. The spikers placed the angle bars on the joints and spiked them to the ties. The boys then said 'Get up' to their horses, and the trolley car was drawn along the newly-laid rails. This method of procedure was repeated until half a mile of steel was laid. A signal was then given the waiting engineer, who drove his train slowly to the new end of steel.

"Sometimes the track-layers would come to small culverts where bridge timbers had been placed by advance gangs. The rails were slid into place as usual. The horses were then unhooked, while at the same time the trolley car was given a push which sent it over the bridge on its own momentum. So well trained were the horses that they could gallop round and meet the car at the other side of the culvert.

"When the front train ran out of building material it was switched back to the last siding, where stood new car-loads of equipment which had been rushed up from the front yards. The engine and boarding cars were hooked to these, and the train shunted back to the end of steel. The work proceeded at the rate of three to four miles per day over the prairies. A construction gang was composed of one hundred and ten men, chosen for their superb physique.

"Among the spikers were the Bryan brothers, the champion spikers of the world, who needed to hit the spike only twice and it clanged into place. World's records were made in steel-laying too. The first attempt was made between Langevin (fourth siding) and Cluny (fifth siding). With regular working hours (ten hours a day) and under the supervision of the giant Donald Grant, who was 'boss' of construction under the Langdon-Shepherd contract, six miles three hundred feet were laid in one day. Still this did not satisfy Grant. He wanted to establish a world's record, and near the present station of

Namaka (seventh siding) he planned to do so. He had all the ties hauled up the grade the night before, and he brought up an 'extra' gang of men. These at first did not seem to understand the work, but such a spirit of emulation was engendered by the regular gang that the magnificent record of laying one mile of steel in one hour was accomplished. At the end of the day, when the work was finished at Cheadle (ninth siding), it was found that nine and a quarter miles of steel had been laid in ten hours. This, according to old-timers, was the world's record.

"The train crew on the front train put in long days of hard work. Sometimes fifteen, sometimes sixteen hours. One had to be on the job every minute. There was no running back to the engine with orders, as nowadays. When the engineer got the signal to move, he had to move, and to get the signal he had to be on the watch every minute.

"It was a crew of picked men, men who knew how to do their own repairing, for the front engines never could be spared to go back to be laid up in the shops. Indeed they could not even be spared on week-days to be cleaned. Every second Sunday was set aside for the men to wash out the engine boilers with a siphon hose and to do the needed repairing. On alternate Sundays the men got out their tubs and wash-boards, and with water from the engine tank did their own washing. Water, too, was a problem. This was either siphoned from the numerous sloughs along the tracks, or carried on flat cars in tanks which were filled at places where there were creeks or rivers. Sunday afternoons were the only times 'off'; sometimes missionaries came along and held service for the men.

"Two mounted police went with the front train, not so much for the protection of the men, but rather as a moral influence; the Indians lived in fear of the red-coated keepers of the law. When the road reached Calgary, which was the end of the Langdon-Shepherd contract, many of the men who had been working on construction considered themselves through, and were anxious to return to the States. Of course the 'Company' did not want this, as there were still many days before the winter when the front train would be tied up in the front yard

and work would cease because of the cold. This gang, mostly Swedes and Norwegians, were determined to 'quit,' and all piled on some empty flat cars which were going back east. The mounted police were called out. They ordered the men off, but not one budged. The officer in charge then ordered his men to get out their guns, and in no uncertain terms told the miscreants that he would give them until he counted three before he gave the order to 'Shoot.' At one the majority decamped; at two, three were left; and at three there was a clean sweep.

"Adventure attended the workers on the front train. Entering the Blackfoot country near Cluny, they heard fearful rumours that the Indians were on the war-path, because they resented the building of the railway. On reaching Cluny and looking south they sighted a great cloud of dust and what appeared to be hundreds and hundreds of mounted Indian braves bearing down upon them. They were miles from military help. They had no guns, and as speedily as possible got the train in readiness to be shunted back, should the Indians attack. They soon learned, however, that this was a peace party—that the red men had come to dance for them—which they proceeded to do with much vigour to the thump, thump of the tomtom and ki-yi-yi of the tomtom beaters. In return the men gave them sugar, tea and tobacco.

"At another time the front train ceased work on Saturday night near the present site of Morley. On Sunday a couple of the men thought they would visit the Stoney Indian reserve, only two miles away. As they came upon the valley they saw the Indians seated in a circle, in the centre of which were the children, while ringed round were first the squaws and then the men. They beckoned the white men to come over, but they hesitated, not knowing what it was all about. Then the Indians began to sing, and the startled listeners heard the familiar hymn-tune, 'Old Hundred.'

"It was sung in a strange language by a savage people, but it took the homesick lads back to their own homes so many miles away. This was the mission post of the Rev. John McDougall, and although he was absent, the chiefs were conducting the services.

"From Calgary west track-laying went on at the rate of from two to two and a half miles per day, becoming slower as the train approached the up-grades of the foothill country. The weather grew colder and colder. Snow was piling upon the road bed, so, within half a mile of the summit of the Great Divide, orders came to quit work in December 1883.

"In the spring of '84 the front train, with headquarters at Lake Louise, in the heart of the Rockies, made ready again for one of its hardest pieces of work. In this vicinity was the 'Big Hill,' which to-day is overcome by the famous spiral tunnel. In those days it was the worst grade in the country. No wonder the men were afraid of it, for in the first few weeks of work the hand-brakes would not hold, and there were two bad wrecks with runaway engines.

"It was only by sending two mogul engines from Winnipeg, these equipped with the finest air-brakes on all the wheels, and transferring the material to cars equipped with double brakes, that the railway was built over the perilous grades. Indeed, after air-brakes were installed, if the train men were compelled to leave their engines for any length of time on the 'Big Hill,' they would chain the wheels to the track, fearful lest the air would leak and the brakes would not hold."

Elizabeth Bailey Price

FIRST TRAIN ACROSS THE SASKATCHEWAN AT MEDICINE HAT

KEEPING THE PEACE

By the spring of 1885 the western section of the Canadian Pacific Railway track had advanced well up into the mountains. On April 1 twelve hundred of the workmen employed at the "end of steel" struck because their wages were in arrears. They said that unless paid up in full at once and more regularly in future, they would do no more work; also that they intended to attack the staff of the road and destroy its property if they had a chance.

Inspector Steele, then in command of the mounted police detachment, told them that he would punish them severely if they committed any acts of violence. The strikers saw the manager of construction, who promised to do all he could for them, and many of the men returned quietly to their camps.

At Golden, however, the "tough" element among the rioters was very strong. In addition to the railway men themselves the town possessed a large number of miners and well-known bad characters who had drifted to the spot in quest of plunder. These gentlemen, ready to promote any disorder, placed themselves on the side of the strikers, and through their efforts what they called the "fun" began.

One afternoon Constable Kerr, one of Steele's two men, attempted to arrest a desperado who was drunk and disorderly in the town. The "toughs" attacked the constable and rescued his prisoner. Powerless in the face of the mob, Kerr returned to the barracks to report. Inspector Steele was sick in bed, so he sent Sergeant Fury, who had just come in, with two men, to recapture the culprit. The police went down to the town, strode into the saloon, and dragged their man out. The crowd rushed them and for the second time rescued the prisoner, promising to shoot the police if they attempted again to arrest

the man. Sergeant Fury posted back to the inspector to ask how far he should go in the use of strong measures.

"You go back," said Steele, "seize the prisoner, and shoot any of the crowd who interfere."

Fury promptly carried out this order. He and his men captured the offender a third time, winging one of the ringleaders of the mob in the process. The police then set off for the barracks, their man well secured and the mob howling at their heels.

Reaching a bridge which spanned a little stream, the strikers, who outnumbered the police ten to one, determined to save their friend again. As the constables dragged their prisoner over the narrow way, the mob leader shouted "Now, boys!" and the crowd rushed, knives and revolvers flashing. Sergeant Fury turned to cover his men who were half-way across with the prisoner.

Then full-speed down the road from the barracks came Inspector Steele, roused from bed by the shouting. In a moment he was facing the angry mob, revolver in one hand, sword in the other.

"Now," he exclaimed, "the first man who sets foot on this bridge will be shot."

The crowd hesitated and hung back. They knew Sam Steele. It meant certain death to him who made the first move. Plenty of guns were out, but not a man dared to fire. Next day the prisoner and other strike leaders were fined a hundred dollars each, and the strike collapsed. There was no more trouble at Golden.

THE PEDOMETER [1]

W. J. Healy

"Of the Métis's love of dancing there are many stories. One told by General Sir Sam Steele was that soon after the arrival of the Wolseley expedition there was a discussion at Fort Garry about the distance to Headingly, which is about fourteen miles. It was decided to have a Métis runner with a dog cariole go out to Headingly and back with a surveyor's pedometer fastened to his belt. He went out in the afternoon, but did not return until the next morning. When the pedometer was examined, it was found that he had travelled a hundred and seventeen miles. He explained that he had stayed overnight at Headingly because there was a dance."

VANCOUVER IN 1885 [2]

Stuart Cumberland

"To reach the mainland of British Columbia from Victoria in order to join the transcontinental railway at its present terminus, Port Moody, the passengers had to take a local steamer. The first point stopped at is Vancouver, the future terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

"Vancouver, save in the log hut form, had no existence twelve months ago; but when it became known that the railway company had in mind the idea of making the spot then called Coal Harbour the Pacific terminus, there was a quick rush of

[1] Quoted from *Women of Red River*.

[2] Quoted from *The Queen's Highway*, by Stuart Cumberland.

speculators and prospectors, and a wooden town suddenly sprang up. In a few weeks there were upwards of 2500 people in the place, and stores of every description carried on a brisk trade. Then came the great fire, in June last, sweeping everything before it. The whole town was destroyed, and the forests round about ignited. Many people—how many can never be known—lost their lives, while the living in many cases lost everything they possessed.

"I arrived in Vancouver exactly six weeks after the catastrophe, and although the fire had not left a single house, hut or store standing, a new town had already begun to rise. Streets were being laid out and houses erected on all sides; stores were doing an active trade, and grimy, sharp-witted boys were busily hawking copies of a daily newspaper. I never saw such enterprise amidst so much desolation. It was enough to make one feel heartsick. Where brand-new houses had once stood, there were heaps of ashes or smouldering logs. The glow of fire and the fumes of burning wood were about everywhere; the air was thick with smoke and hot with flames. Walking where the tree-stumps were burning was difficult and not without danger; and at every step one was in ashes and the débris of burnt-up stores. The bones of cremated animals frequently lay in one's path.

"The buildings in course of erection are mere frame-houses, but they are simply temporary, as it is intended to build up what is termed the future commercial capital of British Columbia upon very grand lines, and the plans of streets and so forth are on a most extensive scale. There are to be churches, municipal offices, banks and Dominion Government buildings. The Hudson's Bay Company will put up a store and next door the Bank of Montreal proposes to erect a substantial edifice. Opposite will be a grand hotel worked in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway, the foundations of which are already laid. Lots in this street fetch as much as a thousand dollars, and even more.

"Considering the disorder, want and despair, there was very little to complain of on the score of lawlessness. When I was there the court-house consisted of an old tent, in which the

magistrate and his clerks sat daily. Without fuss or show, law was impartially administered. A man had been brought up to answer the charge of having stolen a quantity of old rope. The magistrate sat at the head of the table fronting the prisoner, and the tent was full of people. It was a hot day. The prisoner was a veritable scarecrow. His trousers bagged at the knees and puffed out behind. How those pants kept on was a mystery, for they had neither buttons nor suspenders. Sentence of sixty days passed upon him on his being found guilty of the charge made no impression upon him. As he moved off with the law officer the tension upon the string which held up his trousers behind became apparent, and I wondered that he had not augmented these risky suspenders with some of the stolen rope."

Provincial Archives, Victoria

THE GOLD TRAIN READY TO LEAVE WILLIAMS CREEK

ST. ANN'S

ESTHER BLONDIN was a young French-Canadian girl interested in study and charity. She taught for a time in a boarding-school in Vaudreuil, and later founded the Institute of St. Ann for the education of young people too poor to help themselves. The Institute flourished and branches were opened in several parts of Quebec.

In 1858 the Reverend Demers, Bishop of British Columbia, asked for women teachers for his diocese. He could offer only very small salaries, but sent travelling expenses. Forty-five Sisters of the Institute volunteered for the West, and four were chosen. They went out via Panama, crossing the isthmus on the newly-laid Panama Railway. At the Pacific port they found seventeen hundred men and their baggage waiting to go aboard the *John Ellis* for San Francisco, on their way to the British Columbia gold-fields. The Bishop feared the Sisters would take yellow fever if they were left behind, and, to make sure of their getting aboard, hired some mulattoes to carry them out to the ship which lay some distance from the shore. One of them refused to be taken up and struggled so that she nearly fell into the sea; her bearer scolded her roundly. Another was very large, and her bearer demanded double money.

The day after they landed in Victoria the Sisters began to patch up the dilapidated log-cabin which had been assigned them as a dwelling-house and school. There was one room for schoolroom, dining-room, living-room, parlour, office, bedroom. For weeks the Sisters slept on mattresses spread out on the floor at night, and piled in a corner in the daytime. They wasted no time arranging their quarters, but began to teach within twenty-four hours of their landing. Their energy, resourcefulness and good work brought success at once. The demands for teaching

and nursing increased daily during the days of the Cariboo gold rush. The Sisters sent home to the Mother-house in Quebec for help. It was seven months before they got an answer, and seventeen months before two Sisters came to their aid.

As the number of students increased, a house was erected, enlarged and enlarged again; until nowadays a group of handsome stone buildings replaces the log-cabin near the entrance to Beacon Hill Park. Very many of the women of British Columbia have been educated at St. Ann's. The pupils called the kindly Sisters "aunts." On ordinary days they rose early, worked hard, and slept long and soundly; but holidays were frequent and picnics, parties, amateur theatricals and excursions were not only allowed but encouraged.

The pancake picnic at Beacon Hill was a favourite pleasure with everyone. Dan, the convent factotum, brought his cart round to the kitchen door and loaded it with pots, pans and kettles. Old Charlie, the horse, drew it to the chosen spot near the beach and returned for the huge gallon tins of batter, for sugar, syrup, bread and butter. Fires were kindled, frying-pans adjusted, dripping sizzled, and then each girl began to count the cakes she consumed. The Sisters stood over the fires making them till their faces were red and scorched; dropped and turned and lifted till they were quite worn out.

Easter Monday was another day of frolic. The girls first hunted eggs, and then everyone went to the kitchen to cook whatever she liked, as she liked—cakes, cookies, candy, pudding, omelet; each girl puttered away and was happy. They lived like a big, happy family. Social differences were unknown. There were no very strict rules, and the surveillance though constant was motherly.

Though so gently ruled, these girls of long ago could get into mischief. One year, on the eve of Closing Day, twenty-three of them planned a midnight supper on the flat roof of the music-rooms. One dormitory had access to the roof through a washroom; another by way of the French windows in one of the sleeping-rooms. The owner of this room, a girl who was expected to win the Governor-General's Medal, refused to join the party and hesitated about letting them use her room;

in the end, however, she consented, permitting the girls of that wing to pass through her window.

When the longed-for hour arrived, the messengers crept down to the schoolroom where the bags of good things were hidden. How the stairs creaked as they crept back! How those paper bags rustled! They reached the roof safely, but were transfixed to see a Sister wandering about shutting windows. Not a girl stirred, and the Sister passed on. As the other party failed to appear, those on the roof spread out their rugs and prepared to open the bags. At this moment the missing guests arrived. They had been delayed by the wandering Sister, whom they had at last discovered to be a girl who had not been invited to the party masquerading in order to frighten them. A chorus of subdued giggles ran about the roof. The wafers and pickles had been passed, the cold ham was being taken out, when—the washroom door was tried. The girls sat petrified. The door was shaken and a stern voice could be heard inquiring what was going on. Then one girl stepped in and unlocked the door. This time it was a Sister and a very angry one, lamp high in one hand, water-jug in the other. She scolded them severely and sent them to bed, but one who passed saw her eyes twinkling.

At breakfast a rumour ran through the school that Mary, whose French window they had used, would forfeit her honours for failing to report the plan. The twenty-three went in a body to the Reverend Mother in the blue-room and begged her to spare Mary and forgive them. The good Mother spoke kindly to them and decided that they must all forfeit their testimonials of good conduct, but not their other honours. Mary and another girl drew lots for the Governor's Medal, and the other girl won it, which left the twenty-three feeling very sad and much ashamed.

On Closing Day a Grand Public Examination was held. It took place in mid-July. The rooms were decorated with flowers; the girls dressed all in white. Until 1887 the examination was an oral one, a cross-fire of questions before the whole school and its guests. Each class in turn came forward to the stage and tried to answer correctly and clearly the questions propounded by some expert in the subject. School work in those days was

chiefly a memory test. Each student tried to memorise as perfectly as possible the words of her texts. The girls were well drilled through the year, and during the spring recited, in review, daily, a page or a chapter at a time; so that the public examinations were less of an ordeal than they might seem to us.

Music, singing and acting were interspersed between the classes throughout the day. Music by four hands, by eight, by sixteen; songs in solo, duet, quartette, and chorus were given. Some girls gave dialogues, others prepared historical or comic dramatisation; still others acted in little French plays. At one o'clock the Lieutenant-Governor and his party entered, while all stood to sing "God Save the Queen." The girl chosen to read the address—her name had been kept a close secret from the girls, all of whom were consumed with curiosity—now stepped forward to do her part. The Governor and Bishop gave out the prizes, and the day closed at four or five o'clock in a whirl of white muslin, blue ribbons and happy faces.

Howard Chapman

BEACON HILL PARK, VICTORIA

LOUIS RIEL AGAIN

The buffalo disappeared; the railway crossed the prairies; the settler and the rancher bid fair to fill the land. All this the half-breeds of the North-West Territories watched resentfully. The Métis had prospered in the old voyageuring and freighting days; now, railway train and steam-boat had taken their work from them. Farmers they must become. But the new Government and the new Anglo-Saxon settlers surveyed the land in square blocks. The Métis were accustomed to have their lands measured out in long narrow strips, ten chains frontage on the river by two miles back, as land was surveyed in old Quebec. These French half-bloods distrusted the new system.

As the spirit of unrest grew among them, the Métis of the North-West Territories recalled to their minds Louis Riel, their fellow half-breed, who had accomplished so much in Manitoba. They remembered his undaunted stand against this puzzling thing called Government. He had indeed raised armed rebellion against the White Mother and gone forth scot-free. Surely if he were with them he might again win rights for the half-breed.

Louis Riel was, so Sir William Butler says, a short stout man with a sallow face, an intelligent eye and a square forehead, overhung by a mass of long black hair. He was a vain man, but had a strong personality, and was a born leader of men. After his escape from Red River he settled in the United States. He married a half-breed girl and earned his living at first by hunting, at which he was very skilful, and afterwards by teaching school.

In answer to the invitation of his friends Riel returned to Canada in July 1884. In that month he held meetings at Duck Lake and Prince Albert where, it is said, he told the Indians that they had rights as well as the half-breeds, and that he, Louis Riel, would help them to secure the said rights. In September, at a large meeting, Riel and his friends adopted a

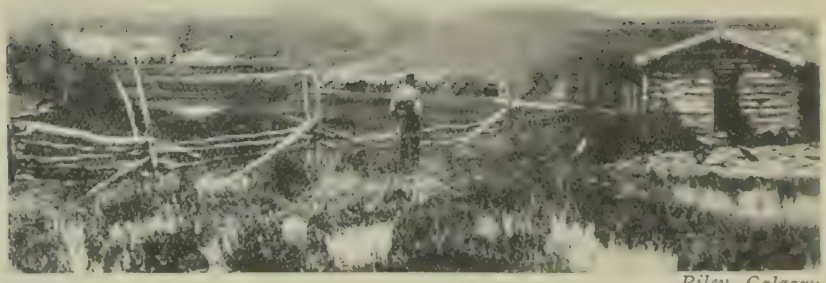
"Bill of Rights." In it they made seven demands in connection with their lands and the provisions for the future. They wished all half-breeds to receive the grant of 240 acres and to share in all the other advantages enjoyed by the Métis of Manitoba.

The petition was forwarded to Ottawa, but the Government unfortunately took little notice of it. Had a conference been arranged and steps taken toward granting the half-breeds those of their demands which were reasonable, the trouble which followed might have been averted. As it was, the feelings of this ignorant, fiery people were hurt; their suspicions were more than ever aroused. Throughout the winter of 1884–5 agitators went about among them holding meetings and heating their minds; by spring the fat was in the fire.

THE JUNCTION OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN

SIR WILLIAM BUTLER

"Two hundred and fifty feet above water-level the narrow tongue of land rises over the junction of the two Saskatchewan Rivers. Bare and level at top, its scarped front descends like a wall to the rivers; but landslips and the wear of time have carried down to a lower level the loose sand and earth of the plateau, and thickly clustering along the northern face, pines, birch and poplar shroud the steep descent. From north-west and from south-west two broad rivers roll their waters into one common channel, two rivers deep furrowed below the prairie-level, curving in great bends through tree-fringed valleys. One river has travelled through eight hundred miles of rich rolling landscape: the other has run its course of nine hundred through waste and arid solitudes; both have had their sources in mountain summits where the avalanche thundered forth to solitude the tidings of their birth. Standing here, the traveller sees to the north and east the dark ranks of the sub-arctic forest, while to the south and west begin the endless prairies of the middle continent."



Riley, Calgary

BATTLEFIELD OF FISH CREEK

THE NORTH-WEST REBELLION

THE centre of the disturbance was in the long angle formed by the north and south branches of the Saskatchewan which, for a hundred miles before they join, run nearly parallel. Speaking at Batoche in March, Riel said that as the half-breeds could not get their rights by peaceful means, they must fight for them. The mounted police had been keeping a sharp eye on Riel and his meetings; Superintendent Crozier now telegraphed headquarters at Regina that the rebellion might break out at any moment and that he feared the Indians would join the half-breeds.

This was the crucial question. If the half-breeds alone rose, people felt that it would not be difficult to subdue them; but should the rebellion spread to the Indians, thousands of whom lived about each of the scattered white settlements in the country, what hope was there for the palefaces? The wisdom of the Canadian policy in dealing with the Indians was now shown. The Americans won their way westward by fighting and at the cost of frequent massacres of white settlers; the Canadians bargained with the Indians for their lands, gave them food in times of scarcity, protected them against white man and Indian in matters of justice. Missionary and mounted policeman had taught the Indian to expect fair-play from

Canada and now, though naturally tempted, only a few bands joined the half-breeds.

Big Bear of the South Crees brought in some three hundred men to Riel's standard. This chief had already made trouble for the Government. He had for some time refused to sign the treaty, because he objected to hanging as a punishment for murder. Chiefs Beardy, Little Pine and One Arrow, with their bands gathered near Battleford, also joined the rebels. The most serious loss to the whites was Poundmaker, the famous chief who had made peace between the Crees and their ancient enemies the Blackfeet. Poundmaker was a splendid-looking man, six feet in height. He had only a small band, but was renowned in peace and war, and was considered the most influential chief in the north. When Poundmaker joined Riel the rebellion began to look very serious indeed. Poundmaker might rouse the Blackfeet living in the midst of the rich plunder of the cattle and horse ranches; if the Blackfeet rose, the whites were lost.

The rebels began by forming a council of twelve with Riel as chairman to conduct the affairs; the council arranged the half-breed forces, appointed leaders and stationed guards on the trail to Batoche to intercept Colonel Irvine, who, having wired to Ottawa for reinforcements, was on his way north from Regina to Prince Albert with a force of ninety mounted policemen. Fording the South Saskatchewan at an unexpected point, the police reached Prince Albert safely on March 24 after a march of two hundred and ninety-one miles completed in seven days.

Having inspected the defences of Prince Albert and enrolled a body of volunteers, who bravely offered themselves, Colonel Irvine marched on to Fort Carlton. There he learned that the fight had begun; the Battle of Duck Lake had taken place. On March 26, Superintendent Crozier with a force of seventy-nine police and volunteers and a seven-pounder gun had gone out to secure the supplies from the store at Duck Lake. The half-breeds met them with three hundred and fifty men. After a sharp half-hour's fighting, the police fell back upon Fort Carlton with ten dead and the loss of the supplies in Mitchell's store.

Colonel Irvine now decided to abandon Fort Carlton and concentrate his force at Prince Albert, the centre of the white population of that district. Some eighteen hundred refugees were in the town, driven from their farms by the fear of the Indians. The mounted police now held the line of the North Saskatchewan; their forces being posted at Prince Albert, Battleford, Fort Pitt, Fort Saskatchewan and Edmonton.

In the meantime the Government were hurrying troops from the east to Qu'Appelle. With Qu'Appelle as a base of operations the rebels were more or less isolated between the lines of the whites. The police on the Saskatchewan shut them off from the northern tribes; the militia stood between them and the southern Indians. By the middle of April three columns of militia, two thousand men in all, were moving northward against the rebels. General Strange advanced against Big Bear in the Edmonton district; Colonel Otter against Battleford; and General Middleton with the main body of the militia marched to the relief of Prince Albert. Meantime Superintendent M'Ilree at Maple Creek patrolled the difficult country of the Cypress Hills; and Crowfoot, Father Lacombe and Superintendent Cotton of Macleod kept the restless Blackfeet quiet.

By this time the rebels were busy. A band of Crees and Assiniboines plundered and burned Old Battleford and besieged the police and the people who had taken refuge in the new town. At Frog Lake, near Fort Pitt, the Indians of Big Bear's band entered the town, plundered the store and swaggering about the streets frightened the women and children. They asked Quinn, the Indian sub-agent, to go with them to Big Bear's camp. He refused; instantly an Indian shot him through the head. Within a few moments they had killed two priests and five other white settlers. The women and other whites were saved by the half-breeds and, obeying Big Bear, retired to his camp.

Inspector Dickens with his handful of policemen, having no one now to defend, embarked in an old scow and paddled down to Battleford. Here Police-Inspector Morris with two hundred men and three hundred settlers was holding the new town. Help was already near. As Colonel Otter with his six

hundred men advanced from Swift Current, the rebels fell back before him; the town was relieved on April 29. Colonel Otter then moved upon Poundmaker's camp. As the column passed through the ravine at Cut Knife Creek, the Indians attacked. Poundmaker had only two hundred and fifty warriors, but he was so skilful a general and his forces were so well screened by the bushes that after seven hours' fighting the militia was forced to retreat. Indeed, but for Poundmaker's generosity in not following up his victory, the white column might have been cut to pieces as it retired.

During April, General Strange advanced from his base at Calgary to Edmonton. General Middleton defeated the rebels at Fish Creek and at Batoche Ferry. At this last battle the main body of the half-breeds was dispersed and Riel fled. This broke the back of the rebellion. Riel was captured on May 23 and taken to Regina for trial. Poundmaker surrendered to General Middleton at Battleford; because of his honourable behaviour he was forgiven his part in the rebellion. For two months Big Bear managed to escape the patrols who sought him in all directions. At last, early in July, he, his son and All-and-a-half, his counsellor, were discovered worn out and starving.

Riel and Big Bear with seven other Indians who were known to have killed settlers were put to death. The other rebels were forgiven. The Government now pacified the half-breeds by granting them patents for their lands and promising them security. The mounted police took over the task of quieting the country and building up peace between white and red.

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